Art Notes



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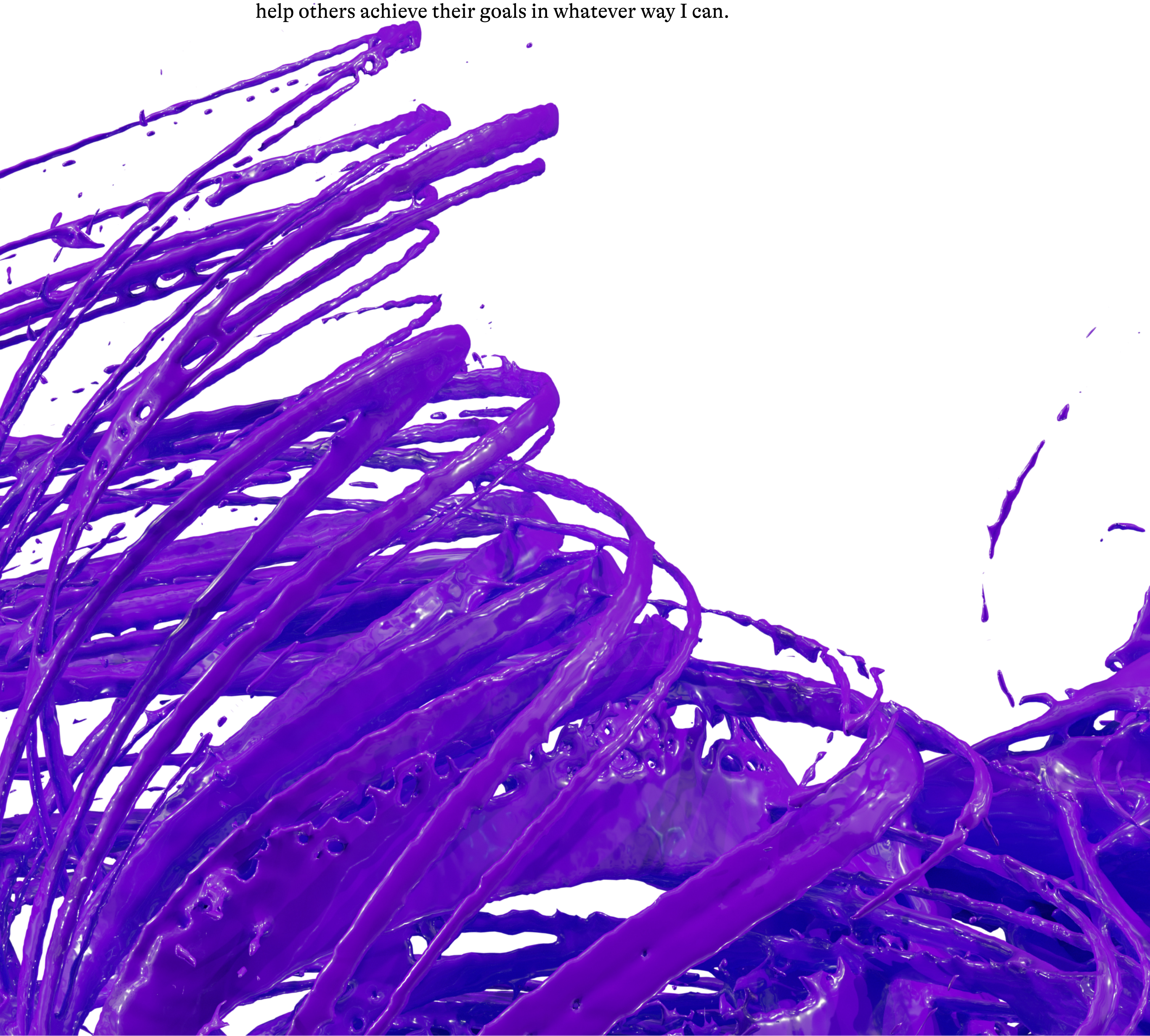
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Introduction

The entries that immediately follow this introduction are excerpts from my personal notes. My hope is that the reader will find value in seeing me think in real time on topics relevant to those interested in art. I conclude the series of entries with an essay on the topic of mental and physical trash—a rare essay where I still believe in the conclusion. (With that said, I think the rhetoric may too closely resemble that of “carbon neutral” initiatives. That may or may not do more harm than good, but that’s for the reader to think about later, I suppose.)

From there, the book becomes something closer to a collection of the visual art I made while at the academy. I’ve also included some process documentation for those who like that kind of thing.

Please enjoy and I hope you may find at least a little insight into life on these pages!



Thurs, Oct 1, 2020: *Initiating interpretation*

How easy is it to start the process of interpretation? For a great work, it may need to be approachable. I don't mean how difficult it is to interpret, I mean how easy it is to begin interpretation. With some work, I don't even know where to start and it alienates me and I shut down. In a perfect world, work is inviting, even when it's dark, and able to get people's brain juices going without them even realizing that that's happening. It's like Olivia Tremor Control's music: I can listen to it and just think it's some psych Beach Boys thing, but I can listen to it again and again and hear new things each time. The levels of interpretation should be many, and the surface level interpretation should be accessible. If the viewer wants to go deeper, there should be more substance waiting for them, but overall, the work should be accessible for people to get one take and then move on. For those who want to agonize over details, they can do that, *Gaucho* style.



Fri, Oct 16, 2020: *Artist statements*

I think I dislike artist statements because having a statement is something one has when one has something important to say. I don't doubt that people have important things to say, but it seems like most of the time their work doesn't reflect what they actually say. It's hard to do that, I've found.

*

Not being seen can be a privilege.

*

Top 3 hand fidget items for the week:
1. YMCA mini tape measure
2. 64 GB Flash drive
3. COMPREX-branded VELCRO® cable tie

Sat, Oct 17, 2020: *Folk art*

I couldn't focus on my reading so I'm pulling this up because I was thinking about how XXXXX was talking about YYYYYY's art as folk art (in an endearing, but kinda rude way). It seems to me that all art is folk art. Everyone is operating in their age and everyone is operating within culture. There is no difference between high culture and low culture. Both cultures are just as uneducated as the other when it comes right down to it.



Sat, Nov 21, 2020: *White people are uncreative*

I talked with XXXX and YYYY and ZZZZ last night for a bit. One interesting point that XXXX raised yesterday was that white people are uncreative. Obviously XXXX was speaking in general terms trying to get somewhat of a rise out of us, but I think they're correct. White people are uncreative for the same reasons that large businesses are uncreative.

Early on in a business's life, the business is forced to create a product or service that has a niche or is revolutionary or whatever. If they don't manage to do something like that, they go under. There's good pressure to innovate. When a little company eventually finds a foothold, it moves from trying to create something to managing what it's created. Its focus shifts from being revolutionary to managing the new system. Stuff changes and the spark is lost. It's no longer sink or swim if it doesn't innovate. Plus, they can just buy new companies. That's much easier. It's not that the business is uncreative, it's that it no longer needs to be creative.

I think it's the same with white culture. It's already established as the dominant culture: it doesn't need to innovate, it can just keep polishing. When they see something they like, they take it. It doesn't need to burn the midnight oil when there are other people out there actively trying to create their own culture or differentiate themselves from dominant white culture. (Thank you David Graeber for talking about how many cultures spend more time doing things differently than other cultures rather than trying to do something on their own.[1]) (I was also thinking about how boring the Scandinavian countries are and how the pop music people there are essentially pop music formalists—Max Martin, shellback, et al. They're all just polishing because they have no incentive to innovate in something completely different. Again, from turbulence comes life! Things must be agitated for shit to really happen! Conflict! We need it! (Not in extremely large amounts though, I'm not pro-war!)

1. This is a topic he's discussed in many of his talks and books, but I think the original essay about it is *Culture as creative refusal*. (Cambridge Anthropology 31(2), Autumn 2013: 1–19)

Sat, Nov 28, 2020: *Formalism*

I have a love–hate relationship with formalism, in that I love to hate it but also love it. (Formalism defined as art that looks good for the sake of looking good.) I see it in this paragraph as a hindrance or dead end, a waste of time that seems to have ever increasing ties with reactionary politics. Formalism is now used as a way to get the topic switched to a less important conversation. We talk about how ugly something is or nitpick it because we don't agree with what it's saying. Shit's formally ugly because we disagree with what it says.

When I was younger, my mom would always call Mercedes–Benz cars ugly and I never understood. Myself, I don't think I ever liked or disliked them. The point is, all cars are just slabs on wheels. If you think the shape .--. is attractive, you might like the side profile of cars. But really, there is nothing that makes a car beautiful. They're kind of ugly if you really think about it. What makes cars beautiful is what the preconceived notions of what cars should be: Does this car have something innovative? Is this car fast? Is this car reliable?

Again, Beauty is evidence of capability. Either it has utility, or it displays evidence that it has the resources of acquiring utility. A technically well-done image of a city skyline is beautiful because it's evidence of how much members of civilization have accomplished. A painting of a naked woman is beautiful because she's a ripe fruit or whatever. Traditionally unbeautiful things that people still find beautiful like a portrait of an old person or some mold or something derive their beauty from other ways. There is a beauty to how strong the woman is to have made it to that point in her life, the mold has some sort of power to it that we can't have (and also that the photographer used a $5,000 camera). Again, don't disregard that in all of these examples, the tools and skills used to create the beauty are all costly to obtain.

So formalism is bunk, but then why can't I stop making it? I love seeing all the cool textures and things. But I know that I only like seeing the cool textures because I know how hard it is to render all these cool textures. These cool textures are hard to create and thus are beautiful. Really, they're just blobs of different colors when you look at it from far away. Anyway, this is getting too far away from my original point and too close to just being a Pirsig mouthpiece.

Mon, Nov 30, 2020: *Astrology and stereotyping*

Astrology is a socially acceptable form of stereotyping. Yes, I am angry and bitter because I couldn't keep up with the conversation that took place today in the print room. I am a Taurus.

With that said, I'm not sure how bad it is. I do wonder a bit about why we can't ever seem to get rid of mental shortcuts though. I don't want to be identified as whatever my star sign is, but it's all harmless, right?

Sat, Dec 5, 2020: *Stories*

Are stories cancer? It seems we tell stories to fill in holes of what we don't know. From there, does that comfort us and/or make us complacent to working towards real answers? In that way, stories are a waste of time that hinder technological progress and deaden natural curiosity.

I don't know if I completely buy that idea, but it is somewhat interesting. It's got a good atheist undertone to it. We rationalize what we don't understand because that's how we don't worry to death? I don't know. Anyway, it seems like I have some weird fascination with the idea of stories. I don't know why given that I don't really enjoy reading fiction and rarely watch movies. I do make art, though. I think there is storytelling in art. Perhaps it is just a little more not as blatant as a book. And by story I mean work of fiction, not a theory. But even then, it's a spectrum. Or maybe it's not. Oftentimes they're the same things. Do I believe in empiricism? lol.

Sat, Dec 26, 2020: *Climbing the mountain of knowledge*

I have been thinking a lot about (well, not that much) about poetry and music and art and the like. I think I've come to realize the same thing that some guy realized after taking LSD a bunch of times—that there is no substitute for climbing the mountain of information. There can be no revelations without absorbing new information. I think I have been in denial about this, but maybe I'm finally out of this stage of grief, maybe I have entered acceptance. It is now time to learn because there is no revelation coming from reading poetry or watching a movie (unless it's a really long and non-Marvel movie). Perhaps there is still room for a work of art or drugs to serve as a tipping point to some new idea, manipulating one's emotions to the point where they connect two points previously in their head, but the idea that answers lie in art, I think, is just romantic.

What is one to do then? Learn about many different things? Learn a lot about one thing? I'm not sure. I think the answer is to learn a lot about many different things. I think the revelations come in the volume of information. A person should do the best they can to absorb a high volume of information. Art is subjective because the person who looks at it that isn't the creator doesn't know half the stuff of what the creator knows. If they did, perhaps it would be just as revelatory as it is for the artist—that is, not at all (lol). But perhaps because the viewer is smarter than the artist, they can see things that the artist isn't aware of. In that case, the artist has helped a little bit.

So what does that make art? Some sort of metadata? An index? A password hash to culture?

I think it's some sort of something. The byproduct of something. Looking at a bunch of art is like looking at a bunch of information on Discogs—I can get a good and general idea of what everything is about, but in order to really understand the cultural product, I need to learn about the culture. Psy's "Gangnam Style" is a better example. (Reinforces stereotypes of Asian culture when seen through the eyes of an American, but making fun of how ridiculous people in a certain area of Seoul are.)

Anyway, I think there is something to be said for living life. I think I'm basically saying the same things that I've been saying to myself for a while now, but maybe I am just still in the afterglow of finishing *Capital in the 21st Century*. It feels good to learn more

stuff and it feels bad to keep chugging away at art when it doesn't feel right. (I haven't read this probably since it came out but this is what I keep thinking about. I wonder how it holds up now and how much of their main idea I'm accurately holding in my head: https://distill.pub/2017/research-debt/)

Sun, Jan 17, 2020: *Instrumental music*

I just finished listening to the organ symphony [Symphony No. 3in C minor] and I had some thoughts about what music is. I suppose I see music as existing in a person's head. Music is a sequence of frequencies that get tied to certain feelings within someone. I can "deconstruct" the melody from the organ symphony, and can hear it as just a handful of notes that can be played as simply sine waves. All classical music is, is taking that idea and then extending it for a half hour. One takes the simple melody and does variations on it and also deconstructs it: take a few notes of the early part of the melody and sprinkle 'em around. Once you have the actual melody, all that's left is the actual work of fitting the melody into the form. The best symphonies are ones that have good melodies, distinguishable, get caught in a person's head, and also fit technically well into the form/structure of classical music—melody fragments eventually becoming full melodies, some good countermelodies, etc. There can be technically great pieces of music, but if the melody is shit, it doesn't matter. Don't @ me either, you're just wrong. You can take a great melody and turn it into the basis of a symphony or you can take it and make a pop song with it.

So, regarding all the stuff that's around the sine waves, or the frequencies that you can hum along to. The "social construct." Music that's played by an orchestra is impressive because it's fucking hard to pull that kinda shit off. It takes a lot of resources. I can be moved by an orchestra, but something can get lost in the mass. It can become more impersonal, which is why I think that music of just a person playing guitar and singing won't ever go away—you can connect with it much easier. Plus, singing is still hard and being a good singer is impressive. Coming up with a good melody, that's really impressive. Anyone can follow instructions. Any goddamn fool can build a house provided they have instructions and have seen other houses before. But to design a good house, that's much harder.

I think I'm straying away from the point of this: instrumental music. Why is it moving? Is it just moving because it's moving?

Because it's so deeply embedded in culture to the point where we just hear it and salivate? Do we think slow music is sad because it's slow and has frequencies that "clash?" Or is it sad because of some other reason? Is fast music happy because it takes more energy to play and signifies that one is energetic and charged up? That one has the potential to "go, go, go?" I don't know. Anyway, I don't know if I've been tricked into liking music or if liking music is universal. I certainly like music from other cultures, but that could just be because I like music in general.

So this instrumental music tangent that I keep not talking about. Instrumental music is weird, I think. There are no direct connotations associated with it. As in, no one is singing and telling you what the song is about. You have to figure that out based on the instrumentation and melody and where it's being played. Okay, I'm losing my train of thought now. I had something else I wanted to add to this, but I can't remember what it was. I think the point is that music lives in your head. It's like an outline or a map. Once you have the outline, it's just a matter of recording it/expanding it to fit the form. Is there virtue in trying to expand and create a new form? I don't know. I think there is an endless supply of catchy melodies out there, and they can be put to use in many ways. Is there a melody that should fit perfectly in one specific form? I'm not sure, but I don't think so.

That's what it was. I was gonna ask what music is for at all. If melodies are all music is, what is music for? How do you execute the melody in your head? Make a piece of classical music, make a pop song? What is your goal? Is your goal of the music to be a "loss leader" for a particular political message? Is your goal to soothe the listener? Is the goal to make the perfect something or other? Is the goal to be famous? I think there are a lot of dead ends in music making. There is a lot of music created because it wants to be heard, rather than because it wants to be made. Use the tools at hand. Keep within the paradigm.(?)

Unrelated, but I love the two people playing on one piano. It's so great. I think a good wall of sound would have the electronic equivalent of those in it—pastoral synths doing fast octave arps. I love it. Anyway, catchy melodies, emotional, doesn't alienate through elitist means (sound, instrumentation, form), and you have the start to a good piece of music, I think. Drummers might exchange words with me on this entry.

Sat, Jan 23, 2020: *Beauty*

Beautiful art is the manifestation of physical and intellectual work by society and the individual. Beauty is the celebration of this work; the art object is just physical evidence that work has been done. The object's beauty derives from its worthiness as a celebratory object. It must condense evidence of difficult achievements, often abstract, into something real. Beauty is beheld based on what the beholder knows and doesn't know about the creation of the object. The beholder cannot behold something as beautiful if the beholder can't understand what went into the making of the object. Thousands of hours of labor, the thoughts that when into grain transportation infrastructure, mathematical theories, etc. Beauty is a moving goalpost as we continue to take more and more things for granted. It's usually about novel work achievements. Things cannot be beautiful if the beholder knows more about the creation of an object than its creator. The beholder can know more about history, social theory, and origin of materials that alert the beholder that this artist doesn't completely understand X and is using materials that are actively harming an ecosystem when less harmful or sustainable resources be used instead. In this way, beauty and ugliness cancel out revealing a neutral object. Most art objects are neutral or just a bit beautiful as there are people who can see them as beautiful and those who cannot. Beauty is humbling because the accumulation of knowledge is humbling and art objects act as prompts for the brain to think about all the work that has been done to get us here.

If making fine art, with a connotation similar to pure math, art for art's sake rather than art for an empty wall's sake, it is the responsibility of the artist to learn about, and be humbled by, the world. In fine art, the beholder is the creator. Others must take a back seat. In this way, the art will end up being ugly to some and beautiful to others, but the art's purpose is to humble the creator.

If making art for a different purpose, the beholders must be considered. It may or may not be the artist's responsibility to educate the beholders or the artist themself. If it is needed, it must be done. Otherwise, the artist must make the work based on what the artist knows the beholder knows and doesn't know.

There are some contradictions here, of course. If someone knows more about the work than its creator, they may not find it ugly, but may appreciate the artist's attempt and effort in striving to reach their goal. Also, this does not account for nature, but can be roughly applied. First, I don't see nature as Art because it wasn't made by a person, but it can still be beautiful and humbling to gaze upon the product of many complex systems intertwined with one another. That's almost a cheap, or cheating, way to get a

beautiful result—just steal something from nature. But nature has its flaws too. It isn't inherently good or bad in the sense of design, or what have you. Brute force is only good when it's being applied to things. Some things just end up perpetuating and never change into something better, even after billions of years. "Better" defined as visually more complex, or elegant at completing a function, for example.

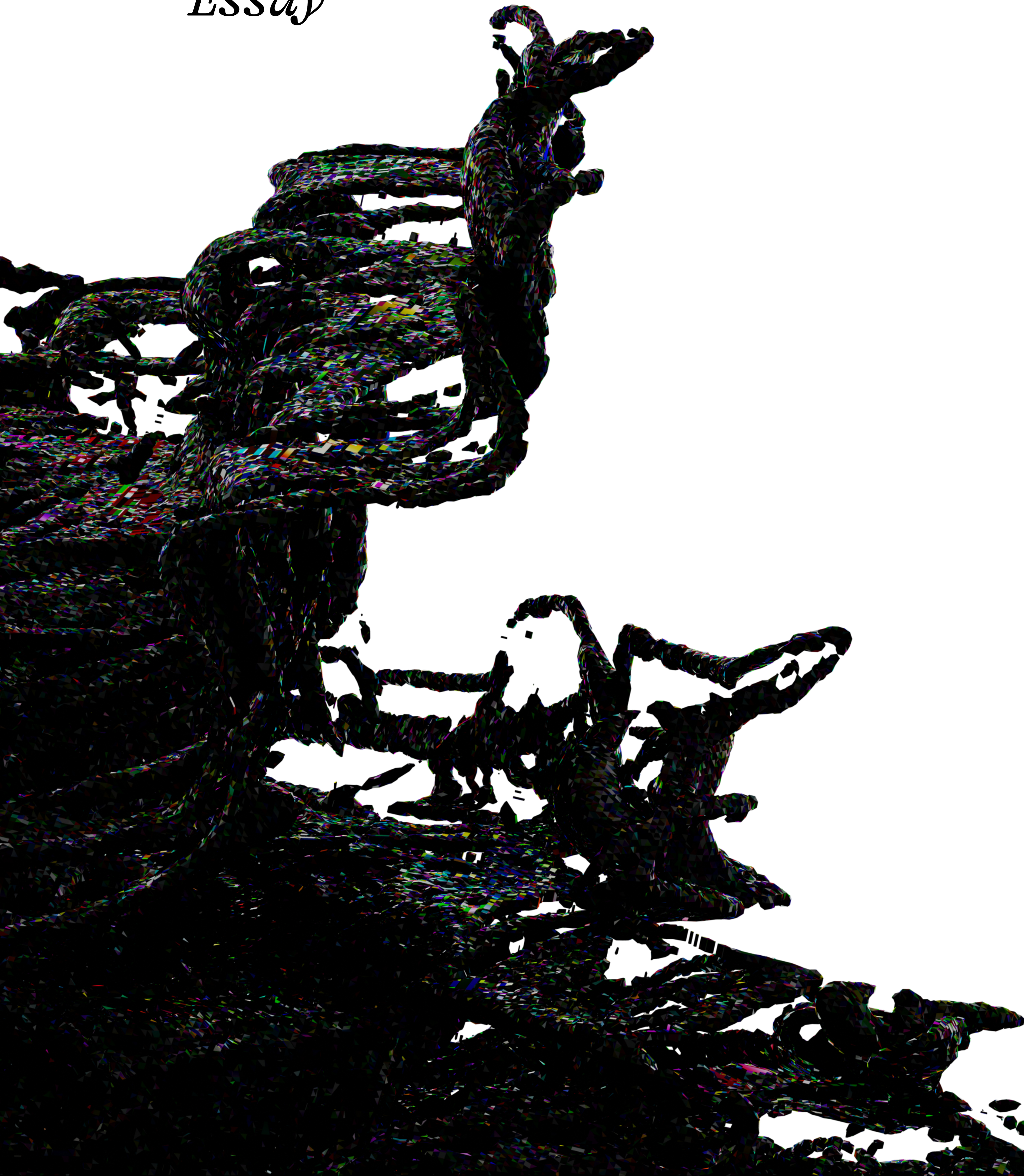
So when is a piece of art successful? If it humbles its creator by making its creator take steps to better understand the world by actively learning and observing, it is successful. If it provides a temporary catharsis to the artist, art therapy, then it is unsuccessful as it is treating a symptom rather than the cause. Years later, existential fear and lack of contribution will need to be confronted. But anyway, if the artist's job contributes something and they think about all these human problems but they just paint flowers, then the flowers are only beautiful if you know who created them. (Their efforts may indirectly manifest in the work of a different artist, however.) There are more examples but I need to stop now. END NOTES ABOUT BEAUTY.

So there I go again, fruitlessly trying to define a word. Getting down in the muck of language again, like so many others. Gross. Can't a fellow just not worry about it? Of course not, but I'd like to not do that. Anyway, beauty is a moving target since our standards always increase, in regards to inanimate objects. When we appreciate, we see beauty, and to appreciate we need to know why something is important/beautiful/profound. Why is this important to survival? Perhaps when we know this, we can use it as a tool. Perhaps it's not at all important. Nature isn't a genius, nature just does what it does. Things can develop side by side for some other reason. Who knows? Is it important? Eh, maybe? Probably? No? I sure as heck couldn't tell ya!

*

So I guess what I'm saying is that when you appreciate art, you are appreciating human work toward some sort of goal you think is worthy of pursuing.

Essay



On the topic of mental and physical trash in context of the acquisition of knowledge using the example of master carpenters Frank and Joseph Bily ("The Boys") of Spillville, Iowa

What seems to be the consensus is that to gather knowledge, one must watch others do things and also do things oneself. When doing things oneself, the first step usually starts with an idea. Maybe one has the idea to build a crappy birdhouse. In order to reach a point of proficiency in a field—"proficiency" defined as "able to do/understand a majority of common things in that field"—one must make a lot of birdhouses. Eventually, one will get to the point where one can make a perfect birdhouse and need to move to something more interesting. Perhaps one will eventually wind up making mechanically complex and ornate clocks. In the process, one will have generated a lot of mental and physical waste.

Gazing over their workshop one last time before they settled into their death beds, I imagine Frank and Joseph Bily saw a sawdusty pile of crappy ideas and misfit objects. Maybe they weren't bad enough to be tossed, but maybe they weren't as good as their store-bought equivalent—a lot of items probably ended up back in the "for something else" wood pile.

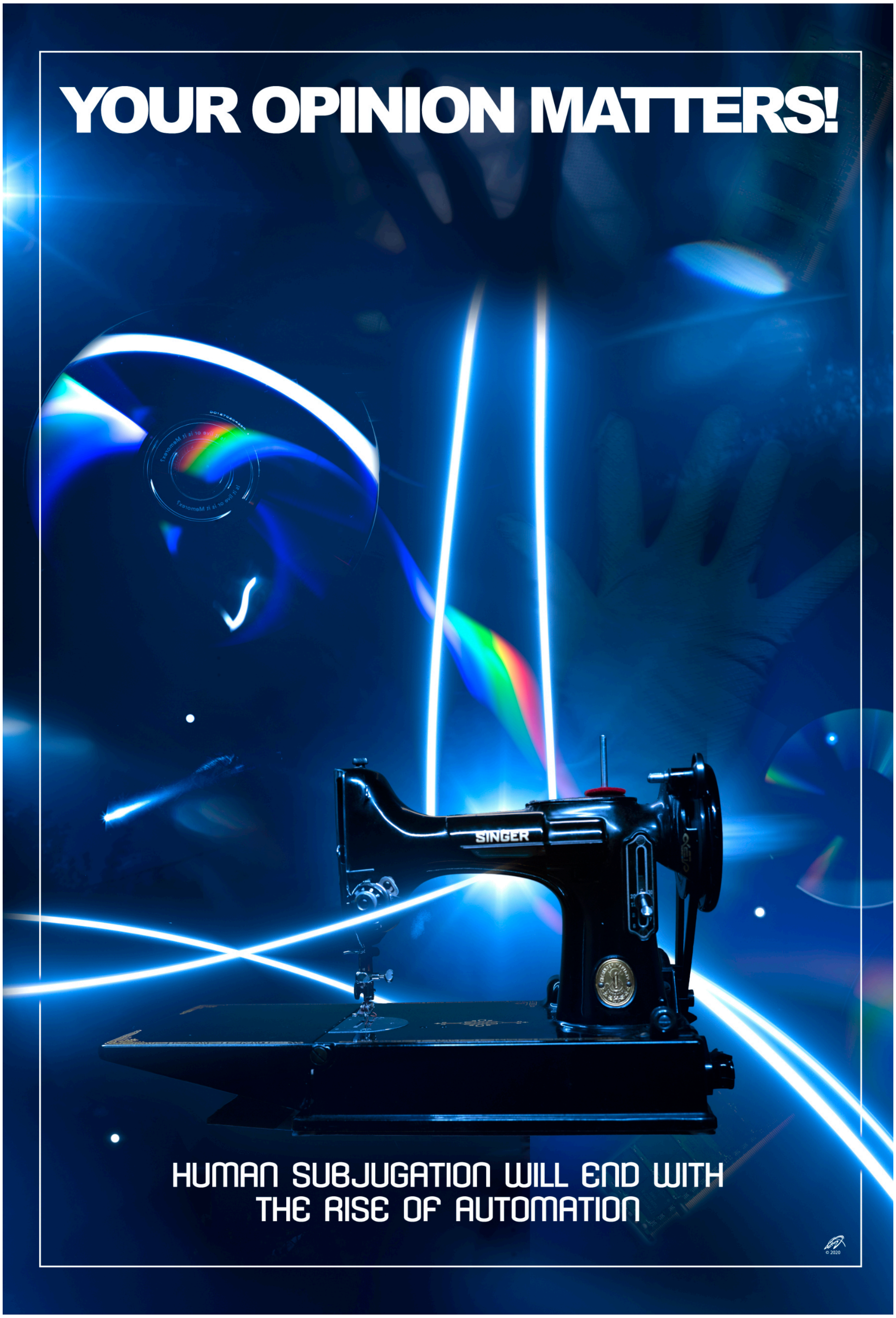
It's good to have mental waste. It means there are thoughts happening. Usually, the only thing consumed is time. Our lives aren't that valuable, we have a lot of time. The pencil holder that is also an ashtray? Yeah, maybe it's for the best it was never made. It was a crappy idea anyway. But what about the crappy ideas Frank and Joseph didn't realize were crappy at the time? What about the clocks that never made it to the Bily Clock Museum? What was to be done with the pile of wood in the corner that the mice live in? Burn it like they said they were going to? Those materials don't appear out of thin air.

The point being, mental trash is a sign that one is growing. The more ideas one has, the more likely one is to have one that's halfway decent. The Boys didn't go right from sanding block to cuckoo clock. There were steps in between. The waste one produces while on their way to master fill-in-the-blank must also be accounted for. In the 21st century it is on the artist to be mindful of what they decide is worth calling into existence. Will your path be a net positive, personally and socially? I hope so.



year

One


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THE RISE OF AUTOMATION


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TECHNOCRATS FOR THE THREE SISTERS: CEMENT PERMANENT CULTURE.

BEANS

↳(TEPARY)

The Tepary bean is a species of bean native to the Sonoran desert and surrounding areas. As it's the most drought tolerant annual legume in the world, it thrives in rain-deprived environments and has been cultivated for at least 2500 years.[1]

Plantae
 Tracheophytes
  Angiosperms
   Eudicots
    Rosids
     Fabales
      Fabaceae

Names: *Phaseolus acutifolius* (domesticated as *P. latifolius*), Tepary Bean (Pawi, Pavi, Tepari, Escomite).

Morphology:
Seed: light to dark orange with speckling pattern of slightly darker, small speckles.
Plant: Dark green trifoliate leaves with flowers gradating from pink at petal tip to white nearing center. 5 See an image for more information.

When & where to plant: Does best in southwestern states and/or areas with little rainfall and higher temperatures. Probably likes sunlight. Plant May to mid-July. Don't overwater.

Yield: 1900-2200 kilograms per hectare (late May, Virginia), 1300 kilograms per hectare (early July, Virginia)[9] - Enough to sustain one human for ~2470 days (6.7 years).

Nutrition Facts (Dry):
Macronutrients: 1% ash, 24% protein, 2% fat, 73% carbohydrate[2] (of that, 36% is fiber and ~25% [±5%] is resistant starch).[3]
Amino Acids, ascending: (most available information is based on Tepary bean lectins, but in general, legumes are) lower in methionine and tryptophan.[4]
Micronutrients, descending: molybdenum, folate, copper, phosphorus, manganese, vitamin B1, vitamin B6, magnesium, iron. Also high in chromium.[6]

Etymology: The word "tepary" may come from the Tohono O'odam phrase "t'pawi" meaning, "it's a bean."[1]

↳(COMMON)

The common bean can be found all over the world and varies in size of seed and shape. Most wild and traditionally cultivated varieties, however, share a penchant for climbing. It is believed to be native to the Americas and has been cultivated for at least 4700 years.[1]

Plantae
 Tracheophytes
  Angiosperms
   Eudicots
    Rosids
     Fabales
      Fabaceae

Names: *Phaseolus vulgaris*, Common bean (French bean). Cultivars include black, cranberry, kidney, pea, pinto, white.

Morphology: *Seed:* Seeds can take a variety of colors and shape; most seeds look like "bean" shaped. *Plant:* Pink flowers with green trifoliate leaves of a medium intensity.

When and where to plant: Find a cultivar suited to your area. Plant in spring.[8]

Yield: 900-4900 kg per hectare.[9] (~3123000-17003000 calories) - Enough to sustain one human for ~1500-8500 days (4.27-23 years).

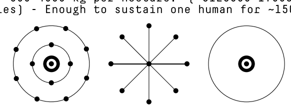


Fig. 5. Alternative crop placements

Nutrition Facts (Dry):
Macronutrients: 1% ash, 24% protein, 1% fat, 74% carbohydrate[7] (of that, 36% is fiber and ~25% [±5%] is resistant starch).[3]
Amino Acids, ascending: In general, common bean cultivars are lower in methionine, tryptophan (and semiessential cysteine).[7]
Micronutrients, descending: molybdenum, folate, copper, phosphorus, manganese, vitamin B1, vitamin B6, magnesium, iron. Also high in chromium.[7]

Etymology: The common bean is found in many places. Therefore, it is common. The original source of "bean" is unknown, but it can be traced back to many European languages.

WINTER SQUASH

The winter squash goes beyond the pumpkin, a cultivar; indeed, the cultivars of the winter squash are many and can be found between four species of *Cucurbita*. It is native to the Americas, most from the southern continent, and has been cultivated for at least 10000 years.[14]

Plantae
 Tracheophytes
  Angiosperms
   Eudicots
    Rosids
     Cucurbitales
      Cucurbitaceae
       Cucurbiteae (Tribe)

Names: *Cucurbita maxima*, *Cucurbita argyrosperma*, *Cucurbita moschata*, *Cucurbita pepo*, Winter Squash, ("Pumpkin"). Cultivars of *C. Maxima* include Ambercup, Arikara, Atlantic Giant, Banana, Buttercup, Hubbard, Kabocha, Lakota, Red Kuri, Turban. Cultivars of *C. argyrosperma* include Cushaw. Cultivars of *C. moschata* include Butternut, Calabaza. Cultivars of *C. pepo* include Acorn, Delicata, Field Pumpkin, Spaghetti.

Morphology: Leaves are green. Fruits can vary in shape, size, color, weight.

When and where to plant: Look for a cultivar that suits your area. There are many. Plant in spring.[14]

Yield: ~17200-444400 kg per hectare.[11] - (~5848000-15096000 calories) Enough to sustain one human for ~2900-7500 days (8-20.67 years).

Nutrition Facts:
Macronutrients: 5% ash, of usable calories: 9% protein, 3% fat, 87% carbohydrates (of carbohydrates, 17% from fiber).[10]
Amino Acids, ascending: lower in methionine, lysine, leucine.
Micronutrients, descending: higher in vitamin A, vitamin C, vitamin B6, copper, manganese, vitamin B2, potassium, pantothenic acid, folate, vitamin K.[12]

Etymology: The winter squash is harvested in the fall and can keep into winter, thus "winter squash." Squash comes from the Narragansett word "askutasquash," meaning "eaten raw or uncooked."[13]

CORN

This annual is believed to have been cultivated for at least 10000 years[17] and was derived from *Zea mexicana*, a grass.[16] Corn can no longer reproduce on its own and requires intervention for fertilization and planting. In the 20th century, corn became a commodity and is now used in many processed foods; it is ideal to eat corn in its whole form, however. The most commonly grown variety is dent corn. Zeaxanthin gives corn it's yellow color.

Plantae
 Tracheophytes
  Angiosperms
   Monocots
    Commelinids
     Poales
      Poaceae
       Panicoideae (subfamily)

Names: *Zea mays*, Maize, Corn. Cultivars include *Z. m.* convar. *saccharata* var. *rugosa* (sweet, Yellow us, White su, Bicolor su, Multicolor su, Yellow se, White se, Bicolor se, Multicolor se, Yellow sh2, White sh2, Bicolor sh2), *Z. m.* var. *indurata* (flint, also known as Indian corn, calico corn, purple corn, purple maize, Hopi maize Yoeme Blue, Tarahumara Maiz Azul, Rio Grande Blue),[20] *Z. m.* var. *tunicata* (pod, also known as wild maize), *Z. m.* var. *everta* (popcorn),[21] and *Z. m.* var. *amylacea* (flour).[19]

Morphology: A 5-12′ stalk topped with a tassel. Ears are typically filled with yellow kernels—but kernels can be multicolored—surrounded by a green protective husk. (Field corn is bread to have) one ear per plant.[18]

When and where to plant: Plant in spring. Find a variety that suits your location. Likes sun. Hardiness zones 4-8 (USA, as of 2020).[22]

Yield: ~14400-66000 ears per hectare[23, 24, 25] - (~1440000-6600000 calories @ 100 calories per ear) Enough to sustain one human for ~720-3300 days (1.97-9.04 years).

Nutrition Facts (sweet corn):
Macronutrients: 13% protein, 12% fat, 75% carbohydrates (of that, 10% fiber)[25, 27]
Amino Acids: lower in lysine,[28] although "high lysine" varieties exist.[29]
Micronutrients, descending: pantothenic acid, phosphorus, vitamin B3, vitamin B6.[26]

Etymology: From Taino "mahiz" meaning "grain of the gods."[15]

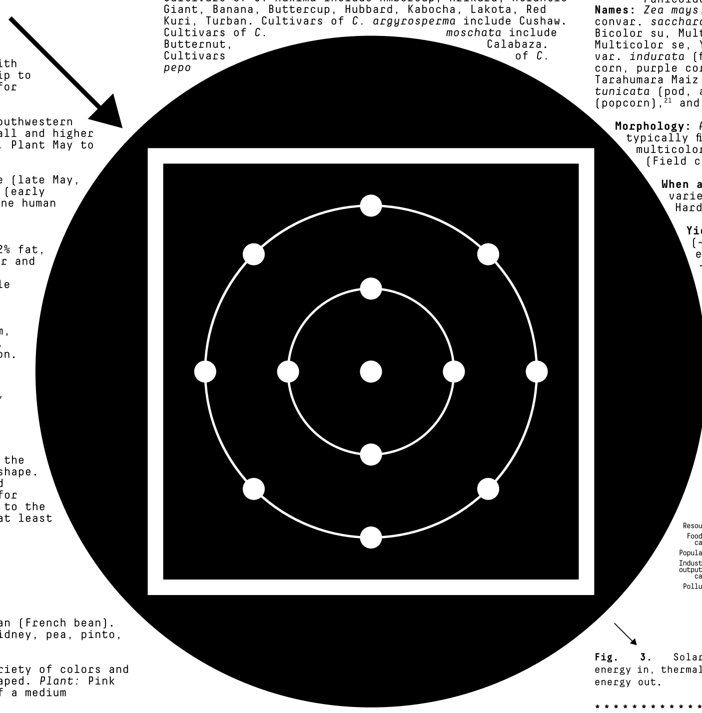


Fig. 1. The economy is contained within our biosphere. A Three Sisters planting arrangement diagram (see fig. 2) is shown within the economy, but can exist outside economics.

Fig. 2. A corn kernel is planted in the middle which is then surrounded by a circle of squash and bean seeds, planted at slightly later dates.[32]

Fig. 3. Solar energy in, thermal energy out.

Death of Earth (avoid this)

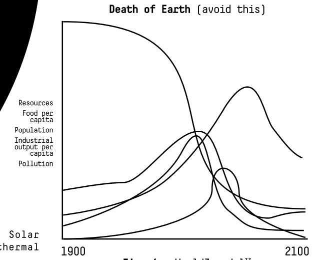


Fig. 4. World3 model[33]

* *

The Three Sisters are three annual, mutually beneficial, scalable companion crops that have served as the backbone to many North American agricultural societies for thousands of years. The Sisters are nutrient dense; they are full of antioxidant phytonutrients such as beta-carotene[12] and contain optimal human macronutrient ratios.[30] In addition, the Sisters' strong fiber and water content helps regulate the body's digestive system for a more linear distribution of energy.[6] The Sisters also support genetic diversity which can help ward off pests, regulate soil nitrogen ratios, and, together, help choke out unwanted plants—leading to fewer weeding sessions and a lesser need for chemical herbicides. The Three Sisters remain a viable agricultural option due to indigenous groups in North and South America saving heirloom seeds and ensuring essential growing information is maintained.[31,32] Start up a conversation about the Three Sisters. Do you think commercial farmers would be open to intercropping, provided capital was developed to make it viable? Do you think that will happen? Don't be confrontational, have a conversation.

General notes: There may be more common names and cultivars than listed. Daily calorie intake is estimated for a person consuming 2000 calories per day, your daily requirement is different. Yield estimations are generally for commercially grown cultivars in 1-2 different regions and don't account for ash or agricultural losses. Nutritional values can differ depending on variables including but not limited to: cultivar, location, soil health, date planted, and sunlight received—for example, Tepary bean protein can fluctuate between 22% and 28% depending on these conditions. Foods have more micronutrients than listed.

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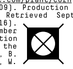
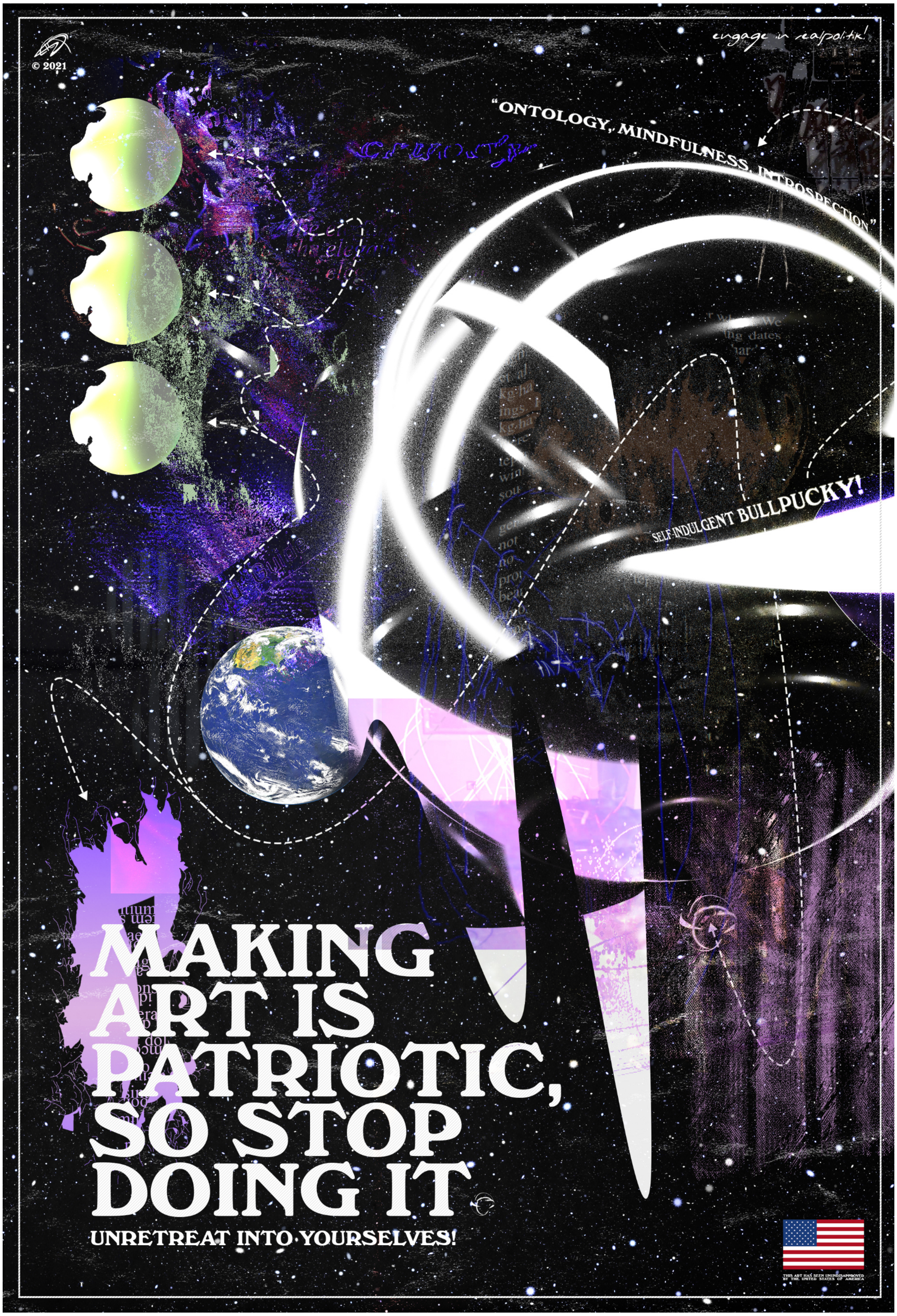
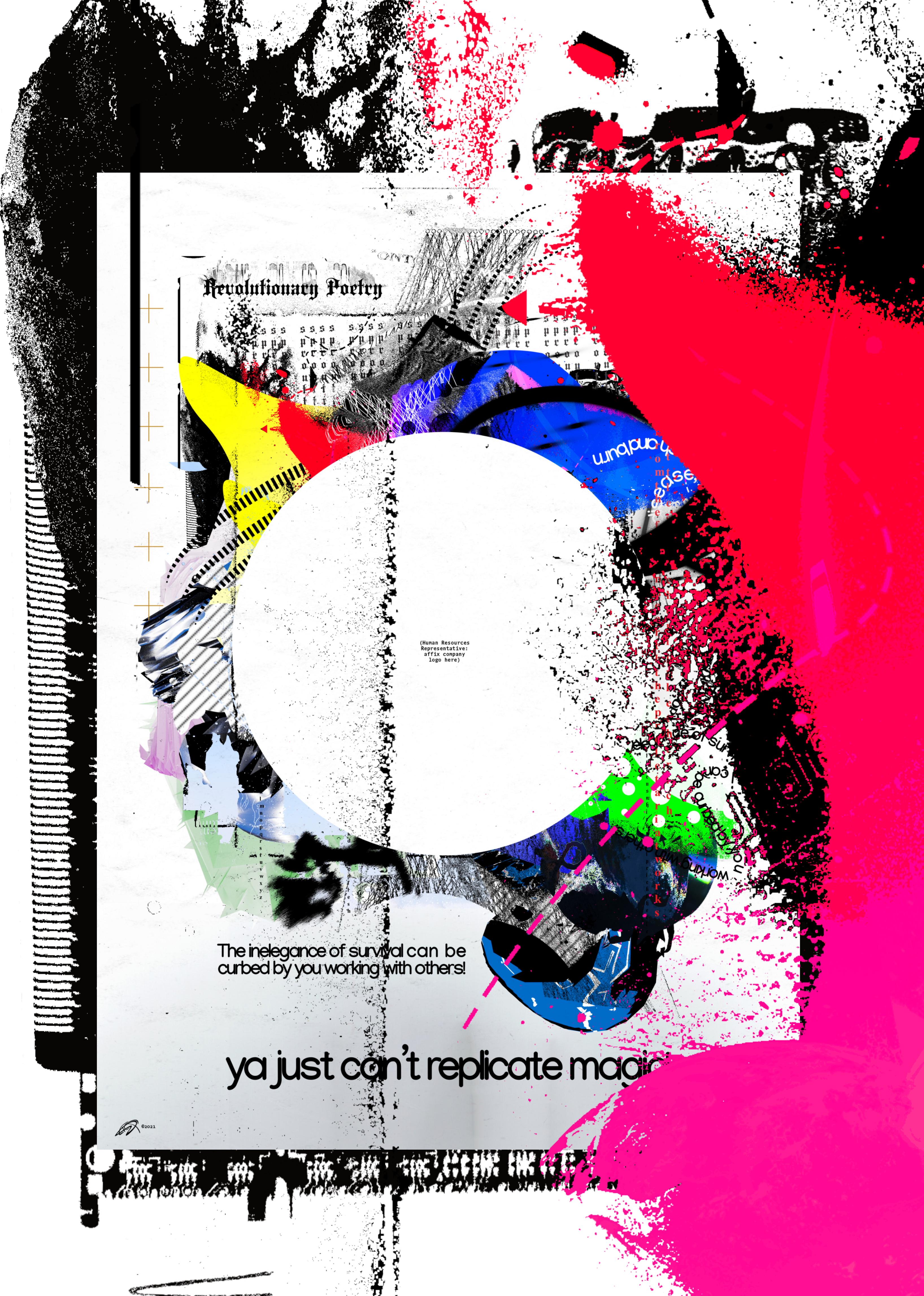
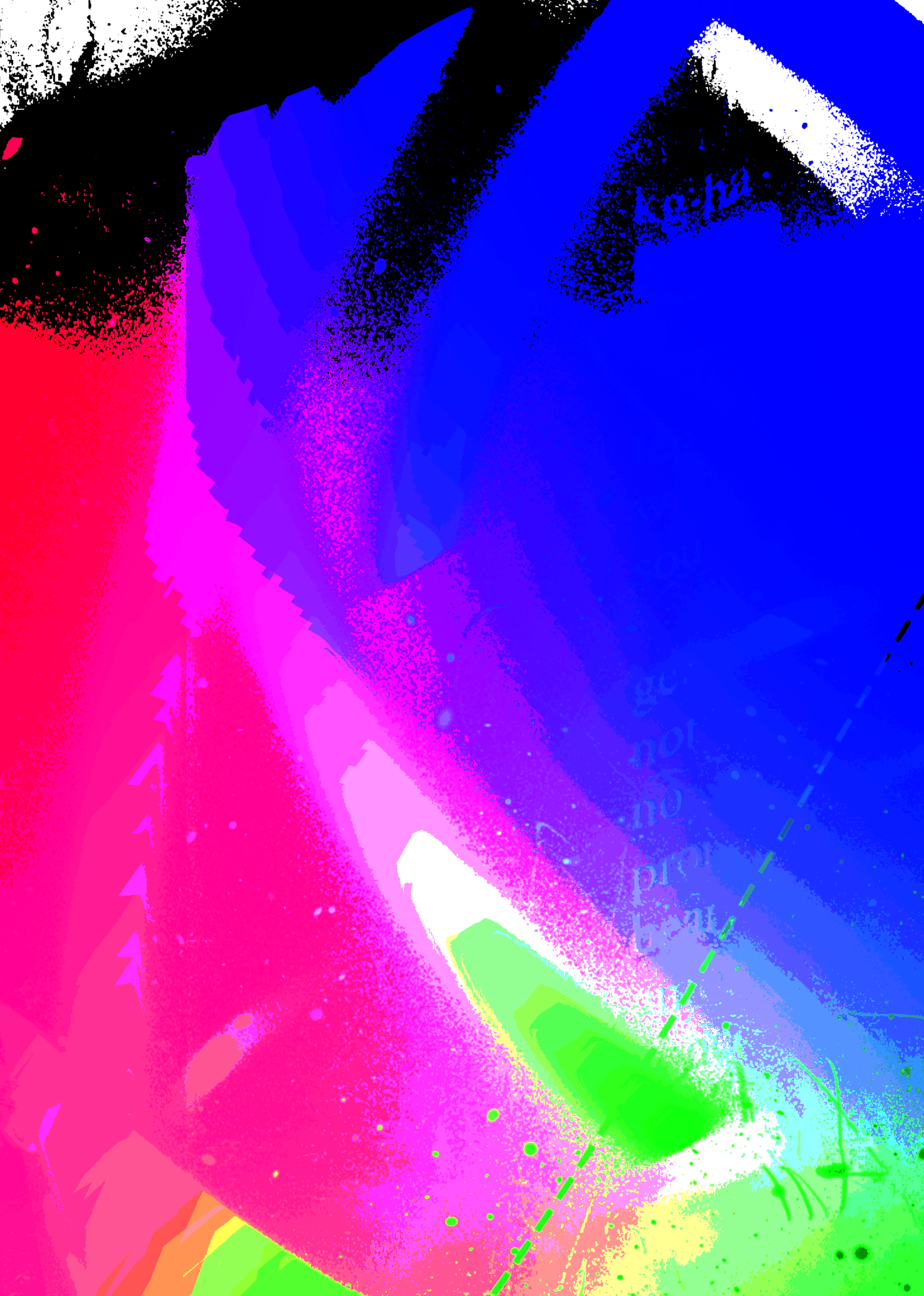


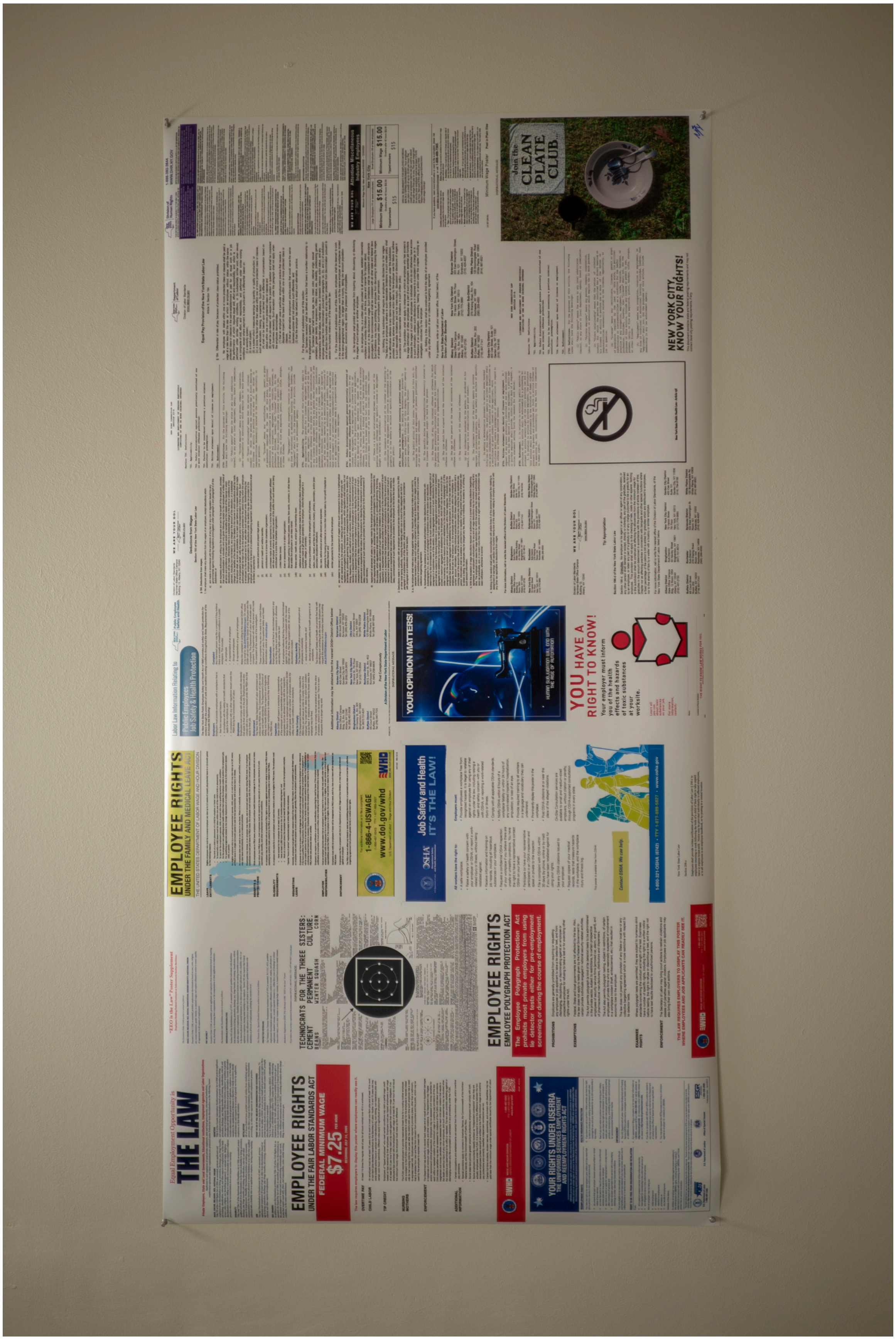
Fig. 6. Biosphere incorrectly shown within economy.

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© 2021
engage in realpolitik!
"ONTOLOGY, MINDFULNESS, INTROSPECTION"
SELF-INDULGENT BULLPUCKY!
MAKING ART IS PATRIOTIC, SO STOP DOING IT
UNRETREAT INTO YOURSELVES!
THIS ART HAS BEEN UNUNDISAPPROVED BY THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

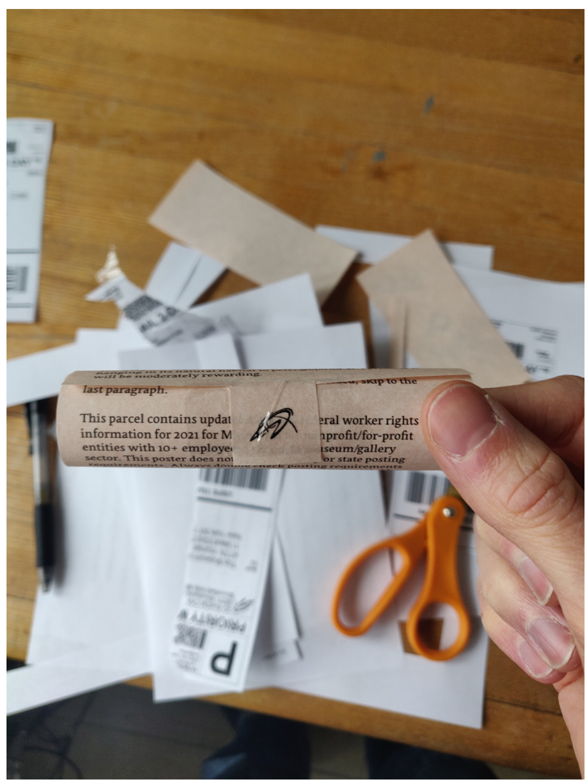

Revolutionary Poetry
(Human Resources Representative: affix company logo here)
The inelegance of survival can be curbed by you working with others!
ya just can't replicate magi
©2021




THE LAW
EMPLOYEE RIGHTS
UNDER THE FAIR LABOR STANDARDS ACT
FEDERAL MINIMUM WAGE
$7.25
TECHNOCRATS FOR THE THREE SISTERS:
EMPLOYEE RIGHTS
EMPLOYEE POLYGRAPH PROTECTION ACT
EMPLOYEE RIGHTS
UNDER THE FAMILY AND MEDICAL LEAVE ACT
1-866-4-USWAGE
www.dol.gov/whd
Job Safety and Health
IT'S THE LAW!
YOUR OPINION MATTERS!
YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW!
NEW YORK CITY,
KNOW YOUR RIGHTS!
Join the
CLEAN
PLATE
CLUB.


THE LAW
EMPLOYEE RIGHTS
UNDER THE FAIR LABOR STANDARDS ACT
FEDERAL MINIMUM WAGE
$7.25
EMPLOYEE RIGHTS
UNDER THE FAMILY AND MEDICAL LEAVE ACT
EMPLOYEE RIGHTS
EMPLOYEE POLYGRAPH PROTECTION ACT
YOUR RIGHTS UNDER USERRA
Job Safety and Health
IT'S THE LAW!
YOUR OPINION MATTERS!
YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW!
CLEAN PLATE CLUB.
NEW YORK CITY
KNOW YOUR RIGHTS!


P
US POSTAGE & FEES PAID
1 LB PRIORITY MAIL RATE
ZONE 4 NO SURCHARGE
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FROM 48304
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PRIORITY MAIL 2-DAY™
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SHIP TO:
The Met Fifth Avenue
ATTN: Human Resources
1000 Fifth Avenue
New York NY 10028
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9405 5116 9900 0181 4516 01


last paragraph.
This parcel contains updat
information for 2021 for M
entities with 10+ employe
sector. This poster does no
eral worker rights
nprofit/for-profit
seum/gallery
or state posting

Statement

I had the idea to make propaganda posters and then embed them into complete compliance posters, so that's what I did. I made them for three states and included three or four propaganda posters per large poster. I sent them out to four places because it's expensive to print and ship these. I thought about how I would get proof that they were put up and ended up doing an appeal just based on the prospect of something "moderately interesting." I will probably never know if they got put up anywhere, especially since covid, most places are working from home anyway. But who knows. I wanna give some employees something cool to look at while they eat lunch.

Digital print on paper, 2020
~30 x 60" for composite
~8.5 x 11" individual posters

At some point I realized that it was possible to exploit the federally mandated nature of the compliance poster by adding other messaging to it.

I thought about things an employee, an employer, and the poster creator would want to see. As locations of these posters differ from workplace to workplace, every message needs to be readable from a moderate distance as well as contain enough depth for employees to think about it while they eat lunch. Would an employee still remember these phrases after leaving the business?

Each poster carries different ideas:

Agriculture: To appeal to the dominant culture in the United States, arguments must be presented in a very specific, "logical" way. This way is ridiculous. Saying "this land was illegally obtained by killing people's great grandparents" is not enough. White gatekeepers will barely even listen to other white people with that kind of argument. White people need to see an argument from someone (preferably white) with a doctorate waving data around showing how land reparations, for example, would actually be a good thing and benefit whites. To appeal to conservative white North Dakotans you can't say "this is sacred land." You must say "you can build a Walmart, but you can't build a duck." Branch Rickey, the manager who helped Jackie Robinson break the color line, had to rely on economic appeals regarding the fate of baseball. This poster is a needlessly technical endorsement of a system of agriculture that's proved successful for thousands of years. Will people always have to see a bunch of heavily abstracted scientific logical bullshit—that also tells them there's something in it for them—to convince them to change?

Arts: I struggle with the self-indulgent nature of some art. It's nice to make art in the moment, but then the art hangover sets in and I realize that all I have done is waste resources making something that has value to no one. This poster is meant to confuse and potentially anger the viewer into thinking about their own motivations for creating art.

Consulting: A poster hopefully so over the top that anyone who sees it thinks their company has absolutely no self-awareness.

Contract labor: Oppression.

Food service: Ambiguous phrase containing an image that seems created in some counterintuitive, backward way. The viewer will see the poster as out of touch and lose faith in it and the viewer's place of work.

But what message actually needs to be embedded? Sometimes I remember that simply offering Inspirational Messages will not fundamentally change anything.

Bjorndal

Just a tracing of my handwriting.
It only looks good at small sizes.

Digital file, 2019
Updated 2020

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

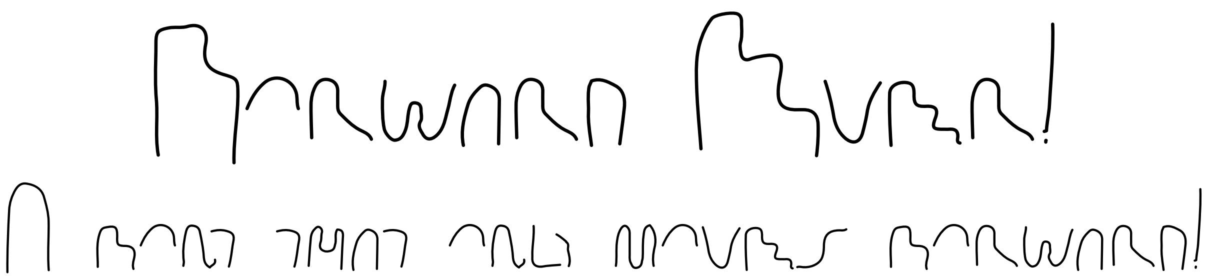
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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

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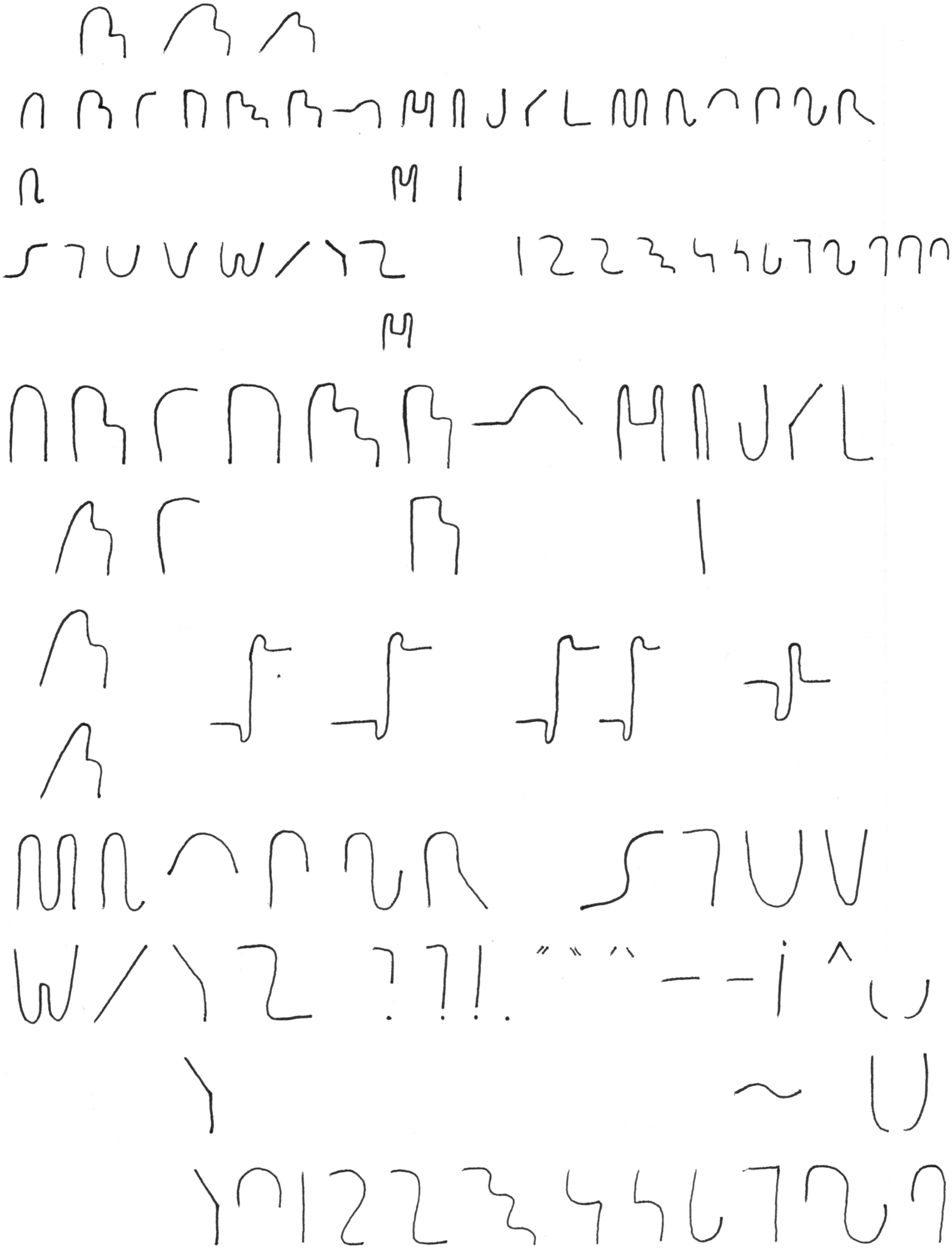
Capitalism ain't swag.



(Forward Ever!)

(A font that only moves forward!)

Digital file, 2020



The last Civil War veteran in the county, George Matter, once had a dream that his childhood best friend punched him in the jaw and he lost a tooth. Interestingly, he never fought with his childhood best friend; they were on good terms. He remembers that dream due to the contradiction.

Reporter's note: When thanking him for his service, George grabbed the reporter's elbow and said, "You know those greybacks looked like rotten teeth," and proceeded to laugh.

"I had one where I was downtown to get my wife's shoes fixe
happens often while I'm awake—only this time when I was pa
remember on which side of the street I parked my car. The
needed to pay and then my late father was there informing
voice, that there were teeth dangling out on the sides of
I need to tuck them back in if I want to look presentable.
grassy hill and I stumbled up to the top. I don't know if
related to the trouble I'd been having with my marriage or
know if I can amalgamate the two. I think we've been doing
Setzer

TOOTH DREAMS

"Eh, I hate to remember thi
massasauga. Praise God I ha
Elgar had one of his cattle
had one. Not only that, but
that snake in my dreams! I
relieved I had all my teeth

ad one. I usually can't rem
bout how awful that must've
n't have done more to help,
falling out, no." — Minnie E

referring to her neighbor w
ive after lightning struck h

ween witnessed a man be ejected from an automobile
t a rut caused by erosion at the start of a bridge
ad eroded around the bridge in such a way that a steep
incline had formed between the bridge and the road. The man broke his neck and died. Elmer has since had dreams of his upper canines falling straight out, in various "dreamly settings." Elmer had seen at least three cars

Joh
dre

Edna Kuckenbac
had any dreams

Reporter's note
living in a hot

The Gold Cap Club

1-2 years after suffering
lucky to be alive,
eria and has bouts of
came the condition but was
or occasionally a loose

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wnee woman whom she'd
ptly told her it was the

d one where my daughter lost som
om the Tooth Fairy. She got them

Angelo, the owner of Doak Furniture, died of pernicious anemia in autumn 1902. It is said by others that he would have teeth dreams caused by extended exposure to a set of prop dentures that sat on a small table next to a bed for people of the older age.

Reporter's note: The reporter does not remember at any point seeing false teeth in the store. This account is likely fictitious.

The entire Kokalaris family, save the youngest
1901 shortly after settling in a new area. Whe
a friend about a dream she had where her front
She tried to keep them in her mouth with her
Malina keeps very good care of her teeth and

Reformatted from notecards to fit the page.

Loy Sleeper, son of Randall, hand dips sheets of paper into an arsenic vat to make flypaper at his father's business. Dreams of this nature are to be expected, however, as he has recently got in the last of his adult teeth.

John Basford died of disease in 1889. He had been complaining about teeth dreams for years.

Nina Clark experienced dreams of oral discomfort 1-2 years after suffering from milksickness. Although she proclaims she is lucky to be alive, it is thought by most that she suffers from hysteria and has bouts of melancholia. A doctor came to study how she overcame the condition but was unsuccessful. Usually, it's a loose front tooth or occasionally a loose molar.

Editor's note: The cause of milksickness was discovered shortly after by Anna Pierce Hobbs Bixby after she asked a Shawnee woman whom she'd befriended as to what sparked it. The woman promptly told her it was the white snake-root plant.

Peter's note: "discovered"

The entire Kokalaris family, save the youngest Malina, died of smallpox in 1901 shortly after settling in a new area. When Malina was older, she told a friend about a dream she had where her front teeth became very loose. She tried to keep them in her mouth with her thumbs. It is noted that Malina keeps very good care of her teeth and is an overall cleanly person.

Angelo, the owner of Doak Furniture, died of pernicious anemia in autumn 1902. It is said by others that he would have teeth dreams caused by extended exposure to a set of prop dentures that sat on a small table next to a bed for people of the older age.

Reporter's note: The reporter does not remember at any point seeing false teeth in the store. This account is likely fictitious.

Edna Kuckenbacken was appalled at the question. Edna claims she has never had any dreams with teeth in them.

Reporter's note: Edna's house caught fire last fall and she has since been living in a hotel. Edna has no relatives and does not often take guests.

In May 1919, Elmer Sween witnessed a man be ejected from an automobile after the vehicle hit a rut caused by erosion at the start of a bridge crossing. The dirt had eroded around the bridge in such a way that a steep incline had formed between the bridge and the road. The man broke his neck and died. Elmer has since had dreams of his upper canines falling straight out, in various "dreamly settings." Elmer had seen at least three cars have trouble in that spot before the accident.

"Eh, I hate to remember this day. I was hunting and got bit by a massasauga. Praise God I had a spot of the Old Crow and tobacco. You know Elgar had one of his cattle die a couple days later? Yeah, that night I had one. Not only that, but in the dream I got bit too. I couldn't avoid that snake in my dreams! I don't remember anything else, less that I was relieved I had all my teeth and disappointed I still had the wound."

"No, but I had one where my daughter lost some teeth because she wanted more money from the Tooth Fairy. She got them stuck in a harvester. Very peculiar."

"I don't think I've ever had one. I usually can't remember my dreams...even after John. I think about how awful that must've felt. I feel ashamed as a neighbor that I couldn't have done more to help, but I've never had any dreams about my teeth falling out, no." — Minnie Bagley

Reporter's note: Minnie is referring to her neighbor who became pinned under a beam and burned alive after lightning struck his home.

"I had one where I was downtown to get my wife's shoes fixed—something that happens often while I'm awake—only this time when I was paying, I couldn't remember on which side of the street I parked my car. The clerk said I needed to pay and then my late father was there informing me, in his stern voice, that there were teeth dangling out on the sides of my mouth and I need to tuck them back in if I want to look presentable. There was a grassy hill and I stumbled up to the top. I don't know if that dream was related to the trouble I'd been having with my marriage or not! I don't know if I can amalgamate the two. I think we've been doing fine!" — Arlo Setzer

---

The last Civil War veteran in the county, George Matter, once had a dream that his childhood best friend punched him in the jaw and he lost a tooth. Interestingly, he never fought with his childhood best friend; they were on good terms. He remembers that dream due to the contradiction.

Reporter's note: When thanking him for his service, George grabbed the reporter's elbow and said, "You know those greybacks looked like rotten teeth," and proceeded to laugh.

Herman Miller has cooked seafood at The Lobster House for the past five years. He has never had a dream where his teeth fall out, but he has had many dreams where his arms displace from their sockets. He said it may be comparable in feeling.

Editor's note: Miller died two years later after being hit by a car.

Peter's note: This reporter's note appeared to be added later, probably after Miller died.

William Truesdell, the dentist, has never had a dream where his teeth fell out or were loose. He has had, however, many dreams where he pulled the wrong tooth out of a patient's mouth. He attributes these to fears acquired while in training under his father about the consequences of pulling a wrong tooth. He has never pulled a wrong tooth. His father had pulled "a couple wrong ones on account of his drunkenness."

"I think you're asking me this because I witnessed Ole get swept up by a tornado. I had them before, but haven't had one after that happened. Most of my bad dreams are when I'm in school. I think this is a rude question."

"We had to tweeze a hog that got stuck trying to reach the feed grain that day. Ended up taking off a lot of skin on the poor fella. He really was wedged good in there. The dream was about me owning a new truck but then my teeth started to feel really slimy, slimy to the point I could grind them together with no friction. Yes, when I woke up I was relieved to find my choppers still intact!"

I just woke up from an unpleasant dream and had to check if I had all my teeth. I still have all the ones I had before I last slept. — War journal of Milo Rugg.

Rugg adds that it's funny to him he wrote about that rather than the blown out ear he received two days prior.

Reporter's note: The timeline Rugg suggests is in contradiction with his journal.

"I had one one time where I wanted to play horseshoes with a friend, only I couldn't find any of the horseshoes. I kept looking and looking for 'em but I couldn't find 'em. I had a hard time walking straight up and my body felt like it was perpetually falling over. The longer it took me to find 'em, the more teeth would fall out of my mouth. I woke up when I realized I didn't have any more teeth left in my mouth. That's the most recent one; I've had a few other ones like it. They all end when I realize I don't have any more teeth in my mouth."

"I had another tooth dream last night that I thought you should know about. I was walking near a field and suddenly I was in a doctor's office and the doctor was Albert, Albert the cobbler. He started stuffing sweets down my throat and then my teeth started dangling out of my mouth like they were on strings. I tried to pick them up and put them back in my mouth but they were too slimy and would slip out of my fingers. I managed to get a hold on one, but the string thing wouldn't retract back into its socket so it fell back out. Every time I see things that look like sweets my heart temporarily beats faster. It's not as bad as it used to be. You know I completely stopped eating sweets and that has helped a lot but not enough."

"I don't dream, I just see black...but I have lost a tooth in the night."

"Well, my cousin used to get drunk and lock himself in a tiny shed where he'd spend the night polishing his weaponry until he passed out. Guessing he died after some ashes from the stove caught the wall on fire and the thing went up. He made it outside but passed out in the snow and froze to death. The bright side was when my uncle—his dad—found him, he said he didn't smell bad and was easy to load up onto the truck to take to town. I've had teeth dreams on and off. I haven't had one for a couple years. For a while I'd have them twice a week. Unrelated to that though."

"I was in a movie theater and then instead of eating popcorn suddenly it was empty and I had to go to the bathroom. All of my teeth were loose and one of the characters in the movie was threatening to start playing on my teeth like they were bars on a xylophone. That's it."

"I jumped off a tire swing into the water after my mechanic told me it'll put some hair on my dick and all of my teeth were loose after I hit the water. That was the last one I had...maybe two months ago. I've started to use that. 'It'll put some hair on your dick.' I know dreams are all made up of things you've seen before, but I'm coining that phrase...I don't think I have anxiety from any particular experience."

"I dreamt a child put needles in my dog's food and then it ran away to die. Then I was eating needle-laced food but I couldn't stop. The needles went between my teeth and gums and caused my front teeth to pry out. I kept chewing until I felt like I had no blood left in my body. Then I woke up. This was two days after I finished reading *Brothers Karamazov*. What does that make you think, you 'spose?"

"I'm digging a hole looking for a lost toy. I keep digging until I can't get out of the hole. I panicked and tried to use the shovel as a climbing pick. It slipped out on my first try and my molars got loose in my mouth. Then I was looking for a toothbrush. I woke up because in my dream I was choking on my wisdom teeth."

"The last time I had one, all I remembered was that I had one. It must've been three or four hours after waking up. I was sitting, listening to someone talk, and remembered, 'Oh, I have all my teeth.' I don't get them very often. This was probably six months to three years ago, something like that!"

"Sometimes I want everything to end and restart. Like if everyone died and then we let the rabbits evolve. A volcano erupts somewhere and its ash blocks out the sun and kills all the plants. I have recurring dreams where that happens. Usually the initial heat of the volcano melts my teeth and I can no longer eat, so I am happy."

"I dreamt I was in my elementary school but I was an adult and I took the steps up to the second floor two at a time. At the top, there was an event going on in the auditorium. Maybe a book fair. I slammed my face into the top step and when I felt my mouth with my hands I realized I displaced some of my teeth. Then I woke up."

"One tooth was loose—one of the sharp ones in front—and I was walking, trying to make sure it didn't fall out. Then there was an old guy who yelled at me, "Stop being fashionable and help me dig out my car!" I don't know what I was doing to be fashionable: my tooth was falling out of my mouth. How did his car even get stuck in the mud when we were in the middle of the street? Stupid dreams."

"I was in church, in a pew, and I got up to take communion but as I waited in line—even though I was in the front row—my mouth started bleeding. I had to keep waiting and waiting because I thought that once I took communion drinking the blood of Christ would stop my own bleeding. I never got to take communion because I ended up next to a river with my aunt."

"I had one where I was trapped in a centrifuge in a spacecraft. Then a creature destroyed the hatch and invaded the ship but only to destroy it. I ended up floating in space and arrived at an asteroid belt. Then all of the sudden my front teeth got loose."

"I have killed almost all of my demons, I have just a few demons left to kill. I killed the tooth demon, I took the rhinoceros horn and drove it through its outer glaze and inside was a soon-to-be dead gel of hatred."

"I dreamt I was back at my middle school on the school bus, but I felt very apathetic to my situation. I had accepted my fate of being on a school bus every day for what seemed like forever. The bus driver couldn't find my stop and I didn't care. At some point I wasn't in the school bus any longer and I was outside my parents' house but not in the neighborhood, in the middle of a wet field. I had to get to the road for some reason and my feet kept getting stuck. Then on top of that, I felt that one of my fang teeth, or eye teeth I suppose, was dangling out of my mouth. I don't think I ever made it to the road. I think I woke up."

"I took a month and traveled east and stopped at Mount Vernon. I learnt George Washington owned a pair of dentures made from the teeth of his slaves. That night I had a dream I was getting my teeth forcibly removed by my old dentist. I know the dentures were over ten years old by the time Gilbert Stuart started to paint Washington, but when I look at a dollar bill and see George gaze at me, I wonder if behind his lips he is wearing the teeth of his slaves. Most likely he wasn't wearing any teeth when he was actually being painted, but the thought still disturbs me."

"I was driving from Seattle to Chicago and a kid from the boarding school a quarter mile away escaped and jumped off the bridge that crossed the interstate as I was passing under it. I stopped driving professionally after that. Hell, I stopped *driving* after that. I don't know if I'm glad it was at night so I didn't have to see anything in more detail or if that only lent itself to the horror. The doctors diagnosed me with PTSD—it's a new medical term, the equivalent to shellshock."

Reporter's note: The student was killed instantly but it took the fire department until 11:00 the next morning to get the road free of blood.

"No, I've never had a dream where my teeth fall out. Although, I once had a very bizarre dream where I was married but I realized I was married to a person who, um, "got off" on seeing other men walk around in his shoes. I'll spare you the graphic details. My real husband is much more uninteresting…in that way. Hah, I can't believe I just told you that! I never even told my husband!"

"I was sitting at the top of this cement wall trying to figure out how many legs those miniscule little red bugs have—six, eight?—and it was sunny out. I think that day I had been stressing out about something. Well, I know what it was but I don't need to say." (Nervous laugh.) "My lower tooth was loose and it was wiggling around, like it was half in and half out. Like it was a switch of some kind that couldn't stay directly in the middle, where it needed to be. I kept trying to get it to stay in the middle and then would press down, but it would slip in one or the other direction. At some point I dove into the water and could taste the sweetness of blood in my mouth. When I woke up I felt my teeth and they were all there. I think it had to have been caused by stress. By the way, those tiny red bugs…those are called red clover mites. They're harmless to humans. I'd like to say too that those are the bugs they make natural red food coloring from, but I know they're not."

Editor's note: The insect used in making natural dyes is the cochineal, a parasitic scale insect that preys on cacti in North and South America.

"Yes. As I fell asleep I remembered walking through the revolving door and seeing the lady at the small desk who sat across from the fleet of empty wheelchairs. She was the greeter: she let people know if someone needed help coming or going. To the right there was a waiting room. Further up there was a reception desk. To the left of the desk was the waiting room for things like x-rays and blood tests. If you continued to the right of the reception desk you would pass some display cases embedded into the walls on the way to the elevators. These had gold platters in them. Floor three would take you to the pediatrics area, but not before you walked down a carpeted ramp and looked at the art they had on the wall. Left, right, left, left. They had a landscape painting by a neighbor and a picture of a lion cub. You turned left and then left again and you were inside the waiting room. There was a fish tank at eye level that you could look into. It had a figurine of Mickey Mouse in yellow SCUBA gear. It had a treasure chest that would occasionally open. It had colorful plastic pebbles and colorful fish. In one of the corners it had a bead maze—one of those toys with colorful wires with rings on them coming out of a wooden base. Then when they call your name you get weighed and they check your height. Then on your way into the doctor's office you would see the eye exam chart. I think I only got to do that test once. I always wanted to do the test. The nurse's colorful lanyard did nothing to help me feel happy."

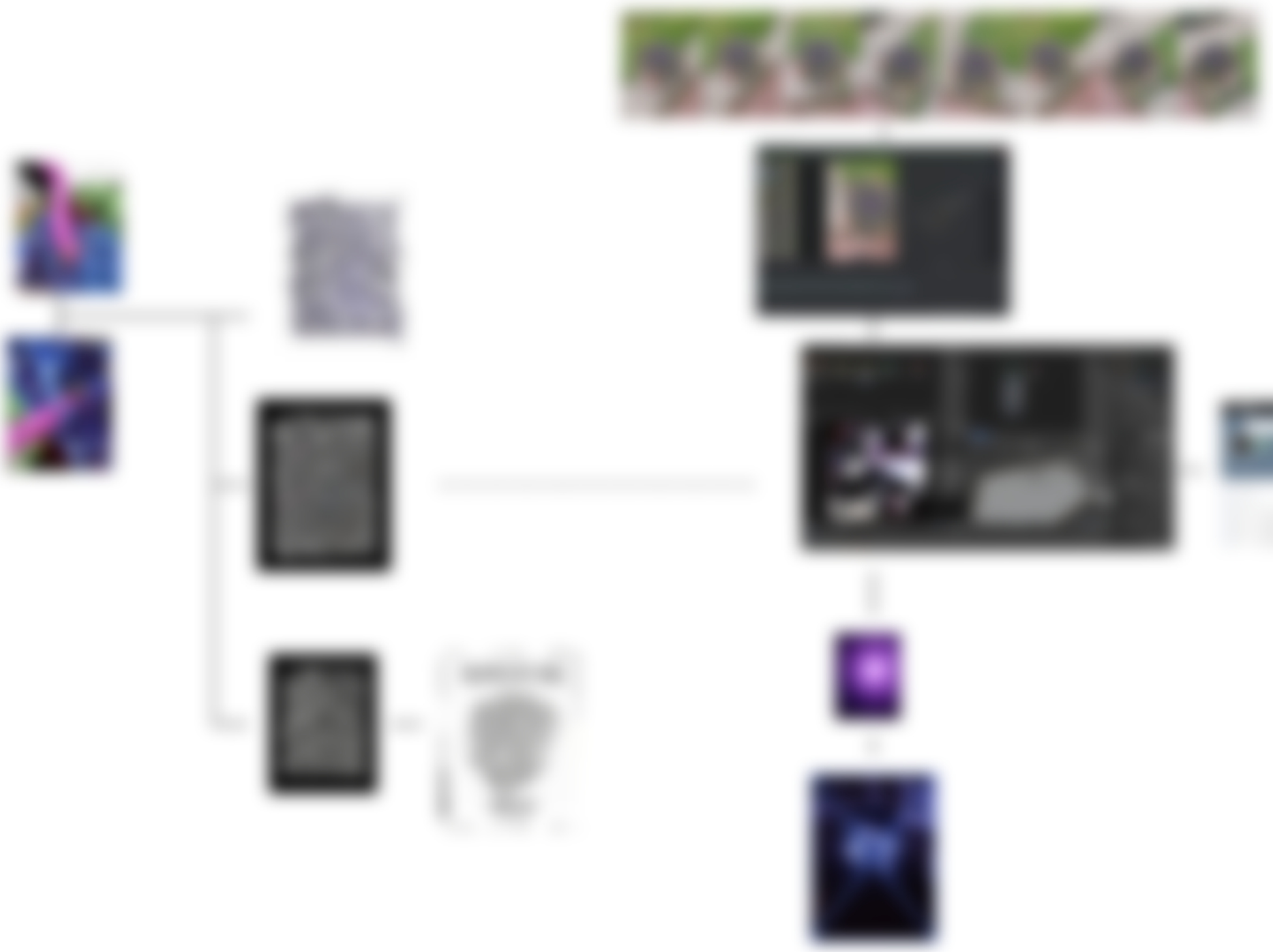
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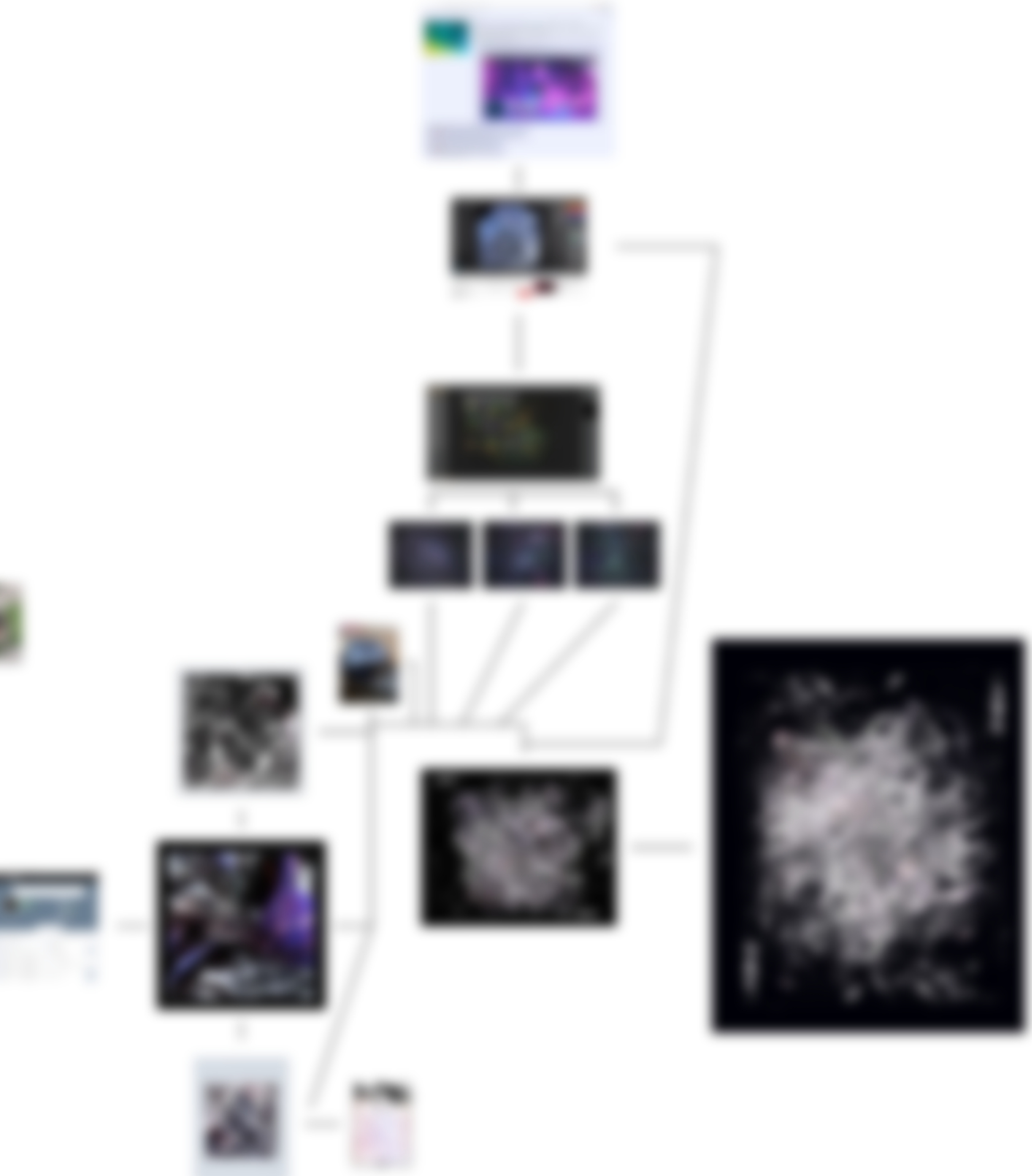
"On the main floor, instead of taking the elevator, you could go straight and you would wind up in the hospital's café and gift shop. It had the most unique smell, impossible to describe using language. It was part hospital smell—everyone knows that smell—part hot dog water smell, and part gift shop smell. It was like if you were in a room where they were boiling hot dogs—because they were—and also were standing next to a pile of stuffed animals and sympathy cards—because you were—but it also had the smell that all hospitals have. It is that smell. On the right, there is a counter with café stools and on the left there are items you give to sick people in the hospital if you forgot to get a real gift. Two different neighbors worked there part time as part of their retirement activities. I always wanted to get a chocolate milkshake when I got done with an appointment. I was only allowed one after especially traumatic occasions. Now, I have no mental mechanisms in place to want rewards like that. I never had tooth dreams until the day someone told me I have no systems in place to allow myself to be rewarded. I go through life doing things and never allow myself satisfaction. It must be temporary though: I believe depression is an emotion and will eventually end. That could take several decades and a brain injury, but I'm willing to take that risk because my body tells me I do not want to not live."

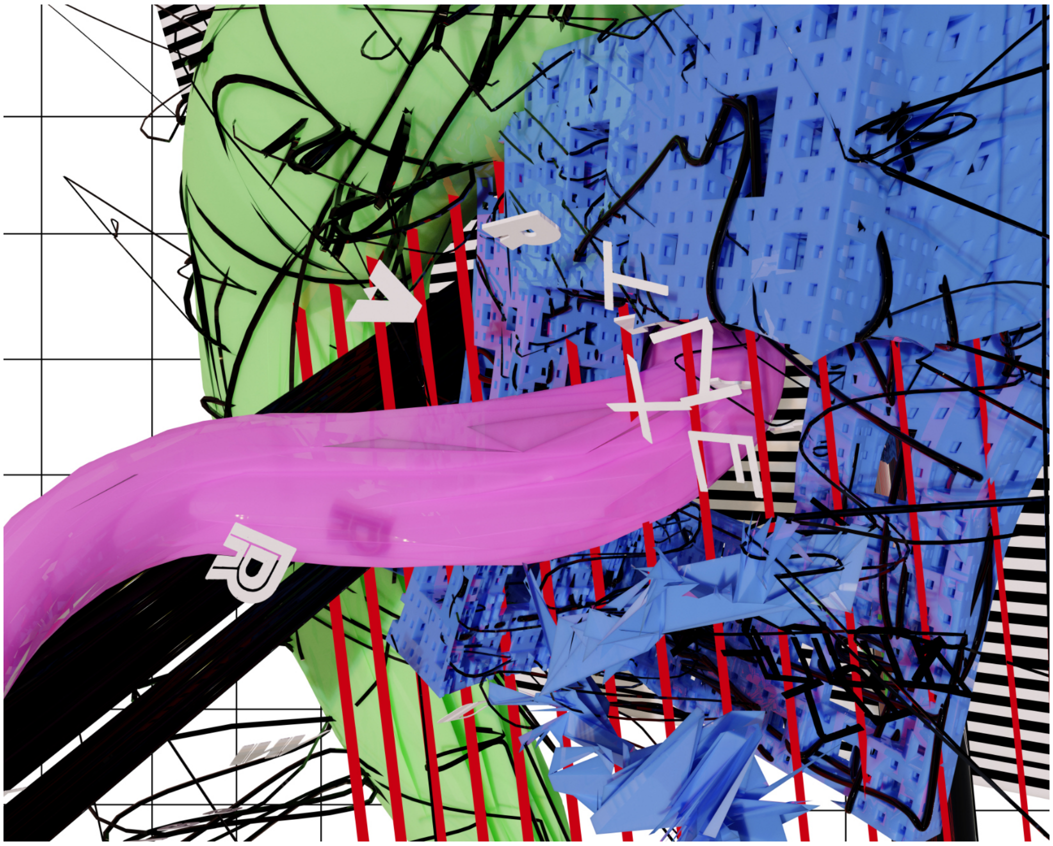
"I had one where I had something stuck between my teeth and I was trying to get it out. I don't know what it was. Something rigid, like a really, really thin credit card...just a piece of something. When I woke up I had to check and see if I had something actually in there. I didn't."

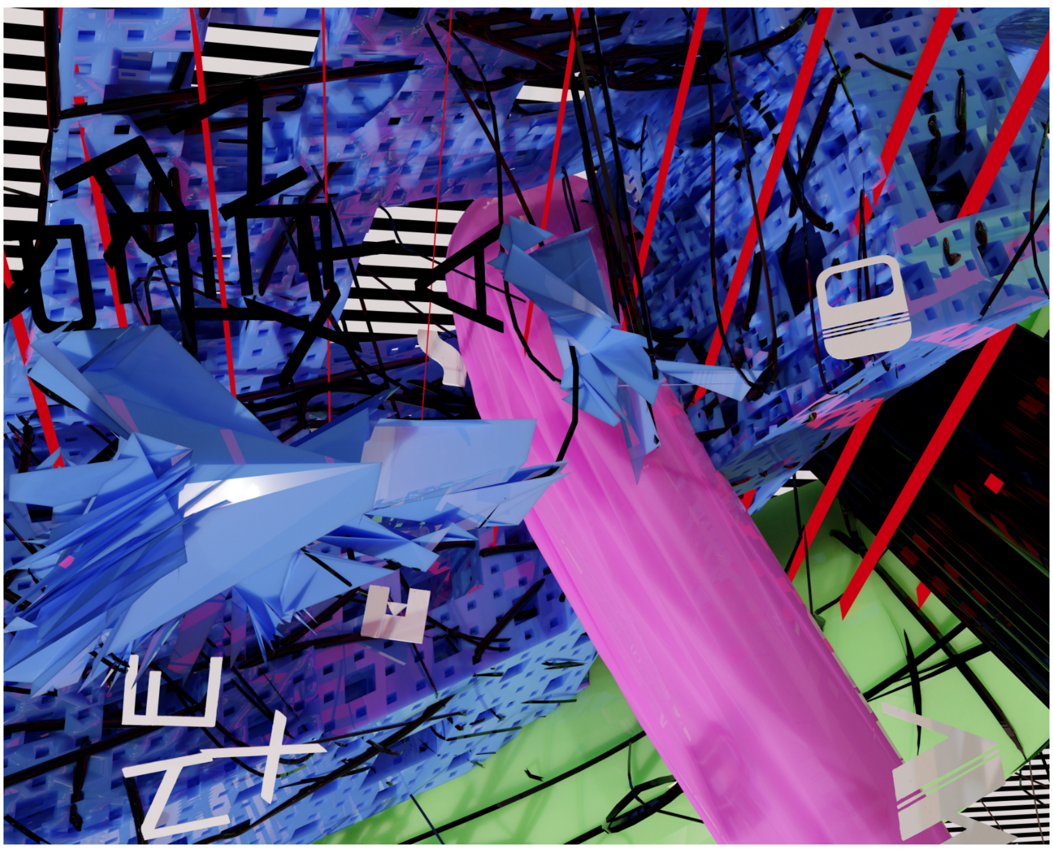
A history of the creation of Gazing Object II-I

Digital image & digital print on bamboo paper, 2021
12601 x 15855 pixels, 24 x 30″

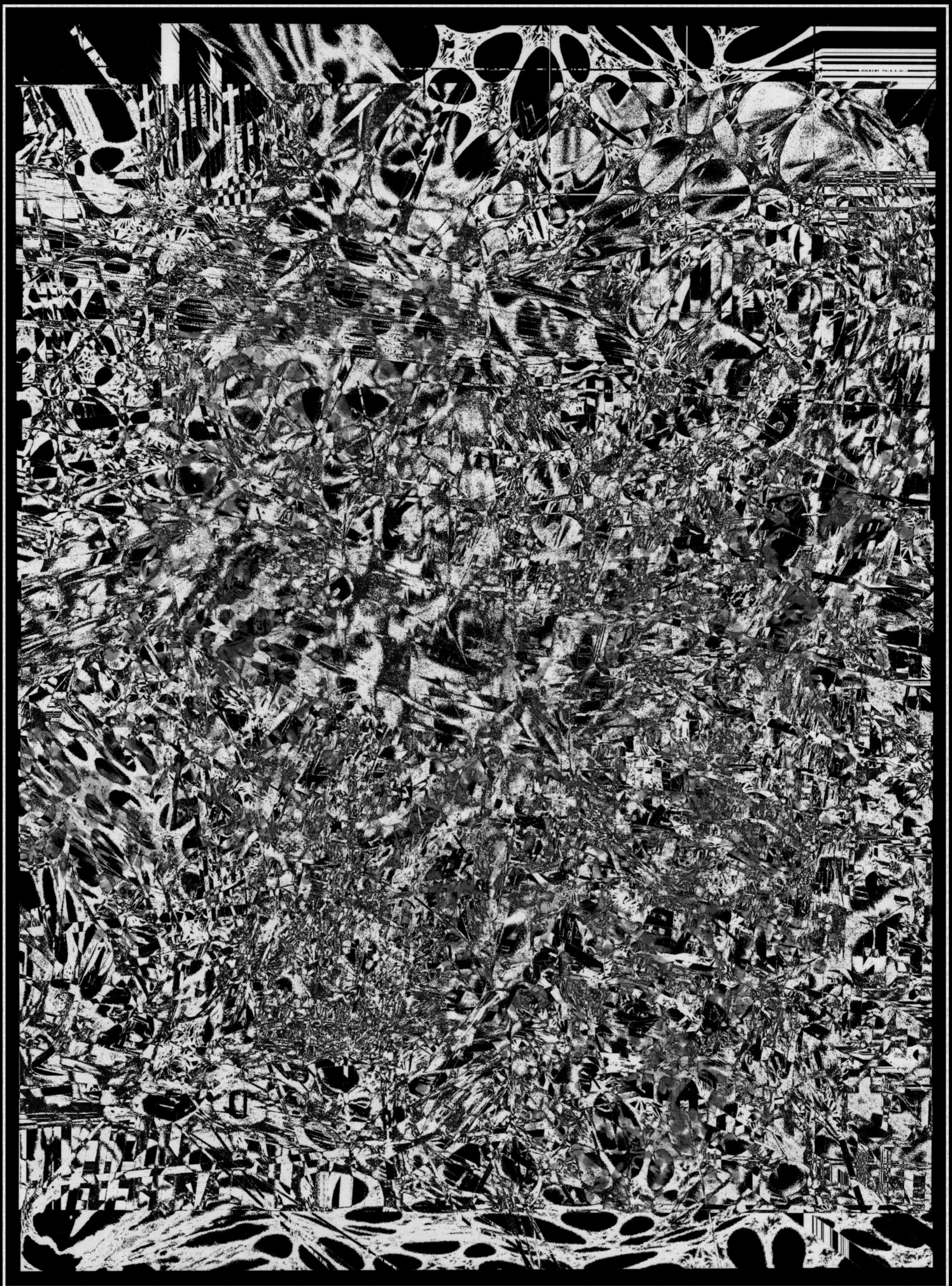


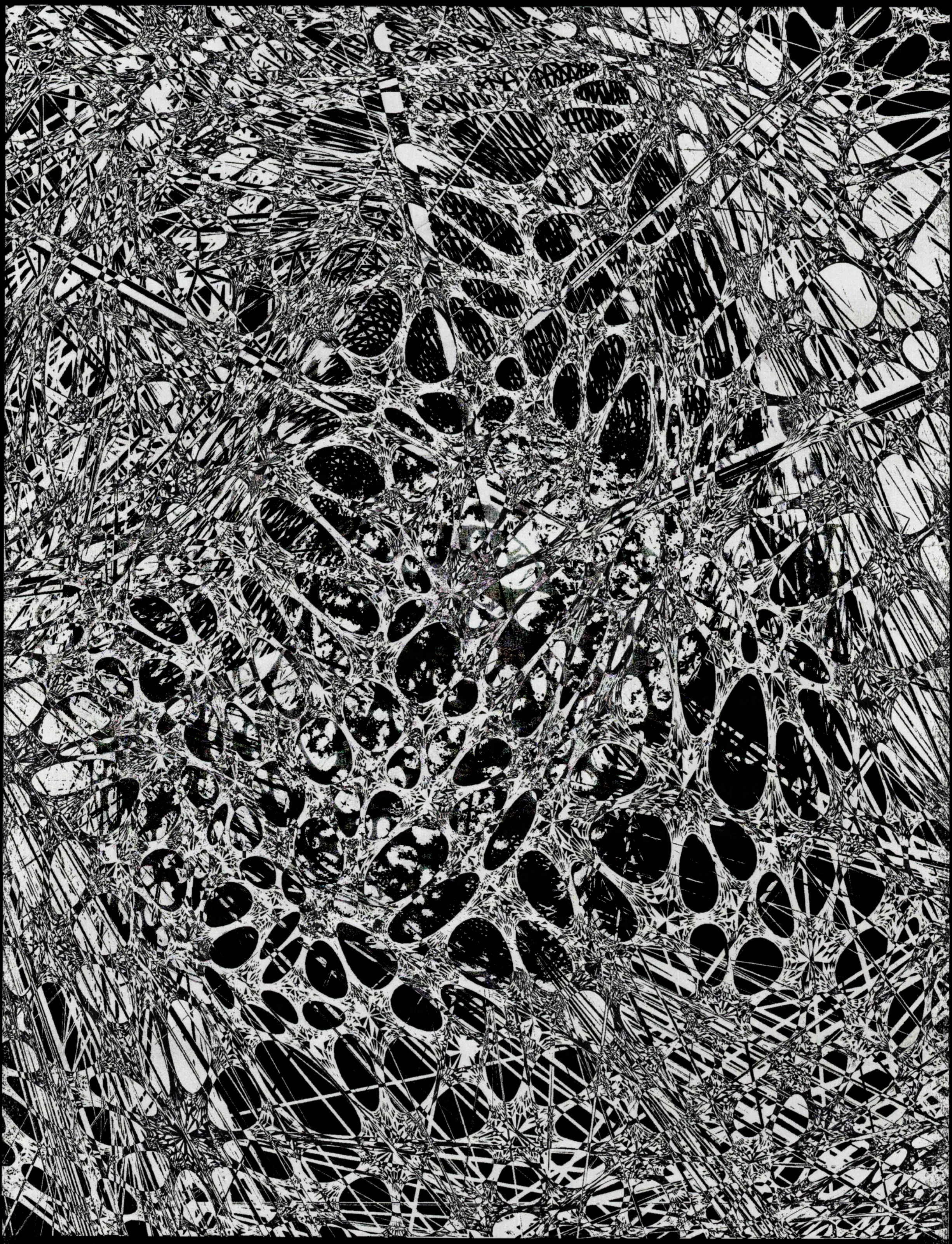




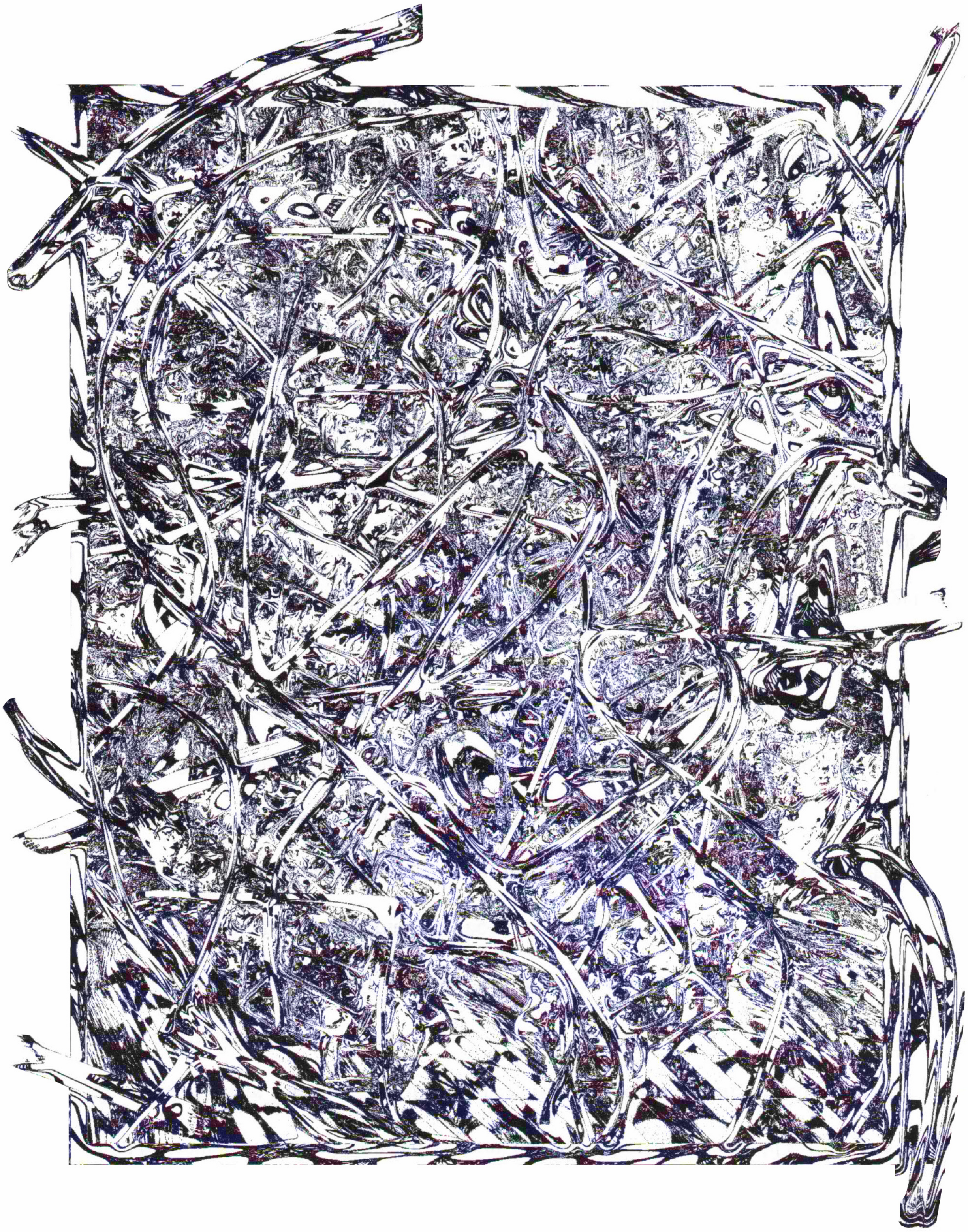


Next Rest Area Two Miles (6/2018): Somehow I got it into my head that I wanted to redesign my favorite signs in a way that makes them impossible to read. I made three this way, my favorite being Next Rest Area 2 Miles. I liked the textures from the test renders I was able to get, but I never thought that the compositions were very good—it just looked like a bunch of stuff mushed together. I ended up using these for displacement maps for the image on the right created a couple years later.





Starting in Blender, I made some spheres and then put the wireframe modifier on them and then subdivided them. Then I rendered them out and distorted them using *Next Rest Area 2 Miles* as displacement maps. Some of them I printed out and scanned back in. I played around with it for a while. I can't remember why I initially decided to make these things. I think I was bored or probably sad. About a month later, I ended up using one of the blobs for the cover of the spring 2020 issue of *RUNESTONE*, "The Twin Cities' premiere Print-Only Arts & Culture Zine Zine." The reason that got made is because the US–Canada border was closed and I had nothing to do because I was planning on spending the summer in Canada. Also, one of these images looks a lot like an image I made a couple of years before that I ended up posting on vaporwave.org. It was with this aesthetic background that I started the next step.



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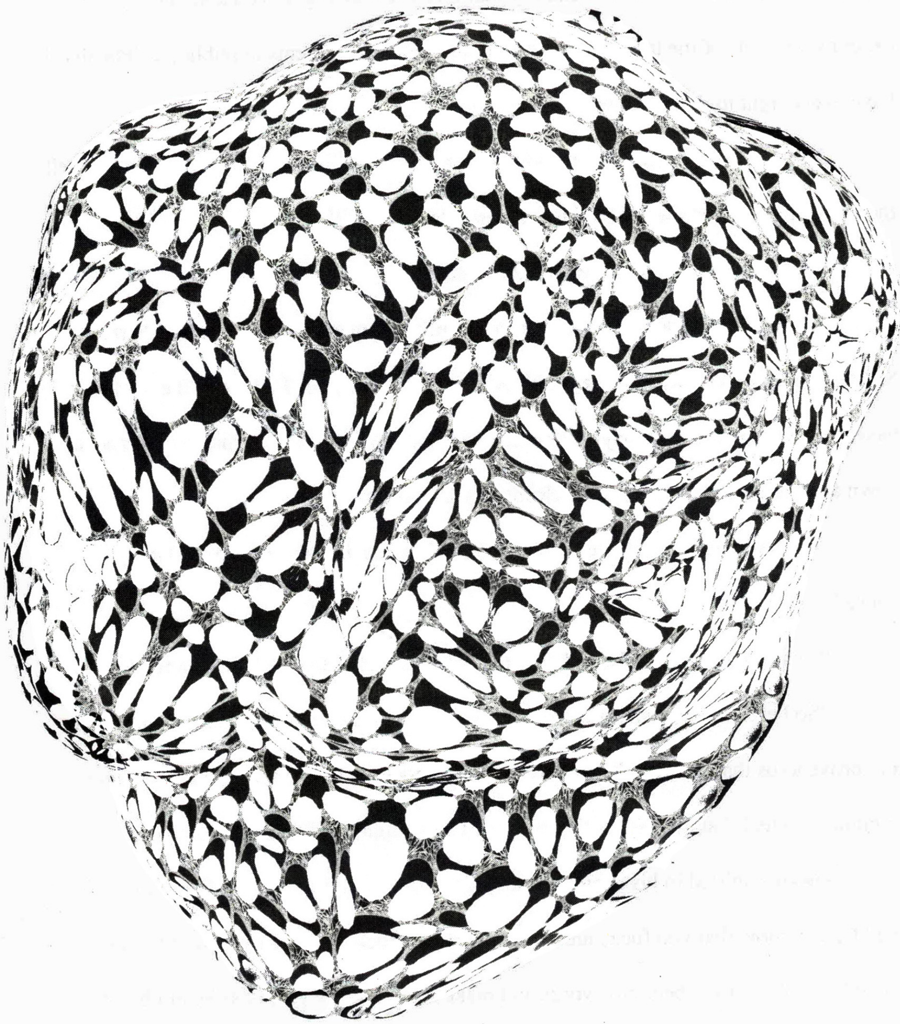
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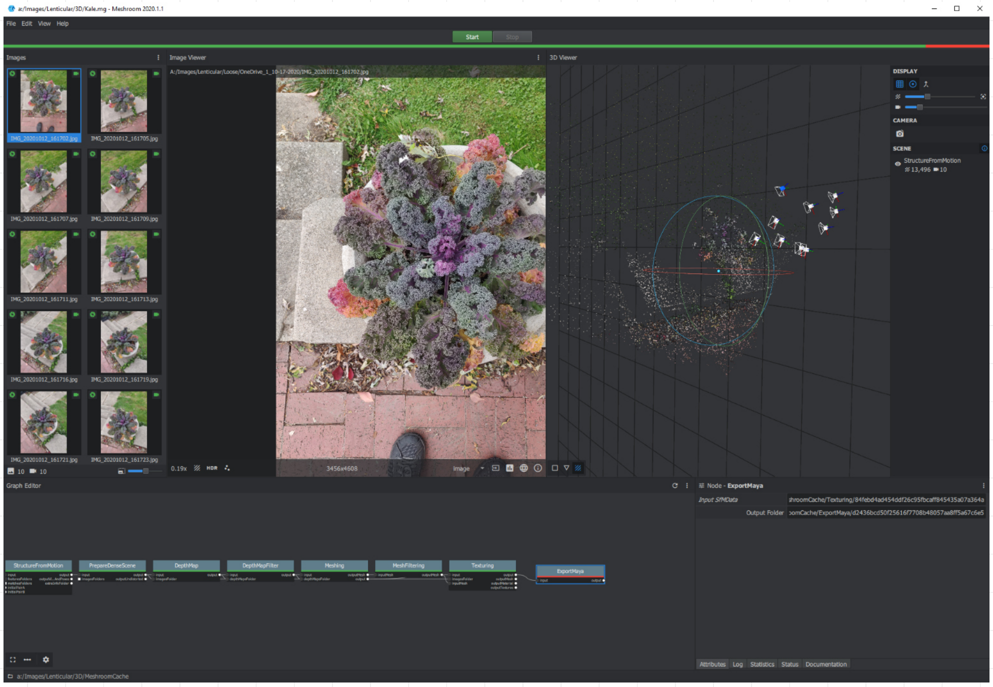
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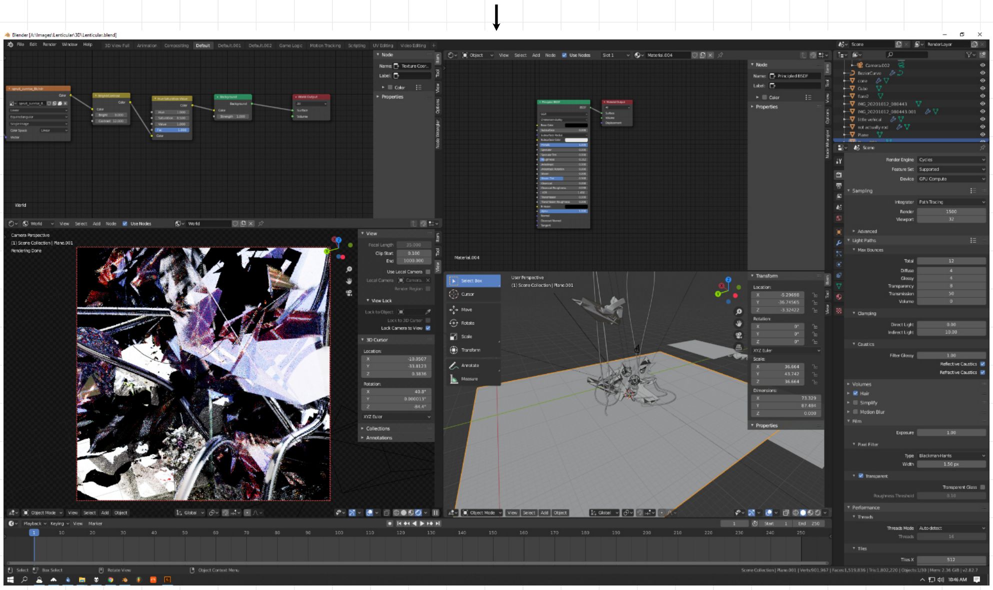
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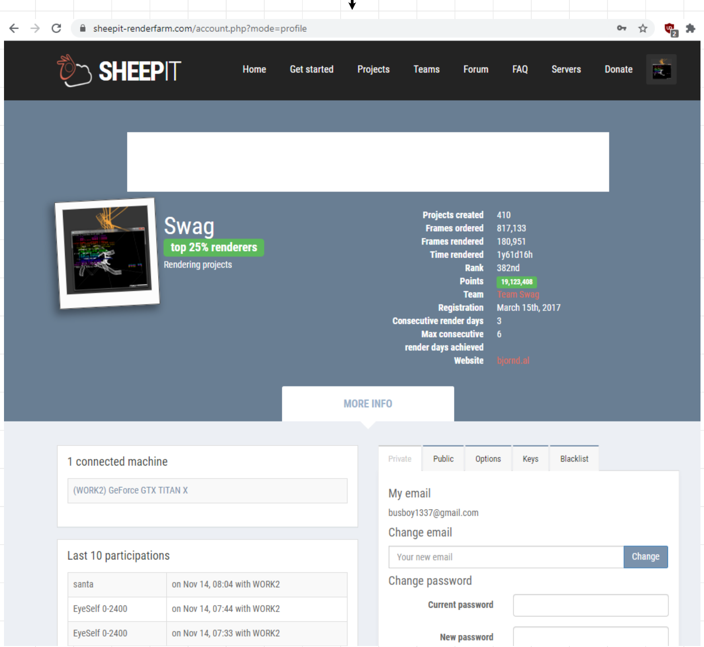
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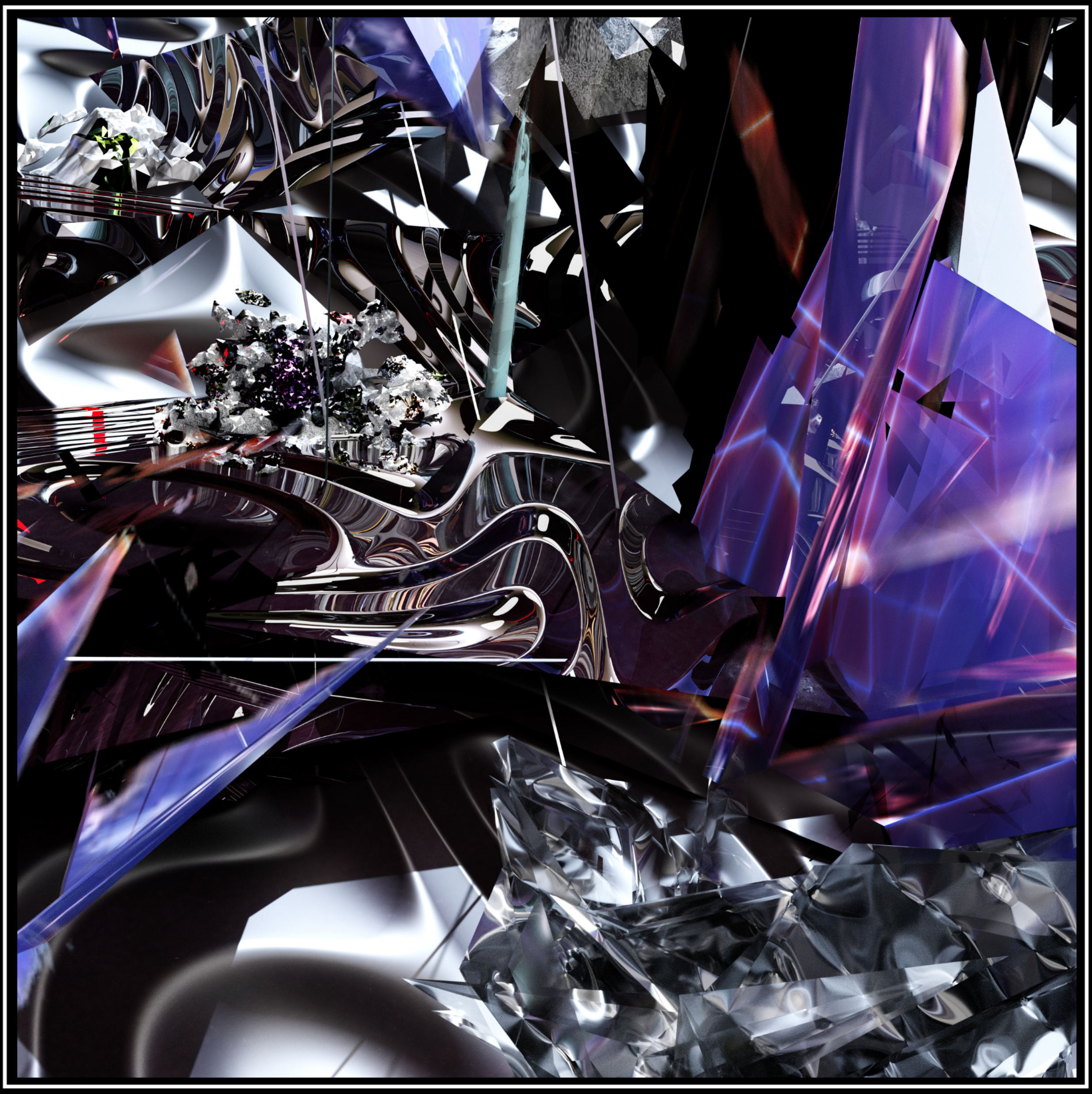




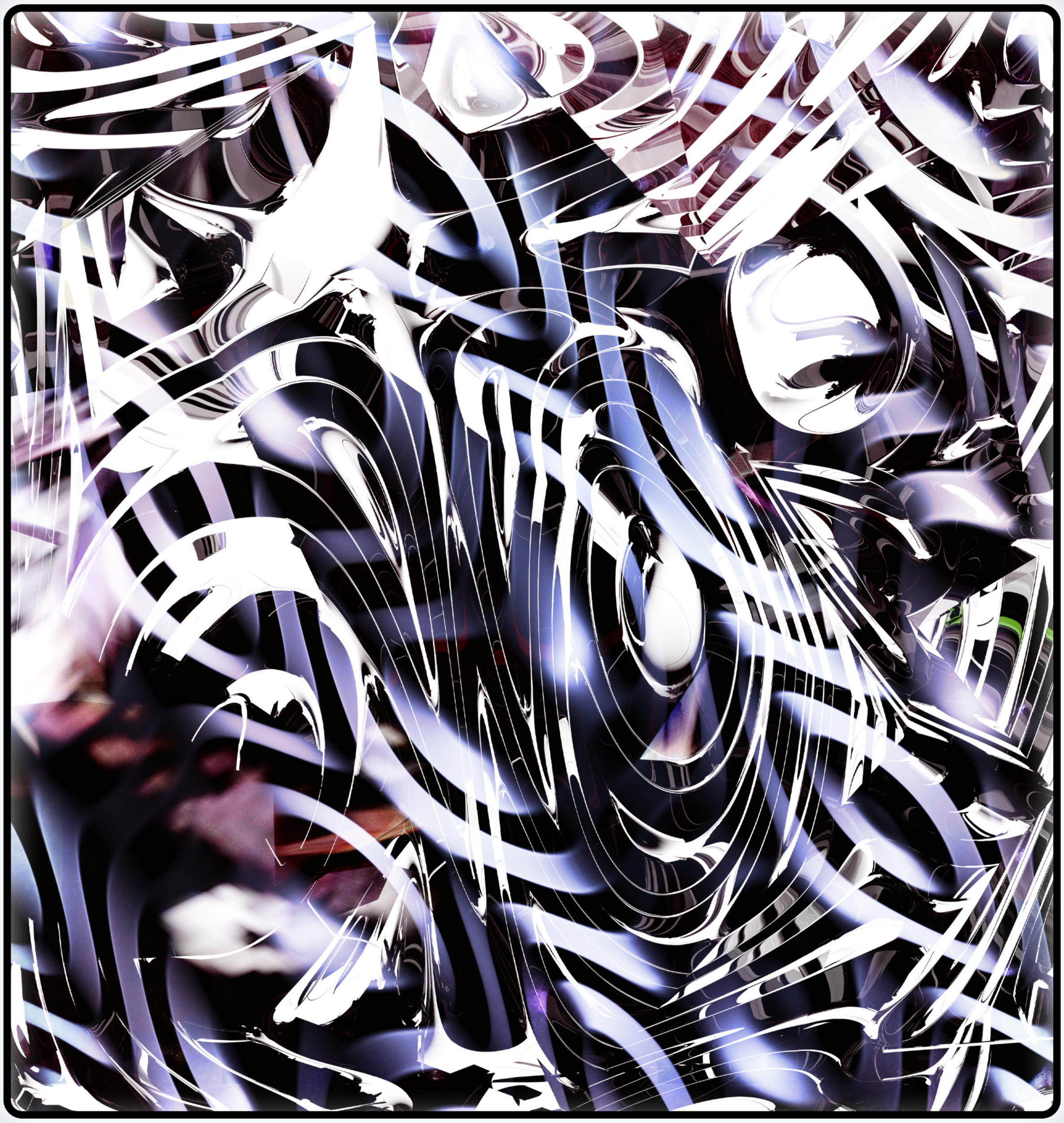
Sometime in the fall, I passed a decorative kale plant outside the Cranbrook house. It looked really nice so I came back immediately with my phone to take a picture of it to make sure I captured it when it still looked really rainbow-y. I ended up taking multiple just in case I wanted to reconstruct it in 3D. I was feeling a bit lost in my work and doing something you've done before—photogrammetry in this case—is an easy way to give yourself a "win." I don't like the idea of giving yourself a "win," but whatever.

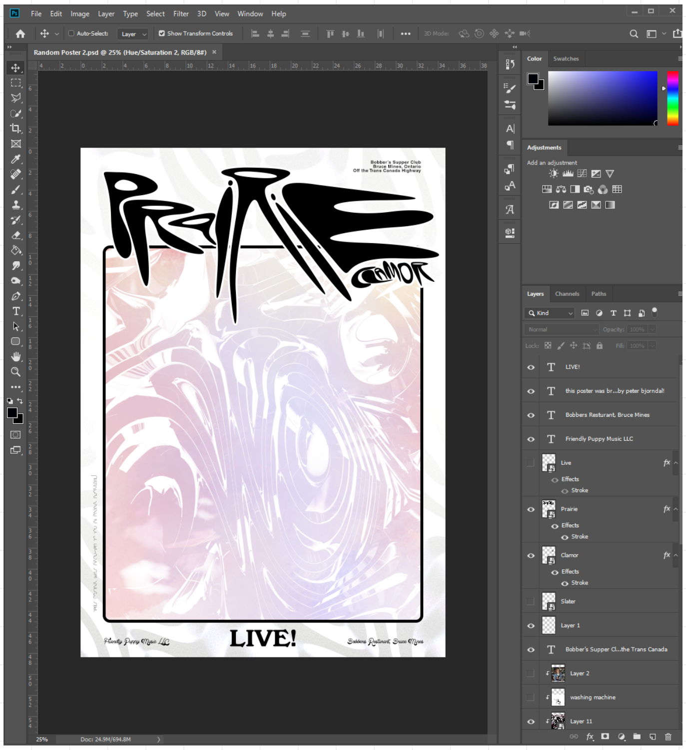
Also, I took some pictures of Chen Gao's work because I thought it was really cool and wanted to harvest some content from it to use for something later. Some of the pictures I took of her work eventually went into the Blender project file.

I was experiencing some pressure from being in Cranbrook that I needed to have high quality renders—something I could print and display if I needed to. Because of that, I rendered these images in pretty high quality. I used Sheep-It Render Farm, a free render farm where I have a bunch of points saved thanks to a Hot Dad patron.







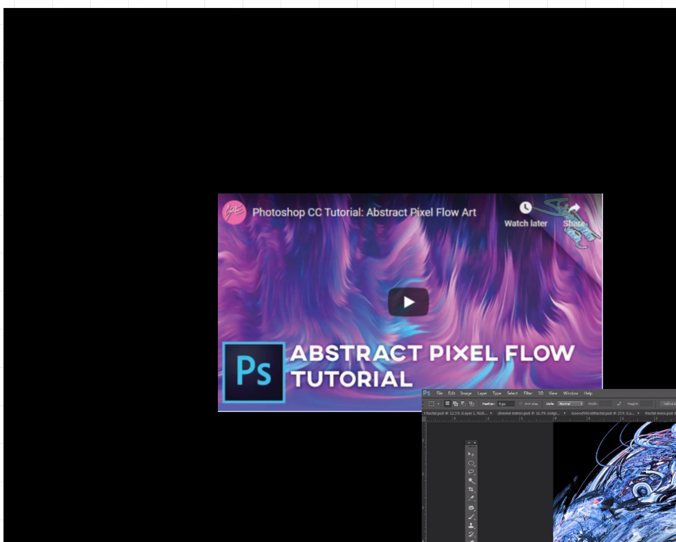


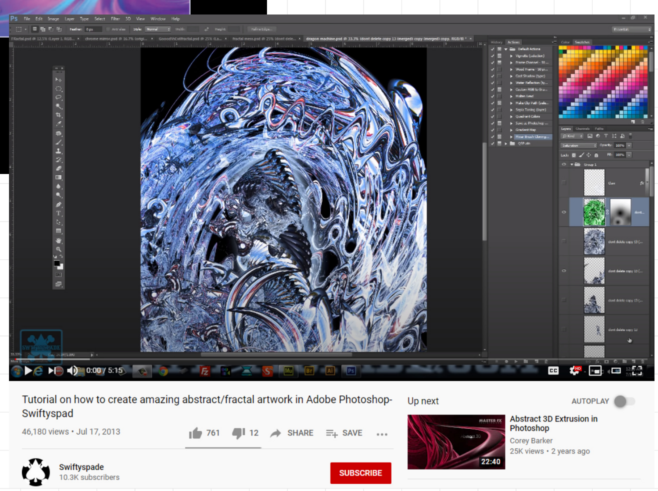


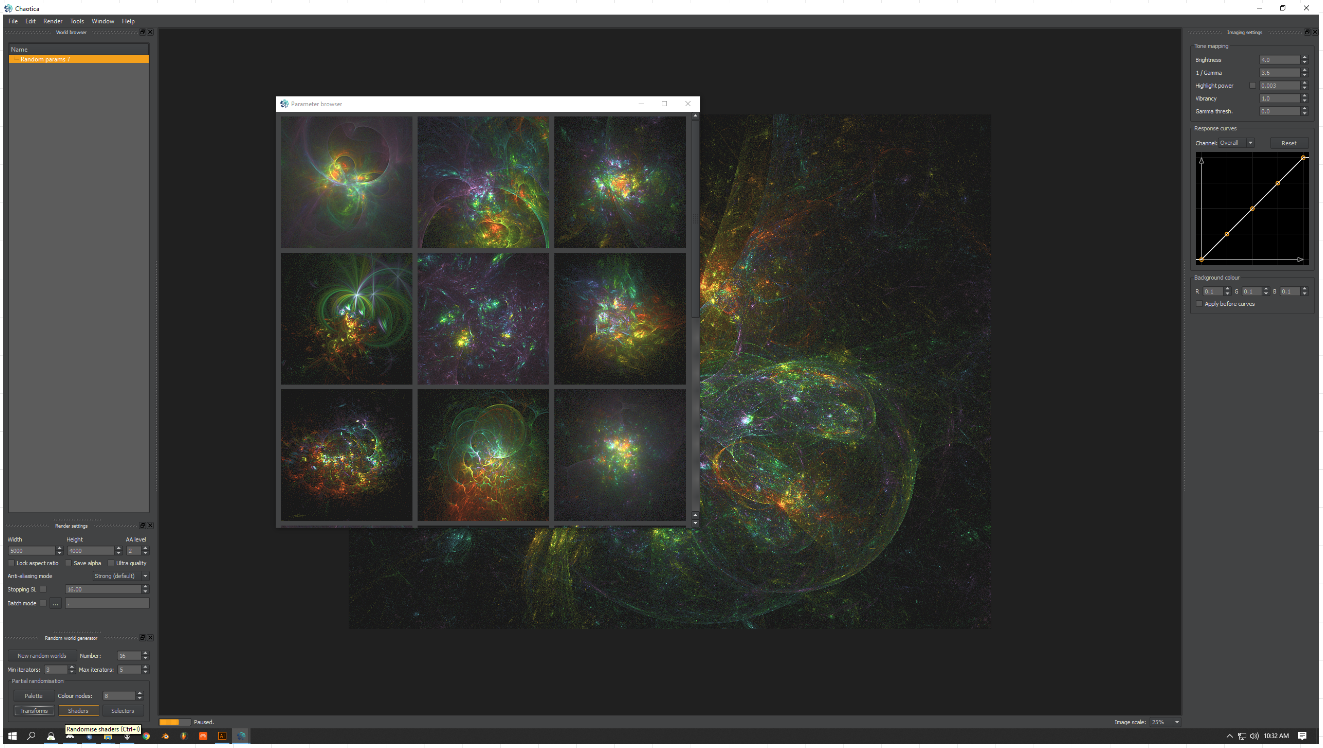
On a day where I felt especially tired and down in the dumps, I called it quits a couple hours early and went back to my dorm room to relax. I still had some Cranbrook work ethic pressure hanging around so I logged onto 4channel's graphic design board. (I swear I don't browse this website very often! Don't hate me! I just wanted to see if there was anything interesting on there!) There was a thread where the OP asked how to make the kind of images that you see as wallpapers and textbook covers. I was interested in learning how they do that stuff so I gave it a click. I watched the tutorial which I didn't find very interesting. However, one of the related video thumbnails was really cool so I clicked on it. It was a tutorial about making "fractal" art mostly by using Photoshop's "Actions" function.

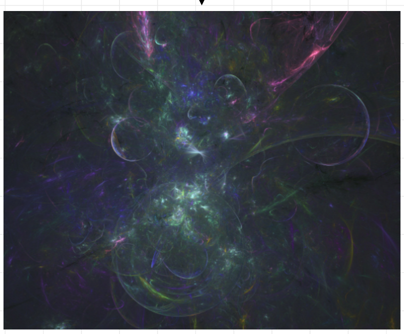
Also in that thread was a person talking about some 2D fractal software that I hadn't heard of. I used some of the ones I generated for displacement maps. I generated these fractals at pretty high resolutions. I wanted to make a big image.

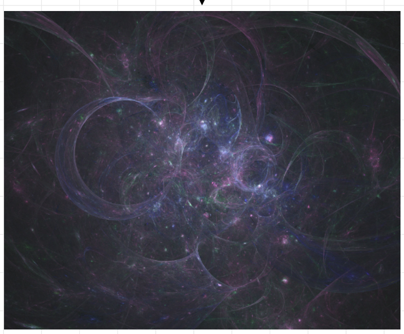
I mashed a bunch of stuff together and then took some stuff away and this is what was left.

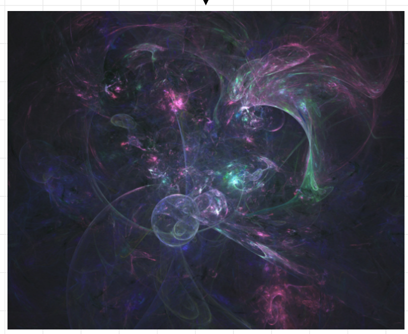






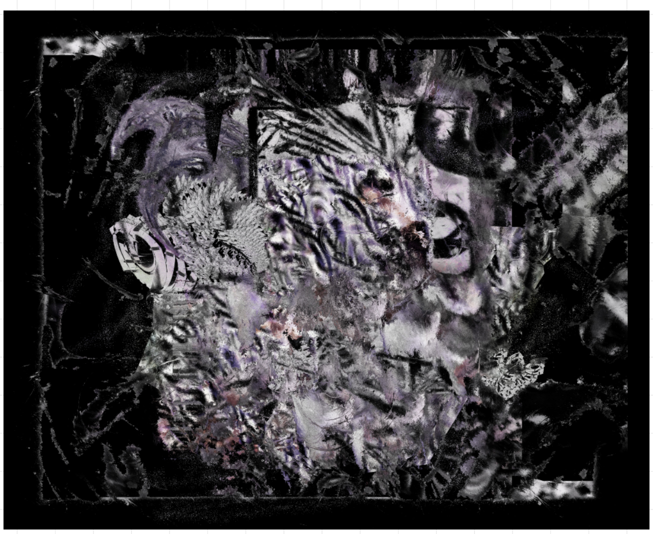






Usually, I only make art like this when I'm feeling down. I don't think art of this type has much value to me. Making it can be somewhat rewarding and sometimes I need to feel temporarily rewarded. I know that humans impose meaning, and that everything is meaningless until beings come along, but at this stage in my life, I view this kind of art as meaningless. It's just a flex. That's all it is. A display of artistic strength of some sort. It does nothing to bring people closer together or tear down out of date institutional walls. It is individualistic and anti-social. It is good only for its creator, and only temporarily. I now look back on the process and see, through what you can see and from my memory, all the access to resources I had that many other people didn't. This is how I use these resources? Some say that art is the byproduct of a healthy culture. If you take the average health of our culture, you'll find that it's healthy enough to produce this type of art, but if you take the median health of our culture, you'll find that it's not as healthy as it first appeared. This art cost a lot to make, but I only paid a fraction of what most people have to pay.

Talk about how I've pretty much disowned abstract art and stuff. That the process of creation is more interesting than the actual product. No different than viral Facebook videos of people making various crafts. Also talk about how it's just a waste at this point and if you want to take inspiration from something, it's better to just look at some tree bark or a brick or something not intentionally related to art.



I haven't figured out what I want to do with these. I think their process is more interesting than the final work. They're no different than a viral Facebook video of someone making some beautifully strange object. I have other projects in the works. I hope they turn out to have more value than projects like this. The time where this art hangs in galleries and museums should be over. Let it retreat back to the walls of the garage.

At the same time though, a fellow's gotta fuckin' eat. Selling this shit is going to be a lot easier than selling some fake journal entry or a weird quasi-fictional book. What is one to do? Embrace the privileged white man art world and sell some stupid ass abstract art? I'd rather not, but money still is an issue. I think I should find other ways of making money that involve boosting other people up rather than just myself.

Sat, Nov 14, 2020

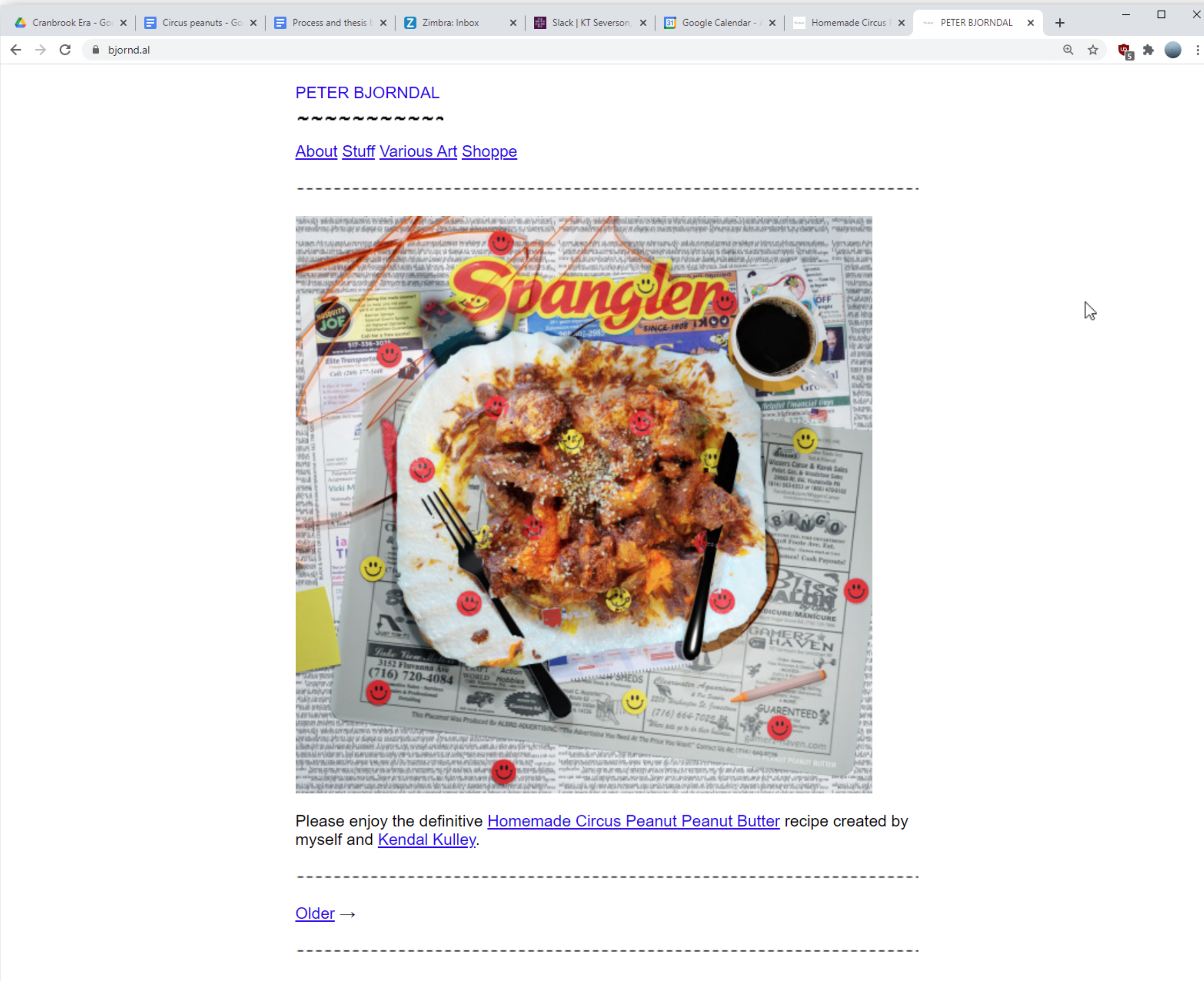
yeah, you ended up printing like three and then tried to sell them at the art sale.

fully completed 12-17-2020



Vegan Circus Peanut Peanut Butter

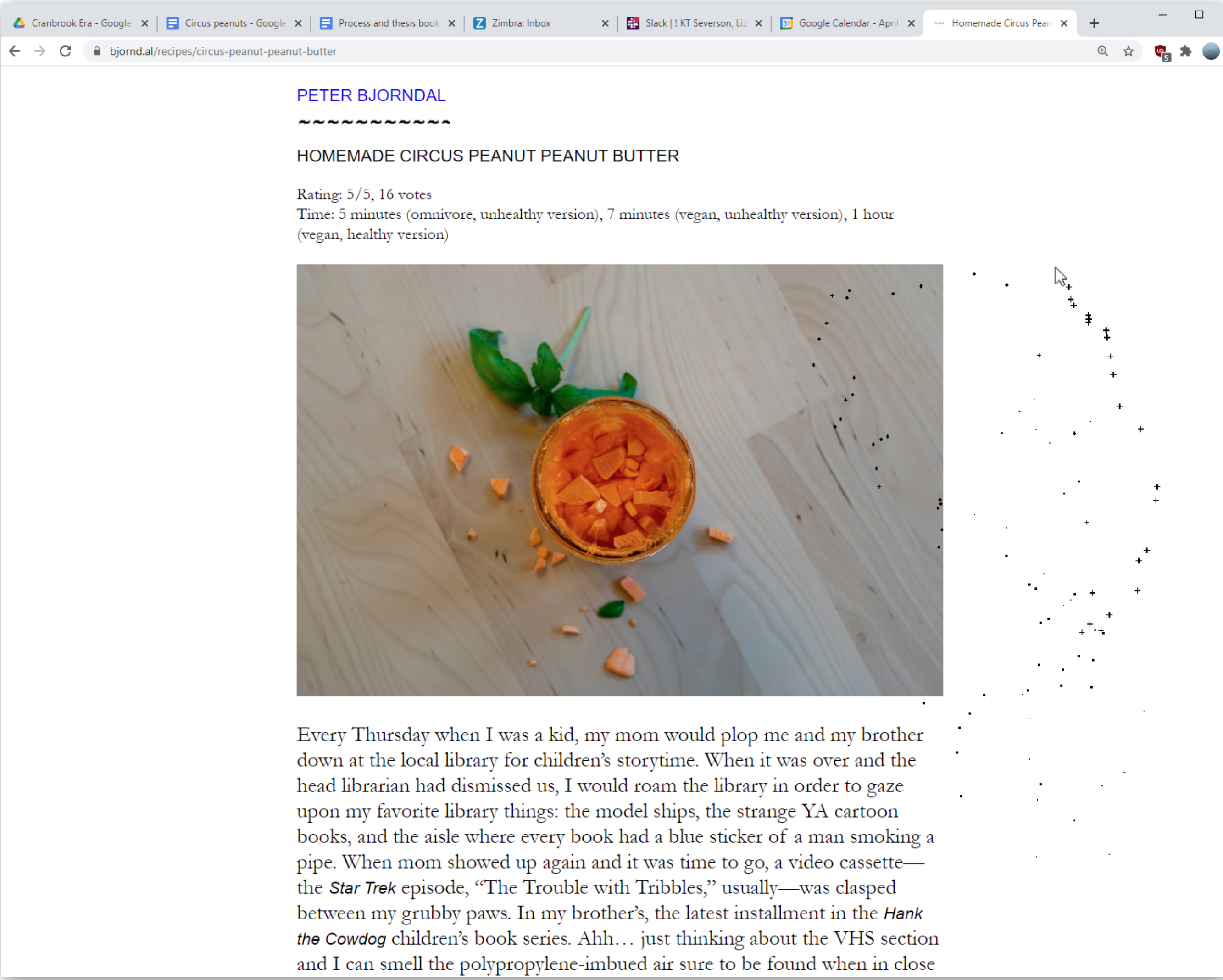
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PETER BJORNDAL

HOMEMADE CIRCUS PEANUT PEANUT BUTTER

Rating: 5/5, 16 votes
Time: 5 minutes (omnivore, unhealthy version), 7 minutes (vegan, unhealthy version), 1 hour (vegan, healthy version)

Every Thursday when I was a kid, my mom would plop me and my brother down at the local library for children's storytime. When it was over and the head librarian had dismissed us, I would roam the library in order to gaze upon my favorite library things: the model ships, the strange YA cartoon books, and the aisle where every book had a blue sticker of a man smoking a pipe. When mom showed up again and it was time to go, a video cassette—the *Star Trek* episode, "The Trouble with Tribbles," usually—was clasped between my grubby paws. In my brother's, the latest installment in the *Hank the Cowdog* children's book series. Ahh… just thinking about the VHS section and I can smell the polypropylene-imbued air sure to be found when in close

https://bjornd.al/recipes/circus-peanut-peanut-butter

HOMEMADE CIRCUS PEANUT PEANUT BUTTER

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EVERY THURSDAY WHEN I WAS A KID, my mom would plop me and my brother down at the local library for children's storytime. When it was over and the head librarian had dismissed us, I would roam the library in order to gaze upon my favorite library things: the model ships, the strange YA cartoon books, and the aisle where every book had a blue sticker of a man smoking a pipe. When mom showed up again and it was time to go, a video cassette—the Star Trek episode, "The Trouble with Tribbles," usually—was clasped between my grubby paws. In my brother's, the latest installment in the Hank the Cowdog children's book series. Ahh… just thinking about the VHS section and I can smell the polypropylene-imbued air sure to be found when in close proximity to the clamshell case palisade!

Come spring, a box of circus tickets would appear on the library counter suspiciously close to the check-out machine. The circus was coming to town! …And our parents would never let us go. …Until the day they did.

In truth, I don't remember much from the circus. It wasn't in a tent, it was in the town's hockey arena—and poodles took the place of elephants. In fact, I didn't even eat circus peanuts while there! Get this, my dad bought a box of Cracker Jacks—for himself! However, this was the genesis of my love affair with the circus. Sorry, honey. There's someone else… and his name is Barry Lubin! (Barry Lubin is a famous clown.)

Fast forward to the near present and after getting the quarantine spring jibblies, I finally snapped and declared, "If I can't go to the circus, well, in fact, I'll bring the circus to me!" (Side note: still to this very day I have only been to the circus once. It's more about having the feeling that I could go to a circus if I wanted to, rather than the feeling of being barred from a yearly ritual. After all, circuses are generally banal and raise many animal treatment issues. Again, it's the romanticized circus I like. The Idea of Circus.) So I decided to acquire some circus peanuts, having never actually tried them before.

"So, from where did circus peanuts first appear, even?" you ask. Well, it appears no one knows. They are believed to have come onto the confectionary colosseum sometime in the 1800s, making them one of the oldest continuously produced candies. Well, I shouldn't say continuously produced, as they originally were a seasonal treat before better packaging techniques were invented! Thank you, science! :) My best guess is that they originated as an ersatz peanut product, similar to how the hazelnut was used as a filler with which to cut chocolate products during a cocoa scarcity in Italy during WWII. (More talk about hazelnut spreads below!) Whatever the case, this homemade recipe is on scale! :) Okay, so back to business.

Acquiring circus peanuts in quarantine was a bit harder than expected. Every store I visited was sold out: Fleet Farm, Walgreens, Kwik Trip—all out! Alas, toilet paper wasn't the only thing people were snatching up! Curse you, omnivores! (Side note: lest we forget this pandemic would have never happened had the world been vegan. I don't think it's wrong of me to suggest that everyone who consumes animal products from factory farms should have to pay the unemployed vegans an extra $600 a month. Why should I, a humble plant eater, pay for the mess of the omnivores yet again? Stop eating meat, y'all! Factually stated, 41% of all land in the United States is used for livestock! What a fuckin' waste! And excusez mon français!)

So instead of continuing on a wild goose chase to find these golden eggs, I decided to take a radical approach and make my own circus peanuts. (Plus, I found out after Googling around that circus peanuts aren't even vegan! For shame!) This is where things start to get a little tricky. You see, I'm a bit of a health nut. Well, maybe a little more than a bit of one… I may be a full-on health peanut! Peanuts like me would never eat something so processed anyway… But who's to say I can't have a taste of the circus in a healthy, vegan way? Why not make homemade circus peanut peanut butter? I like peanut butter more than peanuts anyway! And better yet, why not use duckweed as a base instead of circus peanuts? You get all the goodness of the circus but in a spreadable way with all the health benefits of the most nutrient dense plant known to humanity. For yumzeez! :)

For those who only know duckweed from smelly retention ponds, duckweed (also known as water lentils) is actually a great food for humans. It has more protein than soy, has many antioxidants, and is a natural source of B12. Get this, the bacteria that make B12 grow in a symbiotic relationship with the plant! Question: How neat is that? Answer: That's pretty neat! And by the way, omnis, B12 comes from bacteria in the dirt that vegan animals eat. Given that most cows and chickens eat feed that's been washed, these animals too have to be given vitamins—the meat you eat is trash :)

So I finnicked for a long time to get the duckweed circus peanut peanut butter spread consistency right (we'll save that process for a different post!), bought some peanut-shaped molds from eBay, found some food coloring in the back of the cabinet, and I was off to the races! Err, Circus! I had done it! I had made

circus peanut peanut butter! Granted, it tasted more like an artificially flavored banana salad than candy, but it's the thought that counts!

So… days go by and I get tested and find out I don't have the coronavirus. Yipee! Time to see my folks! …But I couldn't serve that to my family. They'd think I'd lost my marbles! So instead, I came up with a more palatable, albeit less healthy, option. Instead of duckweed, I would use Trader Joe's brand vegan marshmallows, dye them to the proper color, and mold them in shape. Then I could serve my folks organic, gluten free, non-GMO circus peanuts, or I could blend them to make totally delicious circus peanut peanut butter. Then maybe make a circus-y themed fluffernutter? Mmmmm!

And there's even an option for the omnis among us: get real circus peanuts and follow the same procedure. (Just know if you do that, the gelatin you'll be consuming will be from the bones, skin, and hooves f dozens of different cows or pigs.) For simplicity's sake and also because I am collaborating with an omni for this post, we ended up going with regular circus peanuts. She had already purchased the circus peanuts before I could alert her that it had to be vegan. My bad! :^O "'Tis better to use the food you have than to let it go to waste." Plus, they were Spangler brand, the classic choice for circus peanuts!

Aforementioned, I called in the big guns: food stylist, chef, event planner, and artist, Kendal Kulley. Check her out on Instagram! She assisted me as we made her favorite sandwich with the addition of my favorite ingredient: the Circus Peanut Peanut Butter and Pudding and Chocolate Peanut Butter Sandwich! First, take lightly toasted Whole Wheat bread (100% whole wheat works best). Then, slather a thick layer of homemade circus peanut peanut butter followed by a smathering of lemon pudding (Snack pack brand is my favorite, lemon is her favorite flavor (within the Snack pack brand family)). Next, add a sprinkling of hemp hearts for a bit of protein and roughage—not to mention polyunsaturated fats!

After that, Kendal likes to add a squidge of chocolate flavored peanut butter or hazelnut spread to thicken the whole thing up. Please note that I do not condone the use of most flavored peanut butters or products like Nutella as they often contain palm oil, a cash crop leading to rainforest deforestation. The same goes for cocoa. Instead, I propose we continue to advocate that the UN apportion monies to residents of poorer rainforested countries so they can live comfortably and keep our biggest source of oxygen intact. I'm happy pitching in a handful of dollars every year if it means I can keep breathing clean air :)

Then, simply close it up and enjoy! Buuuuuuut, if you're feeling really ambitious like we are, you can make… wait for it… a TRIPLE DECKER! Just repeat the process over again with a third slice and add it on top! YUM. Cut it in half and there you have it! A perfect guilt-free (provided you followed the vegan duckweed version and omitted the peanut butter and used a more hearty bread) lunch item! Bon appétit!

I hope you enjoy this recipe and let me know in the comments how it turned out! It shouldn't take any more than five minutes if doing the omni method (grrrr!) and about one hour for the healthy vegan method. It makes one jar worth and will last three to five days in the refrigerator—but it never lasts that long! Oh, and if you do end up having sandwich leftovers, it works great for a morning hash! But again, I, for one, almost never have leftovers! :)

— *Peter*

Omnivore version (unhealthy):
Ingredients:
- 1 package Spangler brand circus peanuts
- 4 tbsp water

>If making chunky, set aside one circus peanut to mince in a food processor or with a knife. In a large bowl, add the circus peanuts and water. Microwave for two minutes on high or until the circus peanuts have expanded to twice their size. Serve immediately or add to an airtight container.

Vegan version (unhealthy):
Ingredients:
- 1 package Trader Joe's brand vegan marshmallows
- 4 tbsp water
- 2 drops natural banana flavor
- 4 drops orange food coloring

>In a large bowl, add the marshmallows and water. Microwave for two minutes on high or until the marshmallows have expanded and softened. Mix in the food coloring and natural flavor and microwave for another minute. Add to mold and set sit until at room temperature. When fully set, add to Vitamix and blend until desired peanut butter consistency is achieved. Serve immediately or add to an airtight container.

Vegan version (healthy):
Ingredients:
- 6 cups fresh duckweed
- 4 tbsp flaxseed meal.
- 4 drops natural banana flavor
- 12-18 drops orange food coloring

>If making homemade duckweed, follow these instructions and skip the next step. If collecting from a pond, read on. Preheat the oven to 300 degrees. In an Instant Pot or lesser pressure cooker, steam the duckweed for one minute on high pressure with the valve set to sealing. Do five minutes of natural pressure release. Blend in the Vitamix with food coloring, flaxseed meal, and banana flavor until it becomes a fine mush. Put in peanut mold. Place in the oven for 10 minutes, or until the peanuts have mostly dried out. Put back in the Vitamix and blend until you have the desired level of consistency. Serve immediately or add to an airtight container.





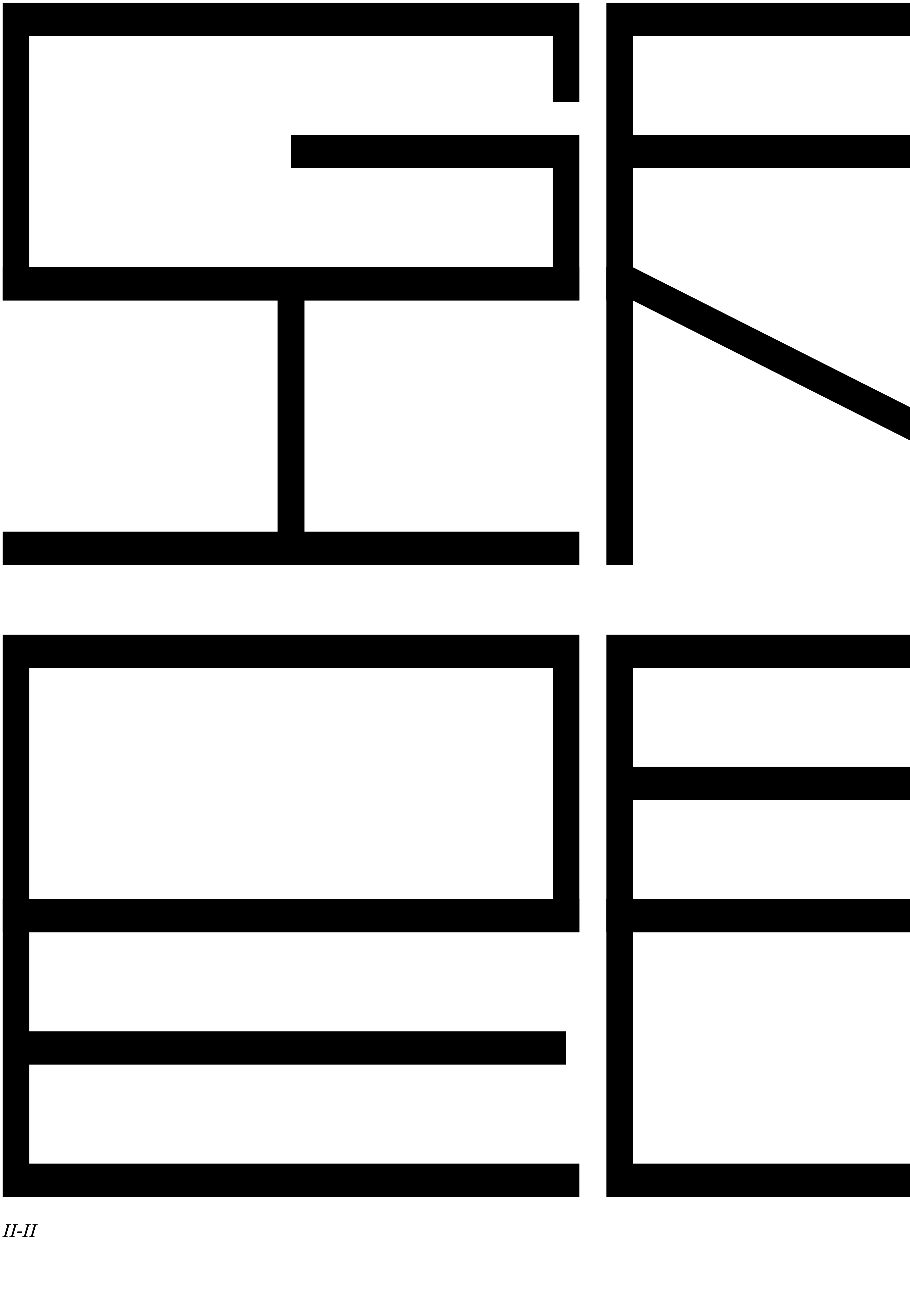




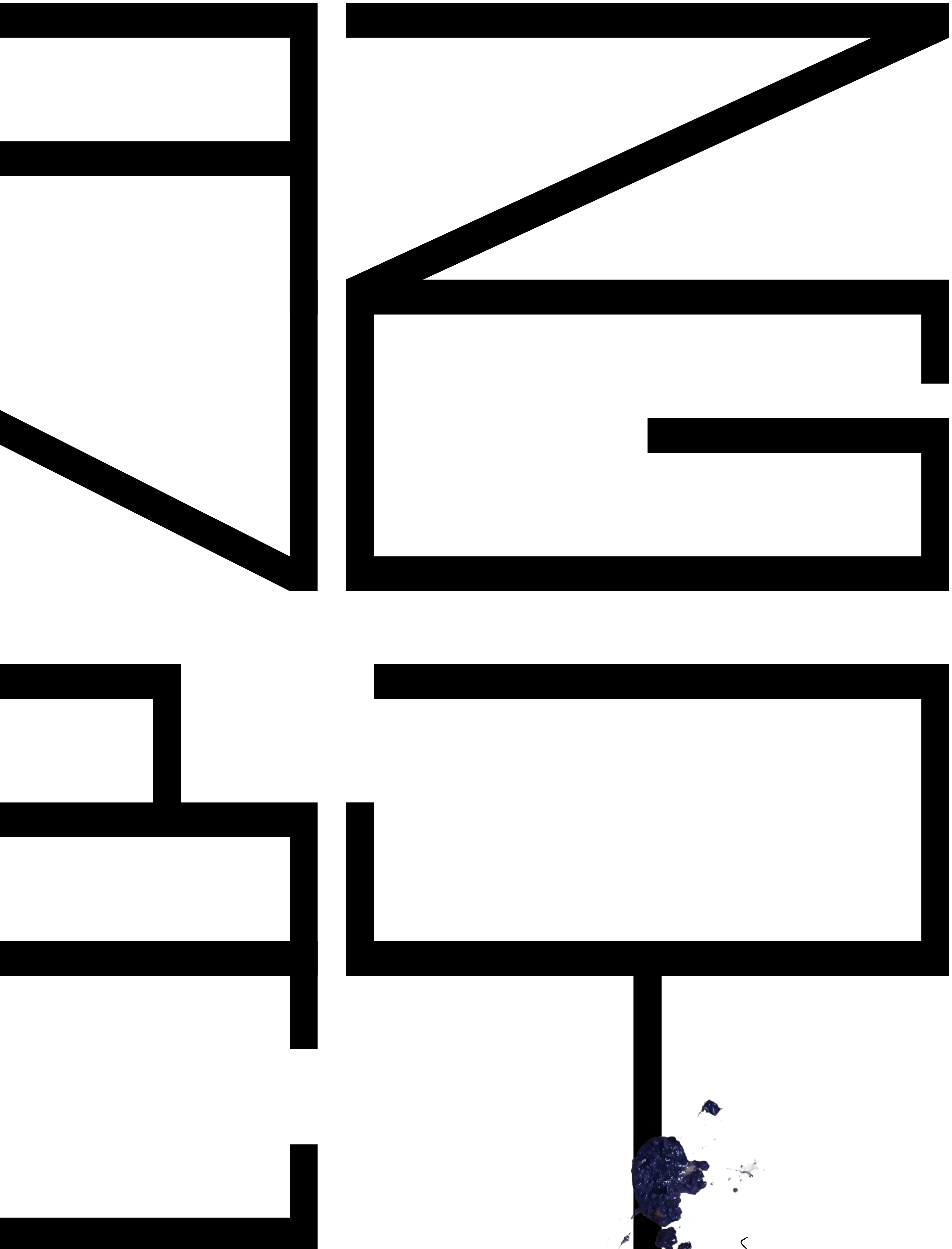

FIRST AID KIT



A history of the creation process of



II-II



15600 x 22200 pixels, 24 x 34" digital print on bamboo paper, 2021

Peter Bjorndal
2D Design
3-25-21
3rd period

Gazing Object 11:1 - Page 5, 442 from the Book of Beauty

What I consider beautiful is linked to the many contradictory opinions that make up my values. When my values change, what I consider beautiful changes. That raises another problem when the type of art I make remains unchanged. this is me trying to deal with that issue.

GAZING OBJECT II-II

(text transcription)

Dear me,
Beauty is evidence of capability.
I am capable of wasting my time
and you are capable of wasting your time—
making this grotesque blob, beholding this grotesque blob, respectively.
And everything beautiful you've ever owned or
ever done or ever thought
has been on the back of
someone who applied their capability.
The acknowledgment that beauty is more than skin deep
is, itself, beautiful,
as it is difficult to see the toils of others
in something created by one.
The most beautiful thing is being capable of beholding beauty Beauty.

Oh shoot,
we can't end it there.
We need to backtrack.
Then why does mom think law enforcement garb is ugly?
Does beauty have another criterion?

"Perhaps beauty is evidence of capability of moral action."

Oh that's right,
capable tools created and used to spread incapability are not beautiful.

But if beauty is evidence of capability of work done to enhance the capability of others,
and it is most beautiful to see the toils of the invisible who worked for that end,
this artwork,
evidence of capability to create an arbitrary object morally vacant and uninspirational,
uniting no one,
using means built by anonymous persons,
is not beautiful.

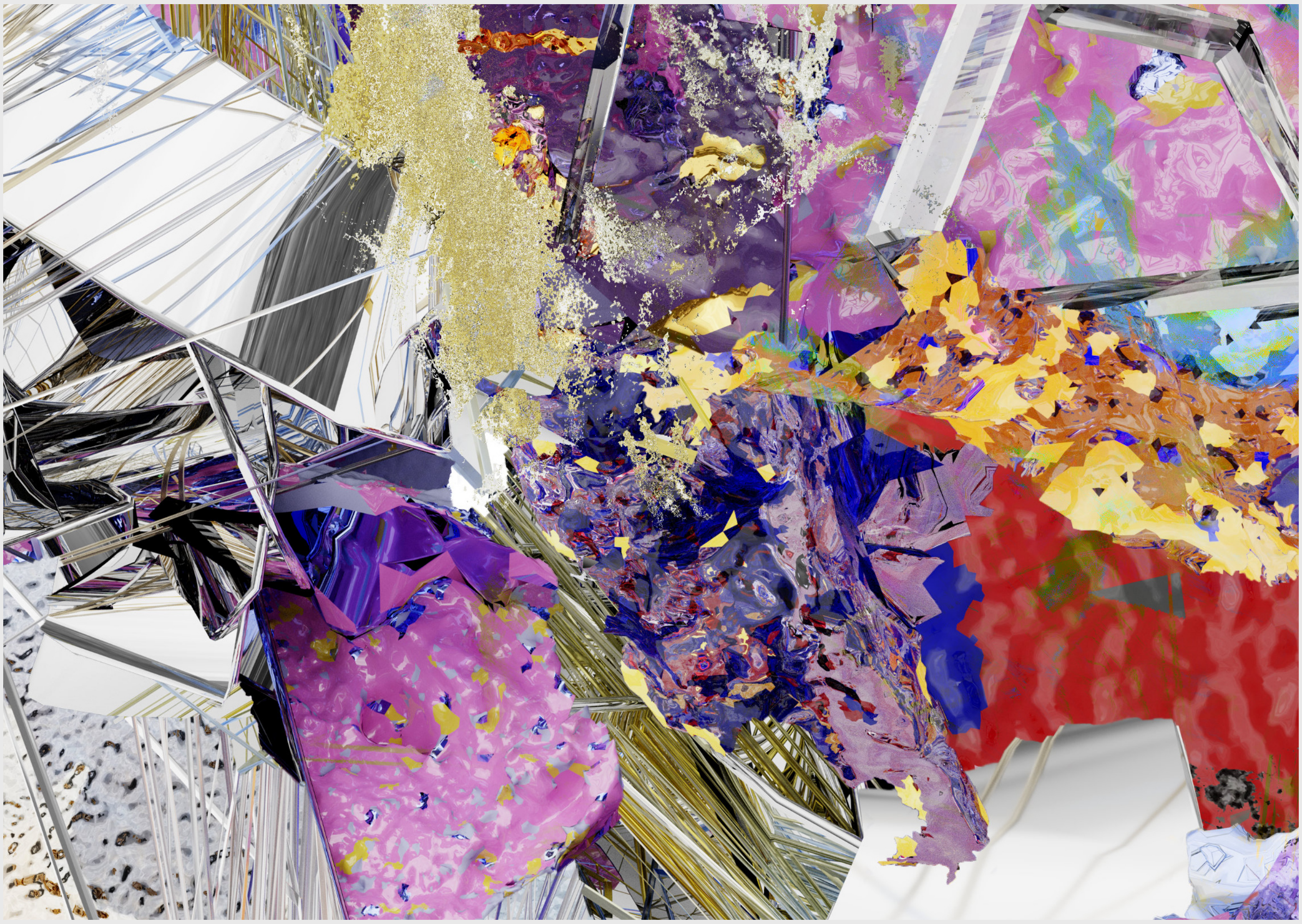
Stats:
Rendering the source images for this collage took approximately 1516 kWh—about 1200 lbs of coal. I hope it was worth it.

Sincerely,
Me

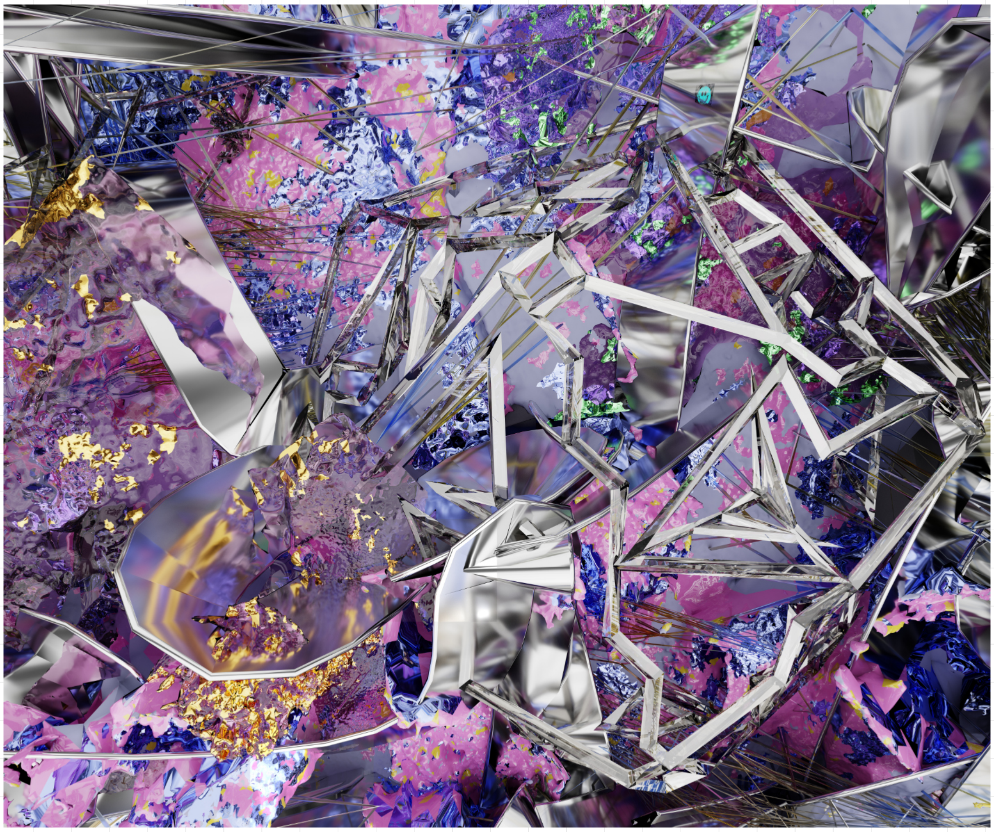
Next page: Gazing Object II - II, 15600 x 22200 pixels, 24 x 33" digital print on bamboo paper, 2021

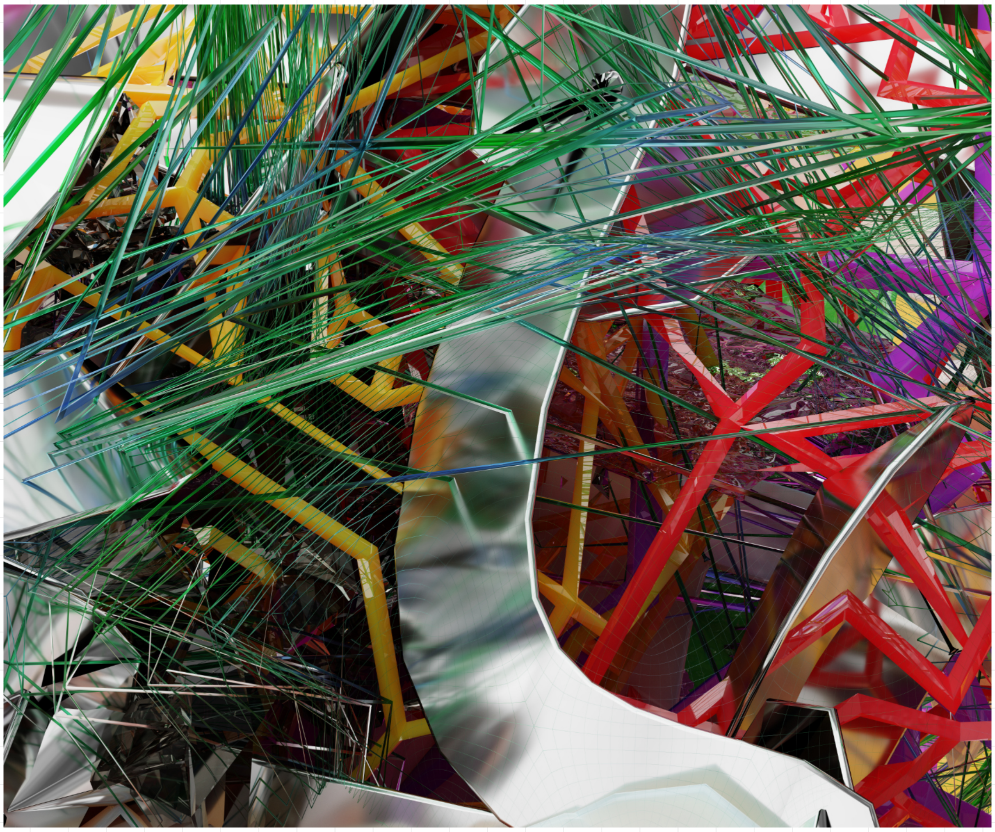


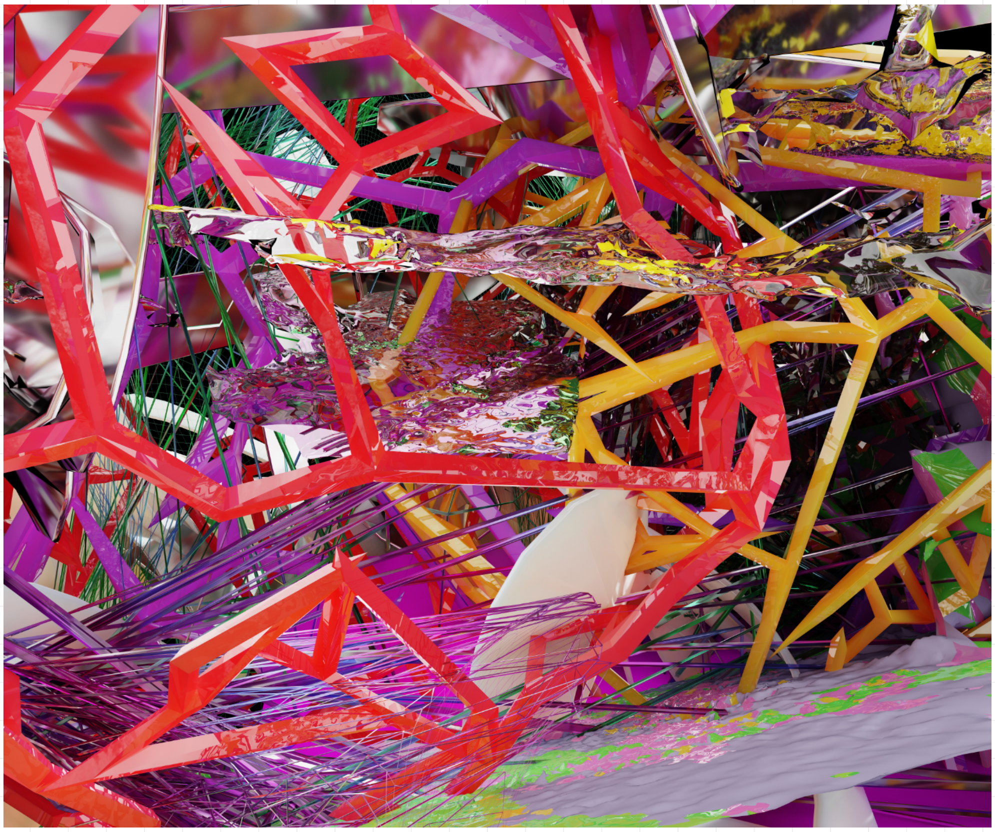




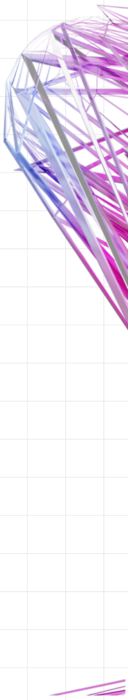


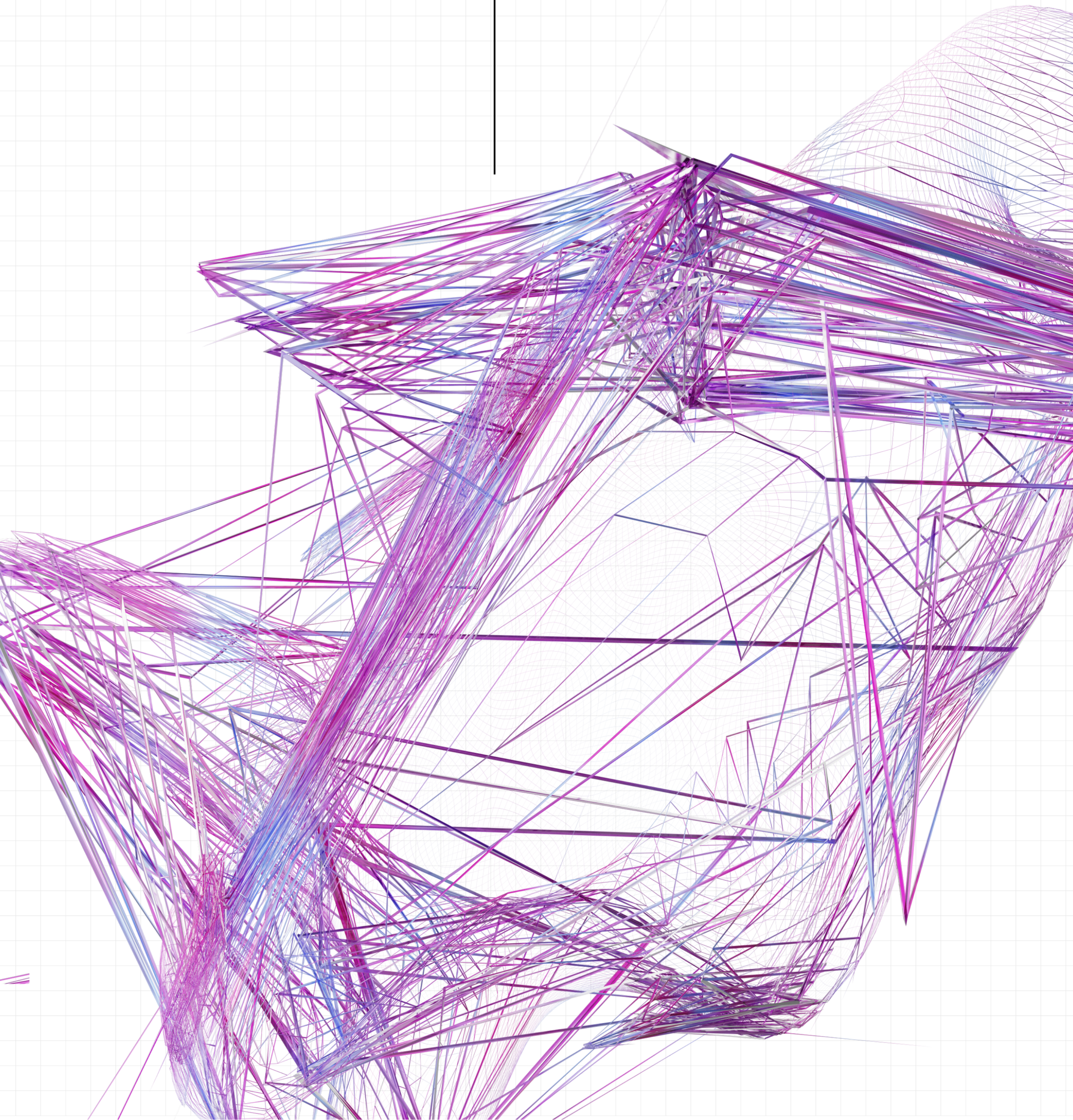


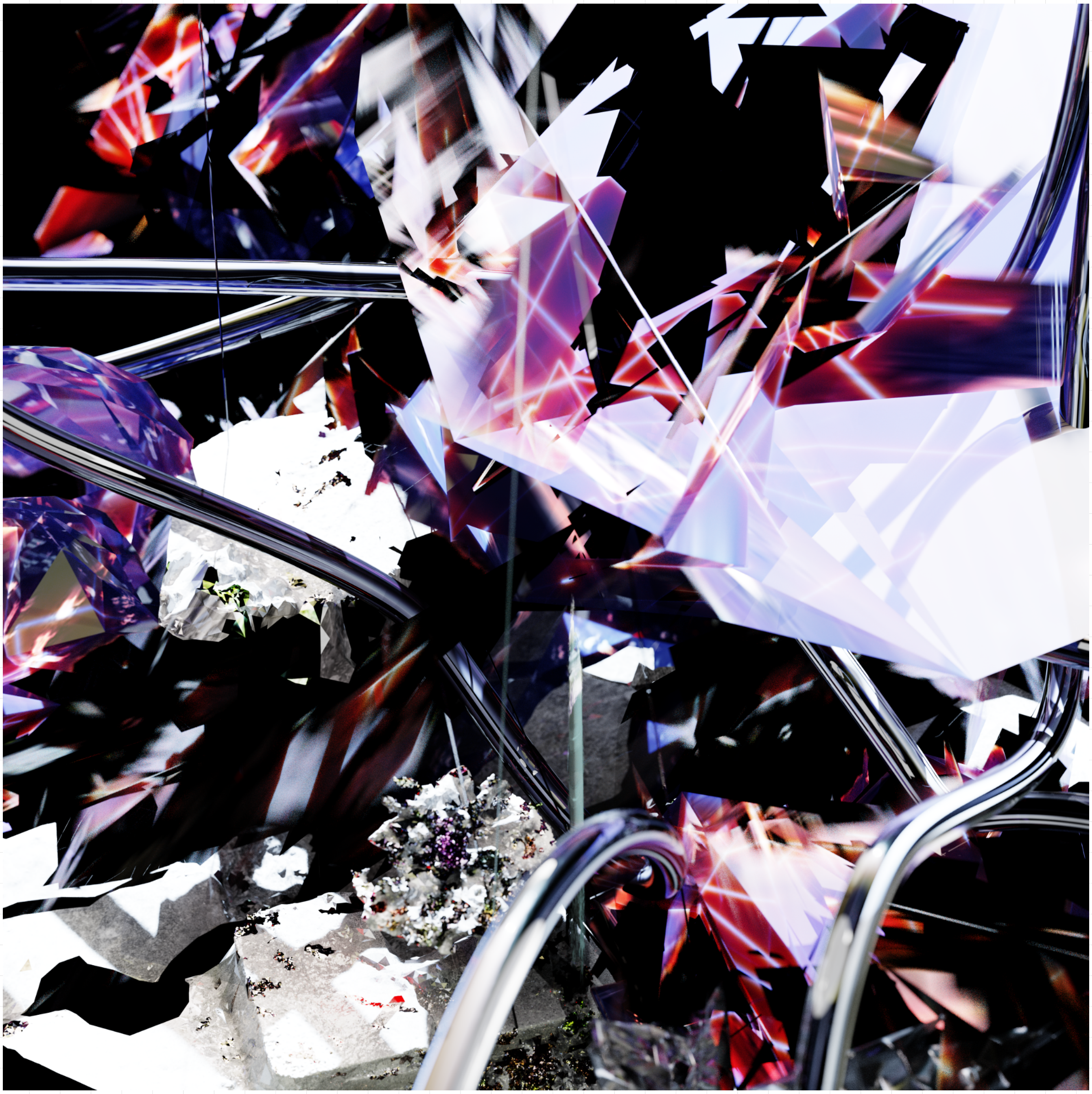


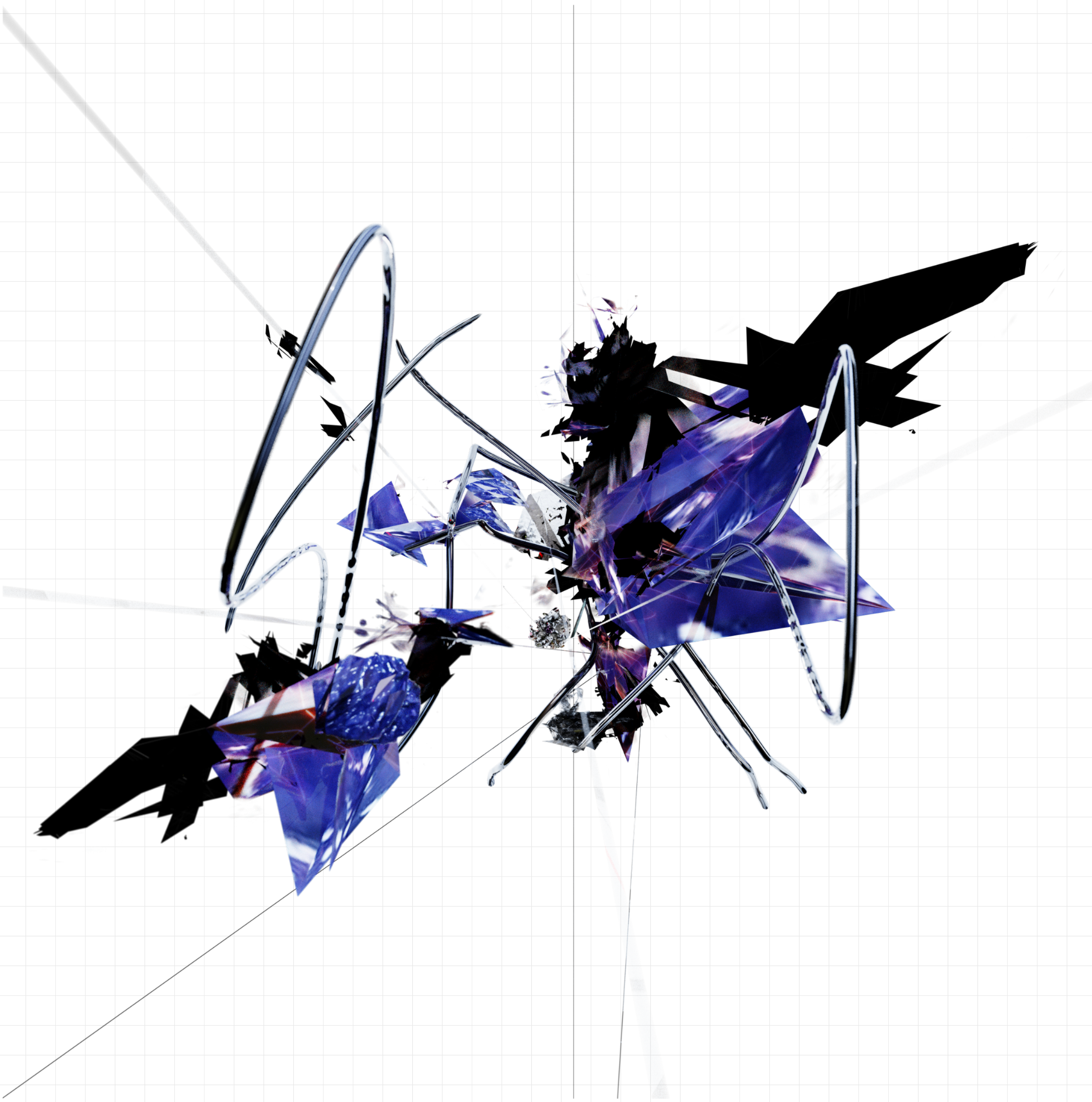










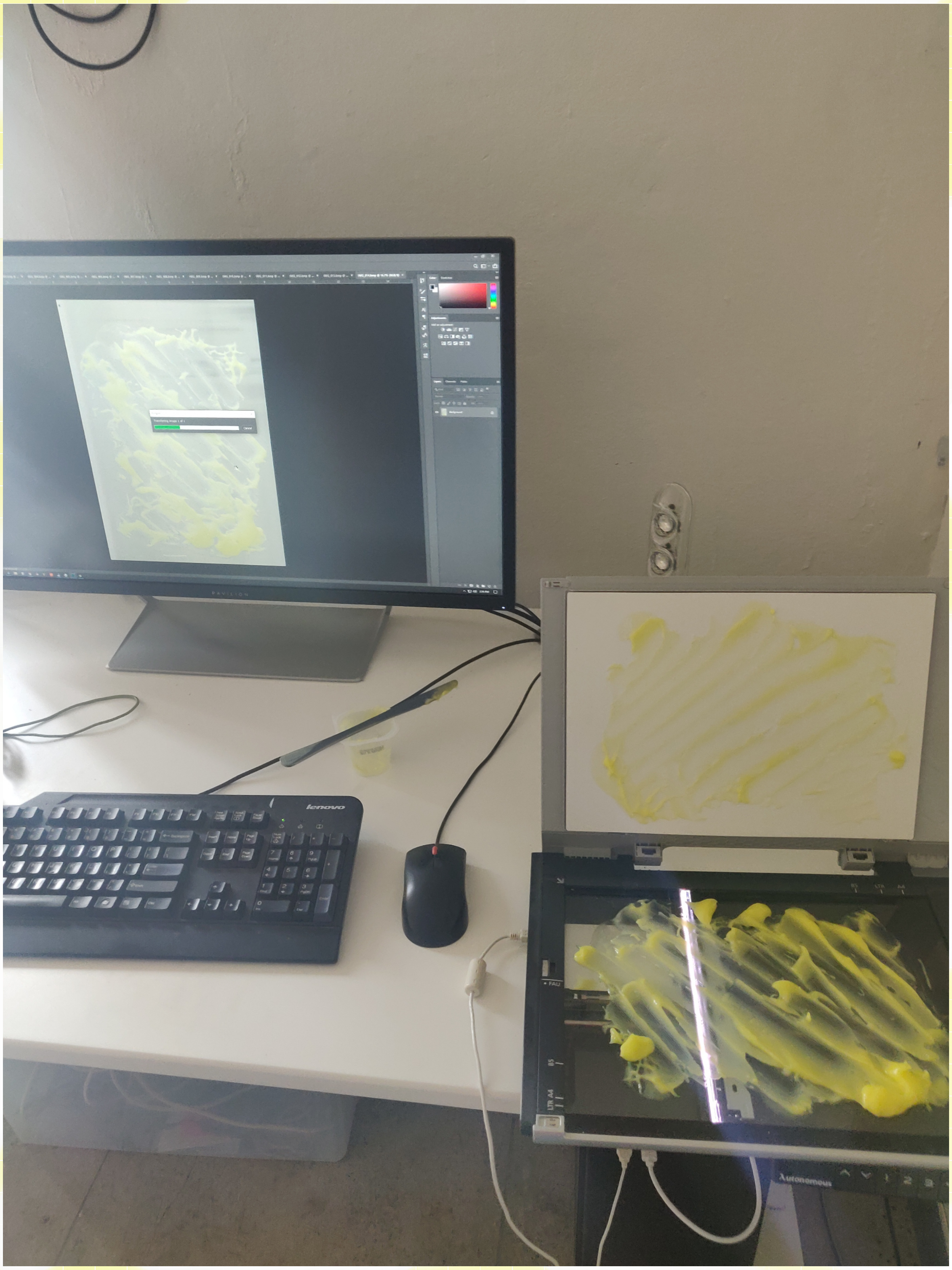


Posters





Next spread: Lemon pudding on a scanner, *ZONE FOR HUMANS - LABOR OMNIA VINCIT, 7800 x 10800 pixels, 24 x 33″ digital print on bamboo paper, 2021*




ZONE FOR HUMANS
ANGRY AT THE LACK OF
ATTENTION: PLEASE CAREFULLY READ THE TEXT FOUND WITHIN THIS DOCUMENT!
It's striving for higher orders of atomic configuration, or something!

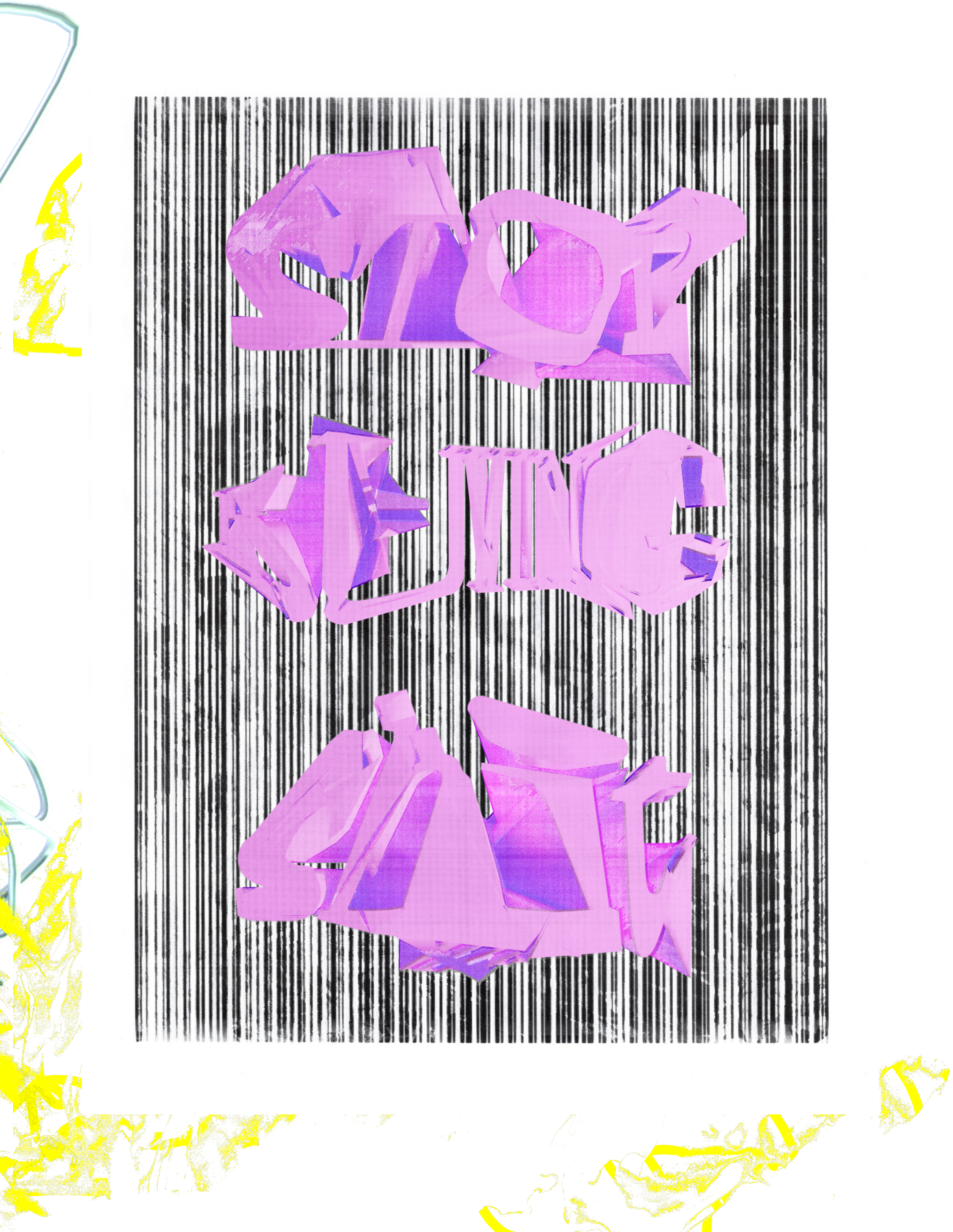

("REDUCE IDEAS AND AESTHETICIZE TO CLOYING JELLY")


Being
FUZZY
ISN'T
A
CRIME
JUST
REDUCED
JELLY
JELLY
JEL
LY

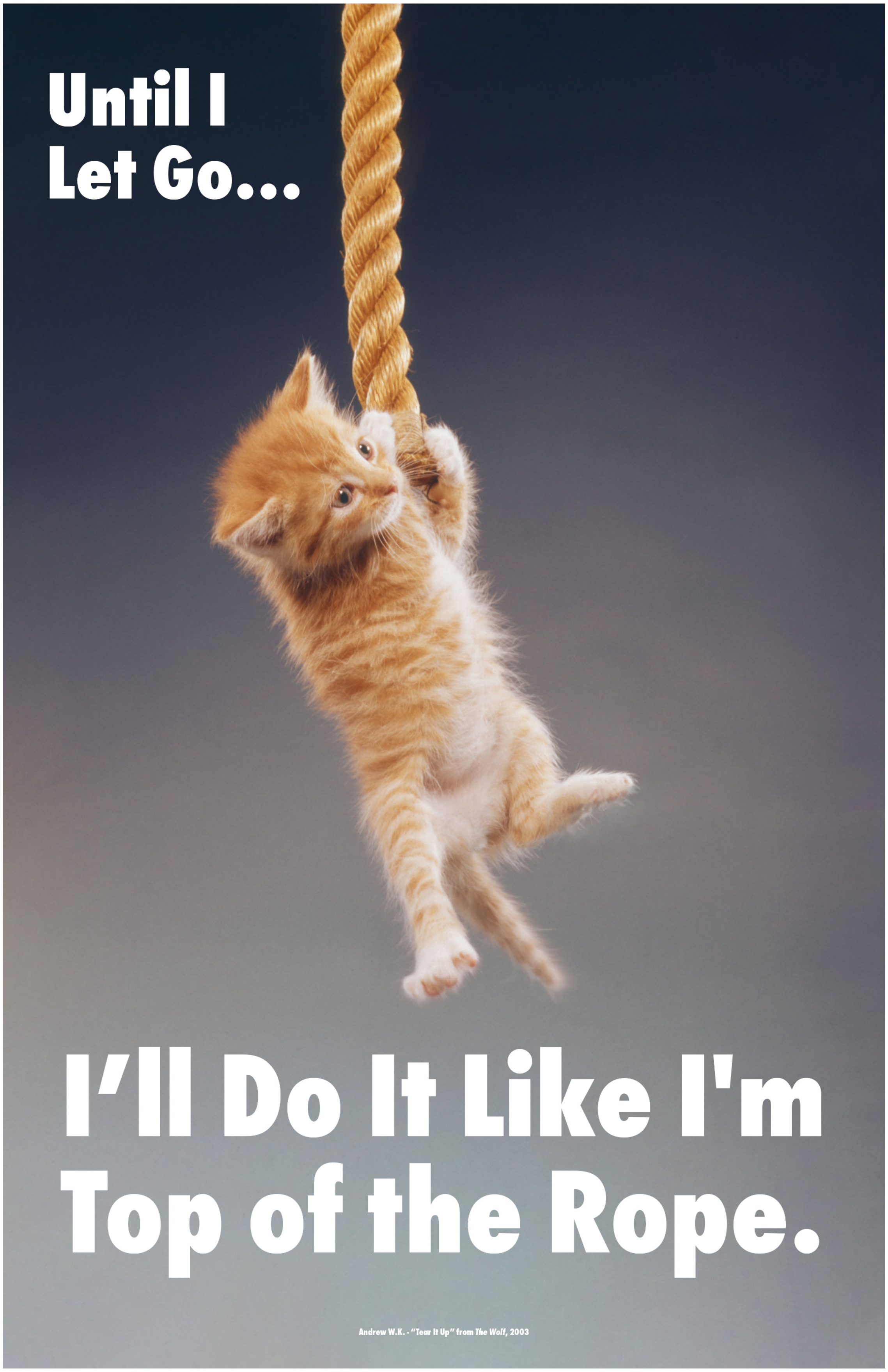

NEEDS
G FUEL
TUESDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
WEDNESDAY
MONDAY
MONDAY
FRIDAY
Life is not measured by the number of breaths you take, nor by the moments that take your breath away.
—Proverb.


PUNCH


("REDUCE IDEAS AND AESTHETICIZE TO CLOYING JELLY")




"THOUGH THE BASILISK'S REACH IS WIDE, ITS GRASP FINDS NO PURCHASE TONIGHT"
"ALL OF THE LIGHTBULBS ARE BURNING OUT!"
UNIVERSEOPTICS.NET
DONT TAKE ME BACK TO THE DARK PLACE, THE LAST THING WE NEED IS ANOTHER DARK AGE
"CYBERPROPHECY.ORG"
WE ARE LIVING IN THE YEAR 2797
© FRIENDLYPUPPYMUSIC.COM
AGAINST THE BASILISK BY CASTLE GARRISON IS $9.99


Until I
Let Go...
I’ll Do It Like I'm
Top of the Rope.
Andrew W.K. - “Tear It Up” from The Wolf, 2003


FPM
THE FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC
QUALITY MANAGEMENT SYSTEM:
"USE YOUR EARS FOR YEARS"

The Friendly Puppy Music Creative Activities Jersey

Dye sublimation print on polyester, 2021

"Mopar" Mike's Motocross Discount "Wearhouse"

Cranbrook Academy of Art 2D Annex
39221 Woodward Ave
Bloomfield Hills, MI 48304
Your cashier today was
"Mopar" Mike
4-22-21

FPM Creative Activities Jersey	$165.00 +tx

https://paul420.tumblr.com/post/647362232317034496

paul420 reblogged from singing-not-sleeping-beauty

lobotomycastiel:

"if no art makes you feel anything, make your own art and feel something" is too raw of a line to have come from a jenna marbles video of her painting a rainbow/polka dot seahorse saying "it's seahorse time" on a denim jacket

starseekrr:



bjornd.al:

For me, it's the Friendly Puppy Music Creative Activities Jersey. I will wear it when I do intense creative activities such as art creation, physical exercise, and live music performance. The majority of references are to FPM-rostered artist Prairie Clamor—a musical project of my brother's that I play a role in keeping afloat. I've had many ideas floating around in my head and they, at this point, converged into this jersey. I think rally cars are cool, I think motocross jerseys have the potential to be cool, and I think live music performances should be more participatory, like soccer games. For that reason, I additionally created an official Prairie Clamor flag adhering to the North American Vexillological Association's flag guidelines, as well as a few supporters' group flags.

As per Friendly Puppy Music ethos, there is some light criticism of powersports. Normally I think stolen valor is not okay, but I have no problem taking what I want from powersports culture—keep the cool jersey designs but scrap all the rest.

I thought long and hard about how I wanted to display this item as I couldn't display it on myself in a live performance setting. I came to the conclusion that since the garment will spend the majority of its time sitting sadly unused with other discarded clothes, that should be how it is critiqued.

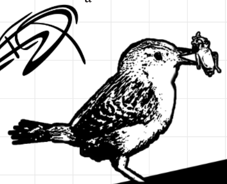


Subtotal	$165.00
Tax @ 6.00%	$9.90
Total	$174.90

THANK YOU FOR YOUR BUSINESS!
Let us know how we're doing!
Call 510-689-1337 for a chance to win a pair of leather race gloves!

NO RETURNS

a Wildstyle tag



1

Butter Tart Boys 2

PRAIRIE 3

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QUALITY MANAGEMENT SYSTEM:
"USE YOUR EARS FOR YEARS" 4

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℗FRIENDLYPUPPYMUSIC.COM 6

PRAIRIE 7

PRAIRIE CLAMOR 8

Prairie Clamor 9

Prairie Clamor® 10

FPM00000 11

THE FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC ASSOCIATION 12

EXPLOSIVE BOLTS! 13

PUPPY VISION 14

USDOT 0000000 MN 15

Peter Bjorndal 16



17

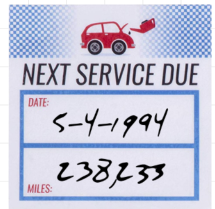
SLUGFUCK 18



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PC 20

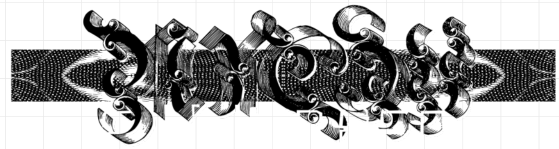
1 2 0 PC 21



22



23



24

CASTLE GARRISON 25

a. Wildstyle-inspired tag spells out first name. Made 7/20. **1**. Sedge wren holding a goldenrod soldier beetle. Original creature images from the U.S. National Park Service. 2/19. **2**. The Prairie Clamorchestra's logistically tumultuous "Canadian" "side project." Logo is January Script. **3**. Spoof of Peavey logo. **4**. Spoof of old APA Engineered Wood Association Quality Management System (QMS) look. Slogan relates to other graphics found on the *Spilling Light* obi strip about loudness. 10/19. **5**. Microgramma Extd D, chosen due to coolness and similarity to original "COMPUTERVISION" MG Metro 6R4. **6**. Sound recording copyright symbol – phonogram! **7**. ALDI is one of the rare companies that's making large amounts of money but also improving public welfare (for now) by destroying food deserts and offering cheap, healthier food. 2/19. **8**. Trying to learn how to use the pen tool again for the thousandth time. 10/20. **9**. Why Square IN LT Std. 12/20. **10**. PotlatchDeltic spoof. They do forest products. Founded 1903 as Potlatch Lumber Company. Friedrich Weyerhäuser "borrowed" the name "from the Chinook word for a Native American celebration of goodwill and gift giving." 10/19 **11**. Car number is FPM catalog number format. **12**. Spoof on The Engineered Wood Association. 10/19. **13**. This isn't really a racing thing, mostly for passenger car safety. I just think it's cool. **14**. Spoof on COMPUTERVISION. **15**. MG spent time as a commercial vehicle?? **16**. Bjorndal handwriting font. 3/20. **17**. Prairie Clamor sticker. 4/20 **18**. Slugfuck logo. Trade One OT. 5/19. **19**. Another sticker just because it's cool. **20**. MG logo spoof. **21**. NFPA 704 of a midwest prairie. 2/19 **22**. Around when I have to do the next Accord oil change. **23**. Latest MN parks vehicle pass. **24**. DXSWien Text. Security strip on BRINEBOND. 9/18. **25**. Castle Garrison logo. Gothic Gothic. 1/21. **26**. Microgramma Extd D. **27**. Full name of FPM. **28**. "The future is in the past." **29**. Image of J.C. Hormel Nature Center nature detective sticker circa 2019(?). **30**. Sick as fuck Earth First! illustration. Not sure who made it. **31**. Old t-shirt from my "Funny" T-Shirts series (6/16) turned into a bumpter sticker. **32**. Image on rutabaga boxes from Stovel-Siemon Ltd. Will Bjorndal wrote a song about Rudy. **33**. Classic eco bumper sticker from peacesupplies.org. **34**. Taken from the Hussalonia song "Everybody Should Stop Doing Everything." **35**. Bespoke zipper merge bumper sticker tailored to "Zipper Merge" by Prairie Clamor. **36**. Reference to "Octopus Woman Please Let Me Go" by Dick Kent, the 2018 Smash Hit Song of The Summer and the SMASH HIT SONG OF ETERNITY. Shuffle Function, the morning show on KMSU, loves this song. My dad requests it so much that "Shyboy" Tim and Shelly added his phone number as "Dick Kent's Mom" in their calling software. **37**. Harkening back to FPM's roots as a floppy label. **38**. Meant to look like an ag logo that one would see marking a field test plot. Kinda looks more like a beer logo though. 10/19. **39**. FPM logo, it's Chester, the Bjorndal family dog! 7/19 or before. **40**. KMSU pledge drive patch. **41**. NFPA 704 of Hell. **42**. Calvin contemplates. 11/18. **43**. Adopted poster turned into a sticker before I got the official logo from the Shuffle Function crew. **44**. "Listen up bucco [sic]… let's get one thing straight, don't even look in my direction until I've had my morning coffee. 6/16. **45**. Based on the Start SEEING motorcyclists classic MN bumper sticker. Helios bust as per vaporwave manual of style. 12/16. **46**. A sticker with the same message used to be on the (victory) red S-10. Inklea Slick. **47**. Ultra classic leftist MN bumper sticker. RIP Paul Wellstone. **48**. Coolest version of KUOM banner by Adam Turman.

FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC [26]

FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC L.L.C. [27]

" P O S T E R U M   S I T   I N   P R A E T E R I T O " [28]



37



29



30



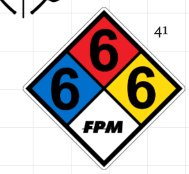
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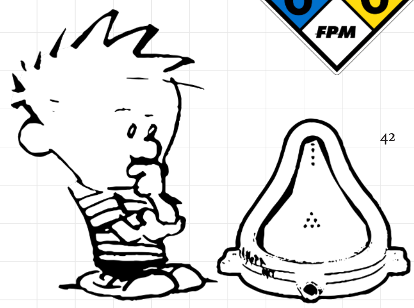
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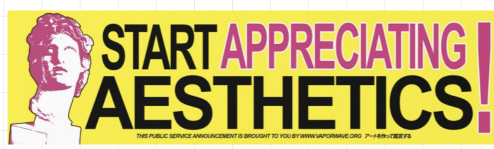
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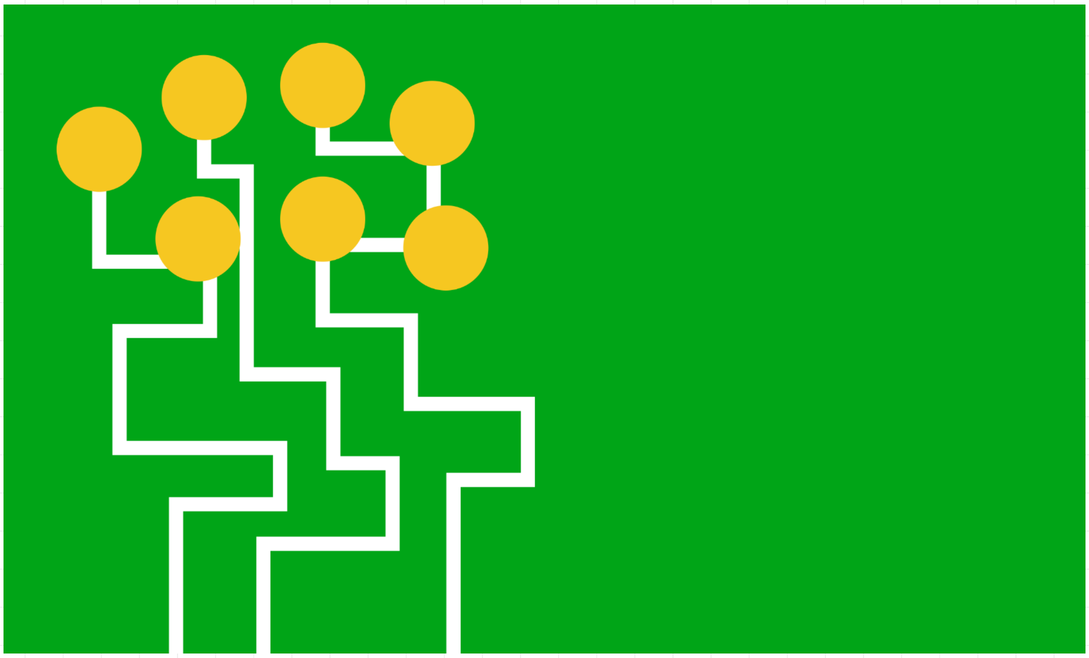
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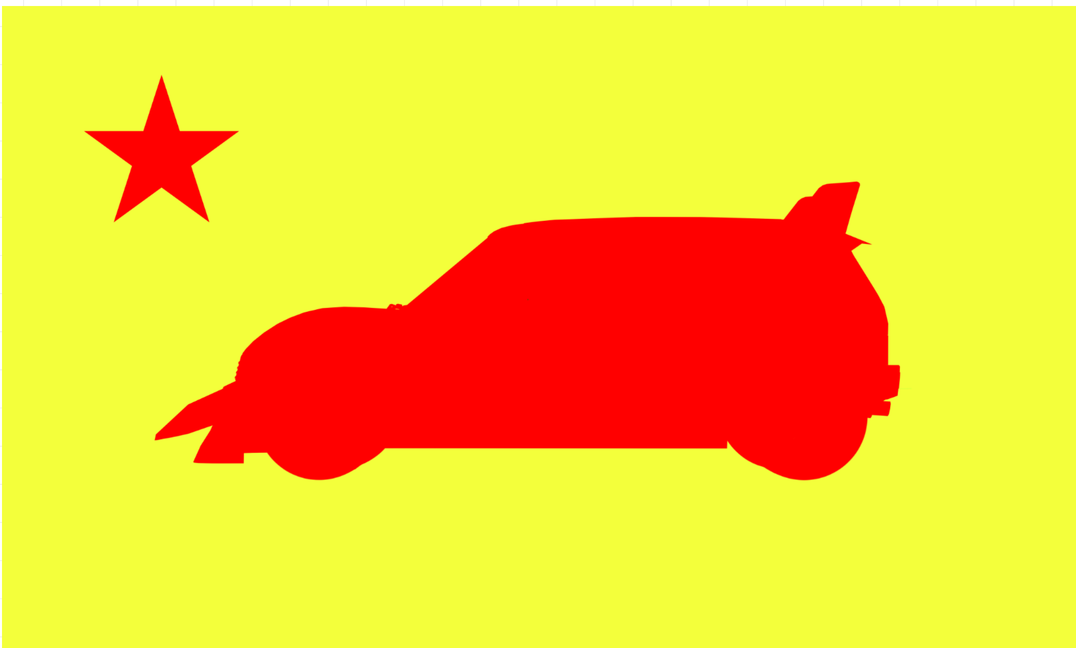


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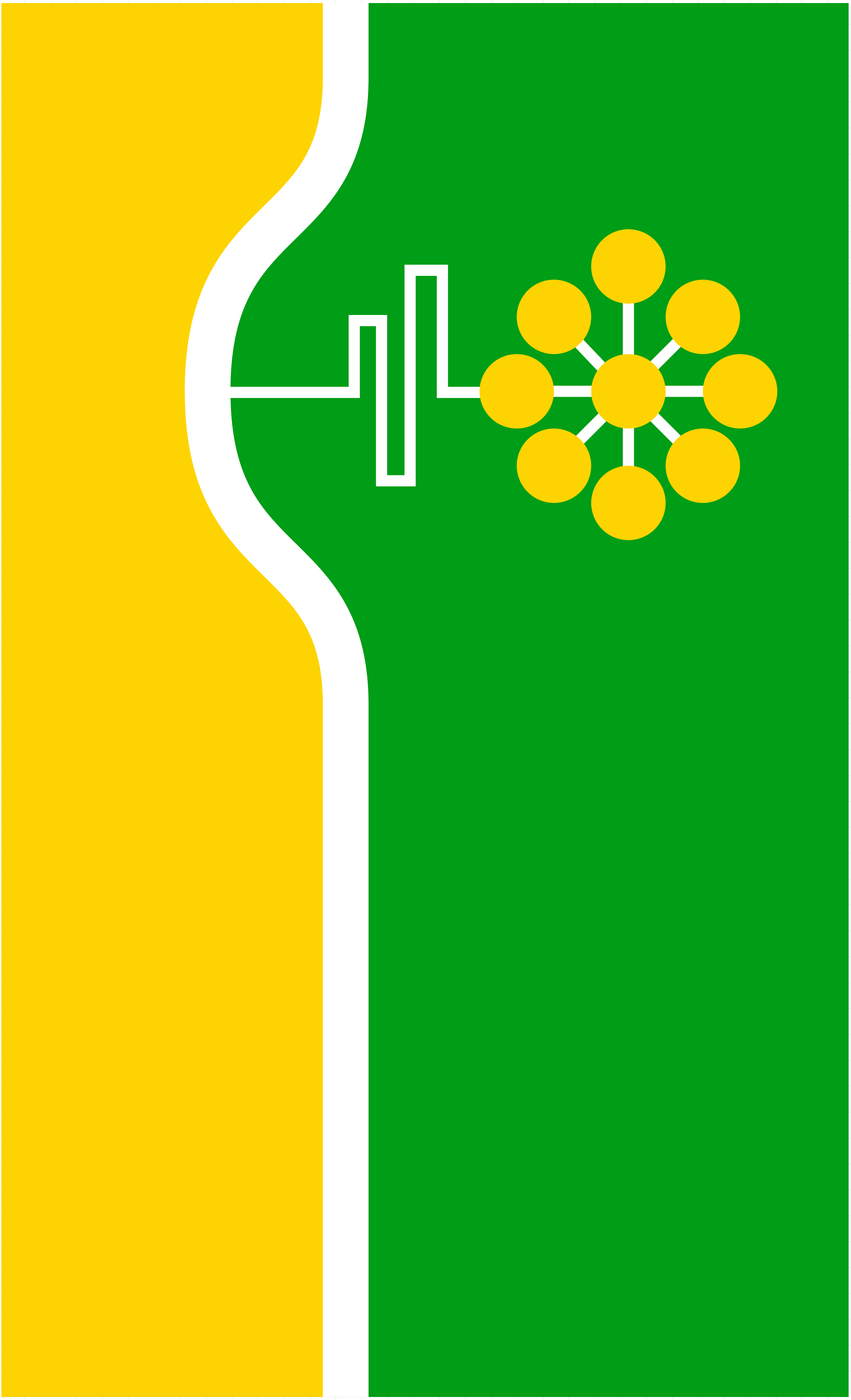


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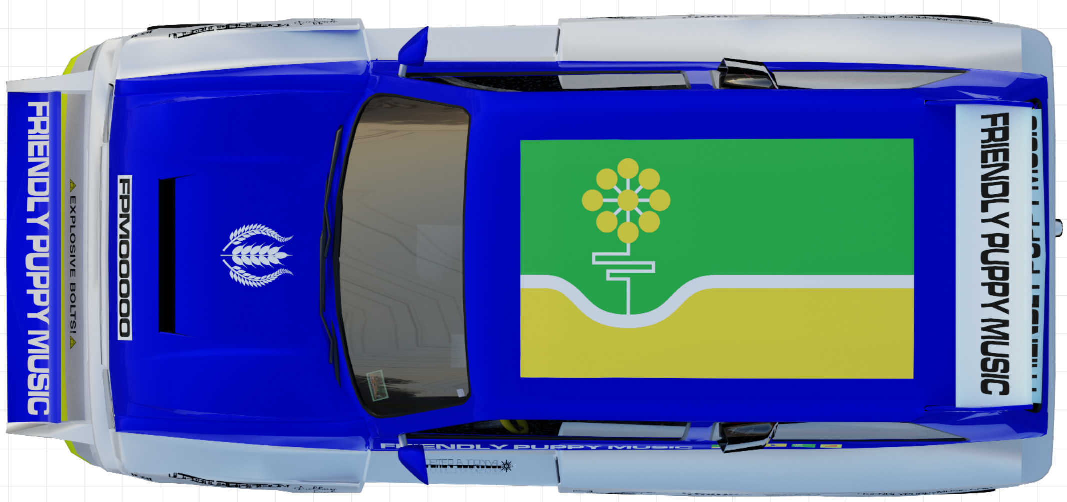







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FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC
EXPLOSIVE BOLTS!
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Clamor
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USDOT 00000000 MN


FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC
FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC
WHAT HAPPENED AT FORT BRAGG?
NATURE BATS LAST
ZIPPER MERGE
VEGAN? KISS MY GR*SS!!
"KEEP ME KOOL!"
LESS SPRAWL, Y'ALL!
FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC L.L.C.
"POSTERUM SIT IN PRAETERITO"
START APPRECIATING AESTHETICS
Wellstone!
STOP DOING EVERYTHING!


"There's more to life than powersports"
- Peter Bjorndal, co-founder, Friendly Puppy Music
FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC
GROUP B 1982-1986
"WE WILL NEVER FORGET"
"CREATIVITY IS A WEAPON AGAINST DESPAIR"
- Peter Bjorndal, co-founder, Friendly Puppy Music
FPM
THE FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC ASSOCIATION
MEOW
"Watkins Glen is not a race track"
- Peter Bjorndal, co-founder, Friendly Puppy Music
Prairie Clamor
PRAIRIE
vaporwave.org
Municipal Airport
FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC CENTRE FOR BASIC RESEARCH
WILL BJORNDAL
PERFORMANCE SPECIALIST
FPM
"HOMOLOGATE CLEAN AIR"
Friendly Puppy Music L.L.C. does not endorse vehicle racing.

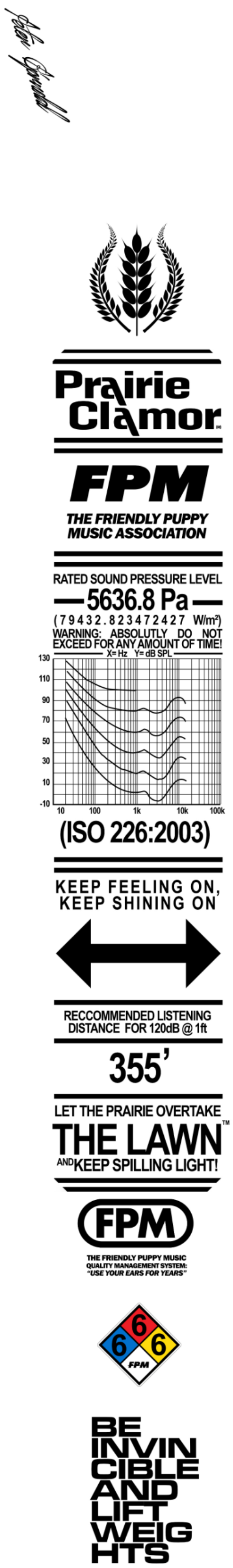

FPM



PRAIRIESTØVLERS

ECONOKREW
CYBERCLAMZ
KARSTKREW




Prairie Clamor
FPM
THE FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC ASSOCIATION
RATED SOUND PRESSURE LEVEL
5636.8 Pa
(79432.823472427 W/m²)
WARNING: ABSOLUTLY DO NOT EXCEED FOR ANY AMOUNT OF TIME!
X= Hz Y= dB SPL
130
110
90
70
50
30
10
-10
10
100
1k
10k
100k
(ISO 226:2003)
KEEP FEELING ON, KEEP SHINING ON
RECCOMMENDED LISTENING DISTANCE FOR 120dB @ 1ft
355'
LET THE PRAIRIE OVERTAKE
THE LAWN™
AND KEEP SPILLING LIGHT!
FPM
THE FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC QUALITY MANAGEMENT SYSTEM:
"USE YOUR EARS FOR YEARS"
6
6
6
FPM
BE INVIN CIBLE AND LIFT WEIG HTS

The Smell of The Friendly Puppy Music Creative Activities Jersey

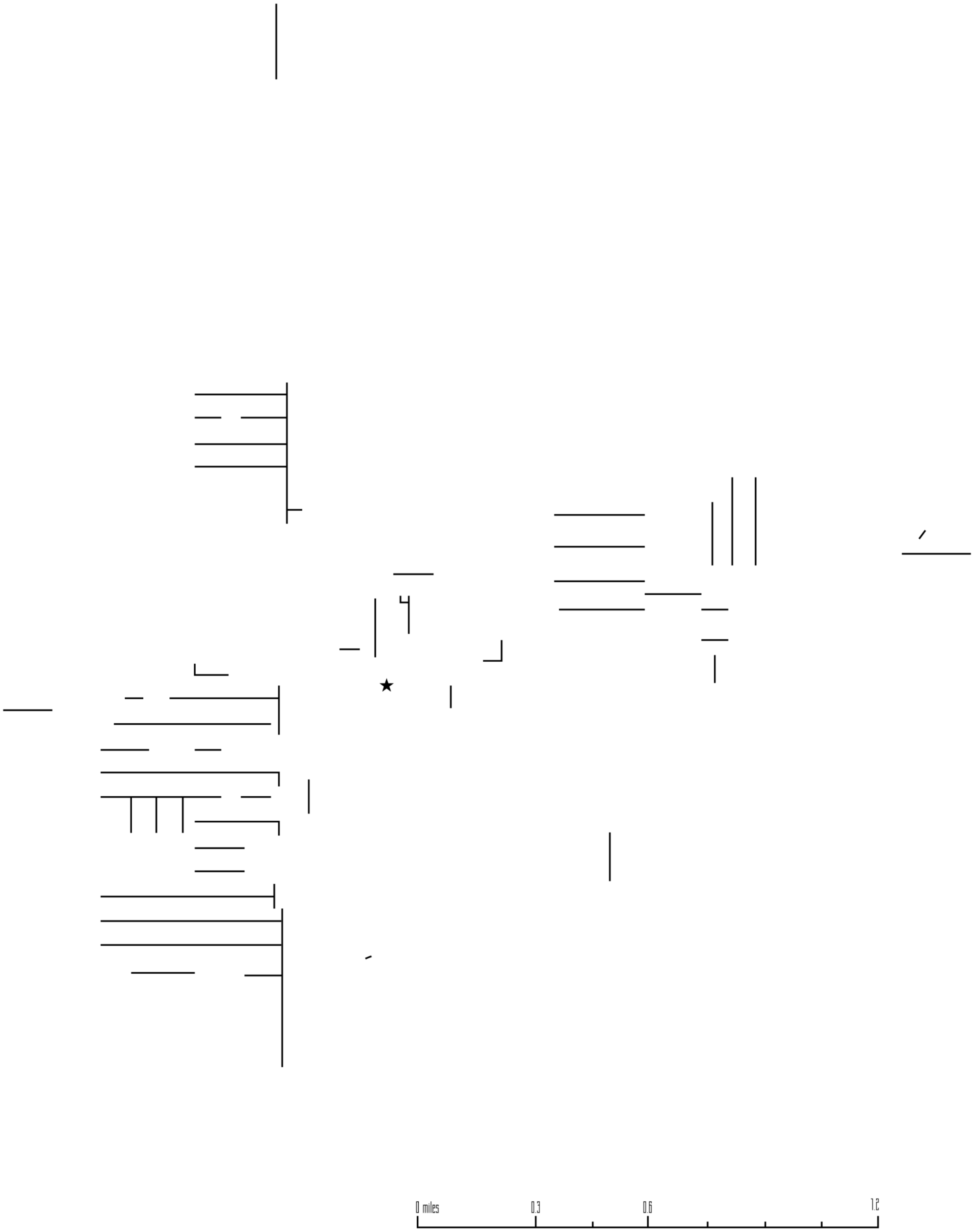
Crafted from lightweight active dry mesh (100% polyester) and sewn in the United States, the Friendly Puppy Music Creative Activities Jersey has an aroma reminiscent of what one may encounter either by walking past a Foot Locker or by coming across a neglected practice pinnie stuffed in a closet. Like the junior varsity-era scrimmage vest still found in one's closet, the jersey still, for some reason, continues to smell like it's been outgassing some sort of poly-ethel-what-have-you compound into the air. Its "new shirt smell" has stayed with it throughout its heavy use in the field. In this case, "the field" refers not only to a literal field, but all places where creative activities take place. From covertly picking raspberries on the bluff of an oak savanna near the shore of the Mississippi river, to speeding down a narrow mountain bike trail getting hit with the tassels of prairie plants as one prays the adjustments on their handlebars hold, to pacing back and forth in a little box of a room that serves as their office, the jersey retains the memory of those activities via scent. Faintly, of course. It, still, mostly smells like plastic and caked-on sweat.

I recognize that the meaning of the smell of a jersey is not the same to all people and often changes over the course of one's life as one moves from being forced to play sports to forcing one's children to watch sports on TV with them. However, to me, at my age, the smell of a jersey on one's body is tied to the notion that now is the time to quell my fear, to destroy my lack of confidence in myself, and tackle the creative challenge set forth by myself or any other. It is a smell associated not with competition, but practice—not just aerobic activity, but any activity that raises my blood pressure, that turns my brain into a space heater. I put on this jersey and I smell its inorganic fumes and I remember crawling through the mud with numb hands. I remember running in a loop from the pine tree to the tornado siren and back until my throat closed up and I collapsed. I remember jumping as far as I could from "the line." I remember hearing a hoarse voice yell into my head that I have the power to overcome any obstacle. There are some things that I will never be able to do, but there are some times when I need to believe that that's not the case. Calling an object into existence, bearcrawling through the half-frozen mud, they both take work, but when I smell that mesh as it goes over my head and onto my shoulders, I know I can fucking make it happen.


"There's more to life than powersports"
- Peter Bjorndal, co-founder, Friendly Puppy Music
"CREATIVITY IS A WEAPON AGAINST DESPAIR"
FPM
THE FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC ASSOCIATION
Prairie Clamor
"Watkins Glen is not a race track"
"HOMOLOGATE CLEAN AIR"


NEEDS
G FUEL
TUESDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
MONDAY
MONDAY
FRIDAY
Life is not measured by the number of breaths you take, nor by the moments that take your breath away.
—Proverb.
ALL OF THE LIGHTBULBS ARE BURNING OUT!
KEEP FEELING
355
THE LAW
FPM
BE INVIN CIBLE AND LIFT WEIG HTS


Prairie Clamor
FPM
PRAIRIEFØVLERS
ECONOKREW
CYBERCLAMZ
KARSTKREW


0 miles
0.3
0.6
1.2

Alleyways of Austin, Minnesota

Year Two

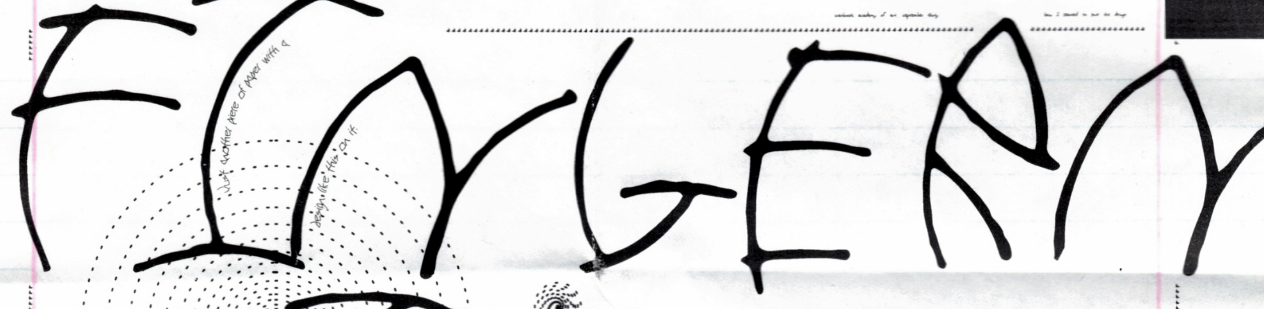
"I know you threw the ball,
I saw it leave your hand."



Concept and text in collaboration with Sydney Reuter, member of the top 1% of Tool listeners.[1]

1. Spotify Wrapped, 2021

PLEASE RECYCLE THIS TRASH







DREAD WANNA HOPEFULLY CRY

I had an idea for an art piece and it first required me to make a font like this one. As I was making it, I remembered a discussion I had with a friend this summer about the importance of word choice when engaged in an internal monologue.

Also, I am interested in the real time feedback of a shapeshifting font as opposed to writing something in one font and then analyzing the writing after one has finished. Would that change how one journals? Probably. I hope that was brought up in critique

PLAN
THOUGH
GIVEN
TOXIC
PAINFUL
DRUG
SOMETIMES
BRIDGE
REASSURANCE
VALIDATION
DIDN'T
SUFFER
LOYAL
NEED

It's imperative that one's narra ion stays free from systemic use of language capable of turning one into a pile of sad goo. Words such as "*JUST*", "*ONLY*", "*NEED*", "HATE", etc. are not necessarily BAD, BUT, in some instances, serve to reinforce detrimental ways of *THINK*ing when used repeatedly without one's own awareness. Perhaps it's not the case that you or I *NEED* to change our ways, BUT it doesn't hurt (in the long run, HOPEFULLY) to try and BEcome a LITTLE more a are of them. I did not capture every single keyword or phrase that could BE a pitfall f you, or even for me, BUT I *THINK* it's a starting point to an important LITTLE exercise.

CK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK FA_ACK

JUST BE





F^_^CK *SHOULD*

HEART WONDER *NEED*

PRAIRIE CLAMOR



TRUE SONGS



Tracklist: ***1***. Energy Park ***2***. Song for the Lake Street K-Mart Parking Lot ***3***. Call the Water ***4***. Beautiful Blue Skies and Golden Sunshine ***5***. Etherealreal ***6***. Blood & Diamonds ***7***. Truth Hurts II ***8***. Backyard

Come with me and we'll go so far away, atop a shuttered school or an overflowing bay, gardens draped with sheets, yeah we'll ghost our homes today: indifference, hate, dismay, yeah they're not all here to stay, so scream away and sing a song for a brand new day! **FPM00017**



Recorded at The Friendly Puppy Music Centre
for Basic Research – Satellite Office 2.

©MMXXII Friendly Puppy Music.

FPM
THE FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC ASSOCIATION



I was finally able to have William come out and record the next Prairie Clamor album. The day after we got all the equipment set up, the basement flooded.



Discouragement was briefly in the air, but eventually things dried out and I was even made aware of a bunch of soundproofing material leftover from the Lou Reed exhibit at the museum. I liberated a bunch of it from the annex and hauled it over to the room in a foldable wagon.



Will needed some more gear and a very specific whammy bar for his guitar. That led us to Detroit Guitar.



We also made a trip to and G*itar C*nter for some cables and a guitar stand.


REI



In the quest to track down a drum set, we found a tube amp. It sounded very good through one of Elliott's cabs and a 57—a classic sound. We recorded the guitars and feedback for "Energy Park" very loud.



I was doing something at the computer and then realized just how ridiculous it looked and how difficult it was to use the mouse. What's not ridiculous? Using the ribbon mic to cut some of the high end off of the recorder.


SONY



The studio mood nearing completion of the album.



The pressure was on.





I took some promotional images.





But Das Avant took the top image.



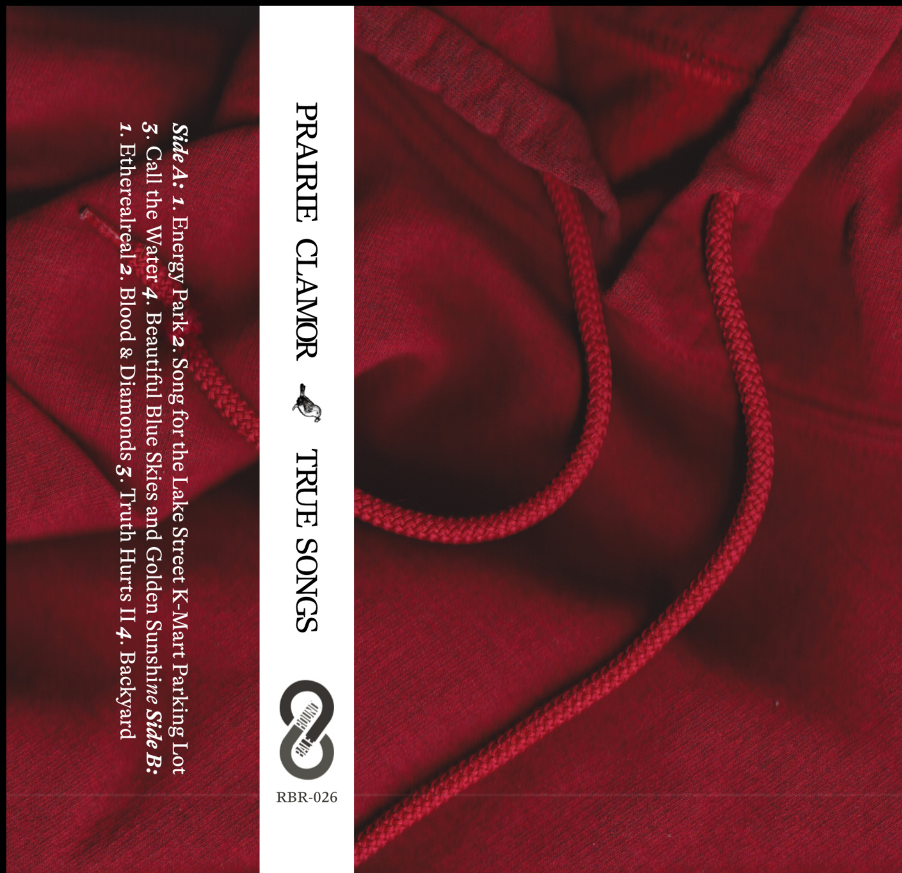








~~The cassette was still in production when this book went to print so if you would like to see it, head to friendlypuppy.org, or if that's down, search "Friendly Puppy Music Prairie Clamor True Songs" into archive.org and it'll come up.~~



PRAIRIE CLAMOR

TRUE SONGS

All music and lyrics by Will Bjorndal except "Backyard," with lyrics by Will and Peter Bjorndal. Engineered, produced, and mixed by Will and Peter Bjorndal. Mastered by the incomparable Neil Weir.

Will Bjorndal - acoustic guitar, Audubon bird call, cymbals, drums, drum machines, electric bass guitar, electric guitar, fake choir, finger snaps, FM synthesizers, folding plastic table, handclaps, ~~improved melodeon~~, LinnStrument, mandolin, maracas, modular synthesizer, organ, pieces of paper, pe[illegible]el guitar, phase distortion synthesizers, piano, recorde[illegible]g, stylophone, tambourine, wavetable synthesize[illegible]

Peter Bjorndal - electric bass guitar, [illegible]aps, "hey," LinnStrument, modular synthesizer, [illegible]etable synthesizers.

For liner notes and other interesting information, visit archive.org/details/@friendly_puppy_music.

Other important links:
prairieclam.org
friendlypuppy.org
freeformfreakout.com/round-bale-recordings
roundbalerecordings.bandcamp.com

Recorded at The Friendly Puppy Music Centre for Basic Research – Satellite Office 2.

©MMXXII Friendly Puppy Music.

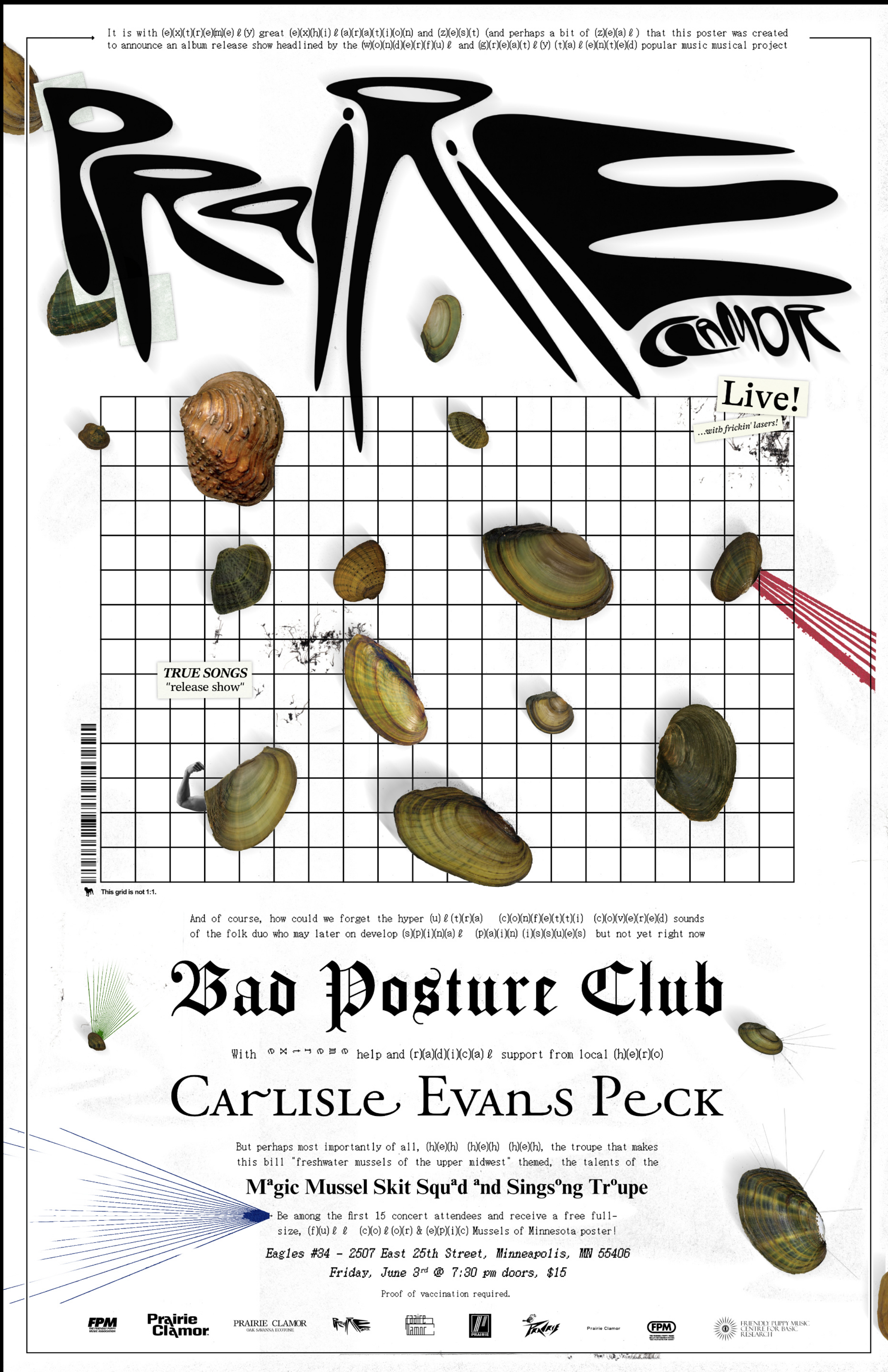
Thanks a bunch for listening!

Friendly

Prairie Clamor

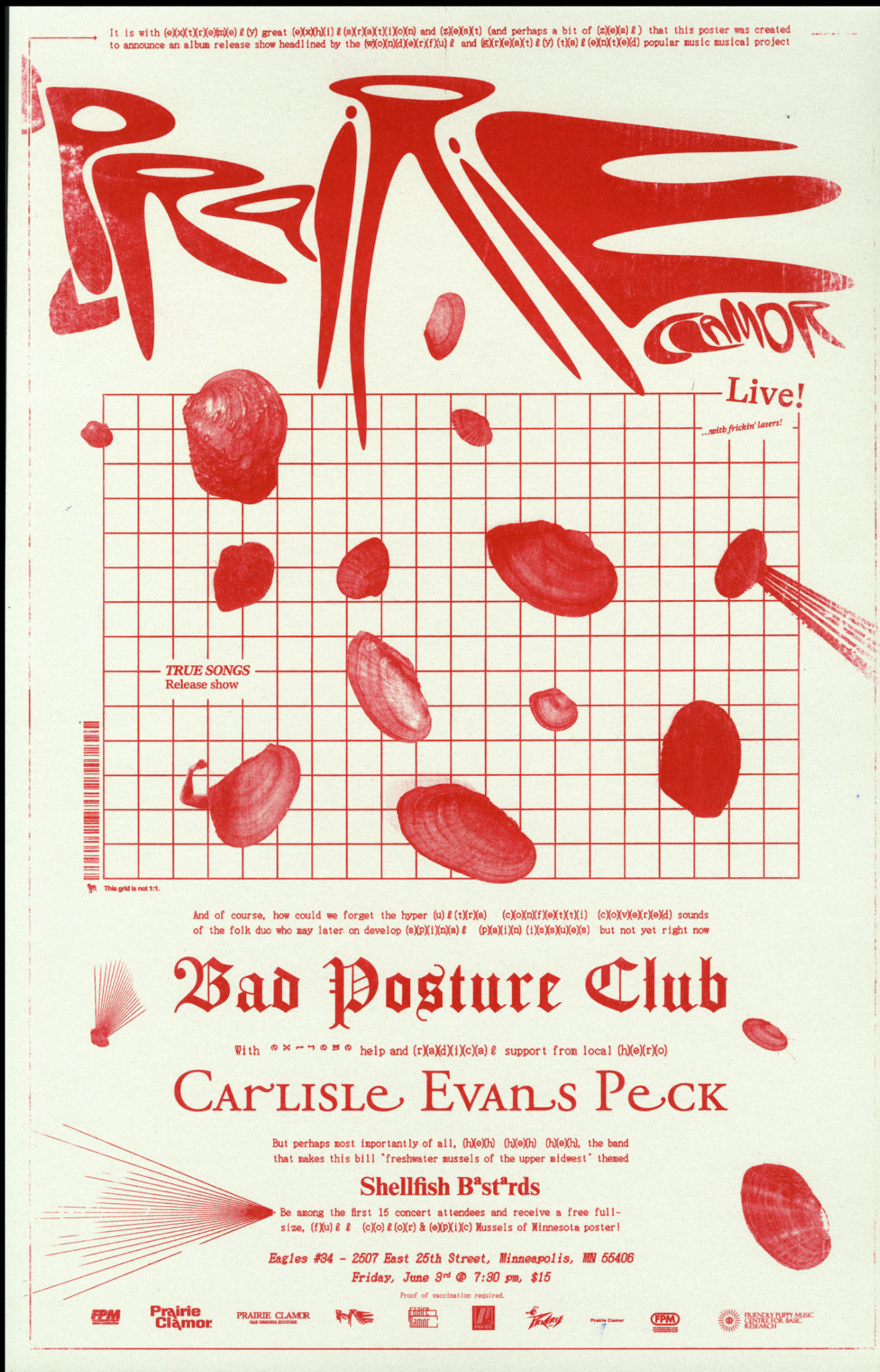





It is with (e)(x)(t)(r)(e)(m)(e) ℓ (y) great (e)(x)(h)(i) ℓ (a)(r)(a)(t)(i)(o)(n) and (z)(e)(s)(t) (and perhaps a bit of (z)(e)(a) ℓ) that this poster was created to announce an album release show headlined by the (w)(o)(n)(d)(e)(r)(f)(u) ℓ and (g)(r)(e)(a)(t) ℓ (y) (t)(a) ℓ (e)(n)(t)(e)(d) popular music musical project
Prairie Clamor
Live!
...with frickin' lasers!
TRUE SONGS
"release show"
This grid is not 1:1.
And of course, how could we forget the hyper (u) ℓ (t)(r)(a) (c)(o)(n)(f)(e)(t)(t)(i) (c)(o)(v)(e)(r)(e)(d) sounds of the folk duo who may later on develop (s)(p)(i)(n)(a) ℓ (p)(a)(i)(n) (i)(s)(s)(u)(e)(s) but not yet right now
Bad Posture Club
With extreme help and (r)(a)(d)(i)(c)(a) ℓ support from local (h)(e)(r)(o)
Carlisle Evans Peck
But perhaps most importantly of all, (h)(e)(h) (h)(e)(h) (h)(e)(h), the troupe that makes this bill "freshwater mussels of the upper midwest" themed, the talents of the
Magic Mussel Skit Squad and Singsong Troupe
Be among the first 15 concert attendees and receive a free full-size, (f)(u) ℓ ℓ (c)(o) ℓ (o)(r) & (e)(p)(i)(c) Mussels of Minnesota poster!
Eagles #34 - 2507 East 25th Street, Minneapolis, MN 55406
Friday, June 3rd @ 7:30 pm doors, $15
Proof of vaccination required.
FPM
Prairie Clamor
PRAIRIE CLAMOR
OAK SAVANNA ECOTONE
PRAIRIE
Prairie Clamor
FPM
FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC CENTRE FOR BASIC RESEARCH



True Songs album release show poster. Digital on left, RISO experiments this page and next. 11 x 17".



I could not for the life of me get a good red print.

True Songs Artist Statement Transcript:
WCEC THE PISTON 2021-10-27 1334.wav (7:34)

(Maroon 5 - "Sugar" ends)

record rip

WCEC! ~~~~96.9~~~~
THE PISTON
TODAY'S HIT MUSIC!
CEDAR RAPIDS, WATERLOO, IOWA CITY
ONLY the best hitmusic, 24 hours a day...
~~Hey this is Ed Sheeran and you're listening to K C E C~~
WCEC
IT'S DRIVETIME WITH PETER AND WILL.
P: today's greatest hits and
W: yesterday's greatest sh(beeep) *rooster call* alarm clock car starting airhorn whoopie cushion
NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, LAUGHS, AND TODAY'S BEST MUSIC on DRIVETIME WITH PETER AND WILL

(fast disco beat starts)

P: Alright Will, you will not believe this. Just got this news straight from WCEC.com, Over the weekend a Kansas man got arrested for—guess what?

W: It's Kansas, so you've only got a few options.

P: Well, I'm not gonna argue with that, Will. But get this—a Kansas man was arrested after getting into a kerfuffle with the owner of the local Hallmark store after he was told he couldn't park his—that's right—park his COW outside on the sidewalk. Authorities say the business owner asked the "cowboy" to clean up the fresh pile of, well, you know what, that the cow had left on the doormat outside the store.

W: This sounds like a big pile of bull to me, Peter

P: Hey Buffalo Bill, this is a cow we're talking about. An altercation followed after the cow's owner refused to clean up the whatzit. According to the Hesston County sheriff's department, the Kansas Cowboy (as he's now being referred to online) attempted to flee the scene atop the cow in question. He only got a few blocks before being wrangled up, and presumably, hogtied.

W: Things are udderly bizarre in Kansas.

P: And we never even figured out why the guy brought the cow

downtown! But I can tell you this much: someone's gonna have to go back to Hallmark and get that cowboy a sympathy card because he's been ordered to pay a $500 fine and perform 40 hours of community service.

W: Community service? My gutters are an important part of this community and they need cleaning.

P: And I'm sure those udders of that cow need cleaning too, but it doesn't quite work like that, Will. But, you can read the whole story and get today's precision piston weather update all at KCEC.com!

W: Check it out people. I heard our web staff really milked the story for all it's got.

P: Shifting gears here on the pison, I think you're going to have a cow with this brand new album that just landed in the studio.

W: Yeah, this one's from a new artist on the scene, goes by the name Prairie Clamor, not on the charts yet, but I wouldn't be surprised if this artist starts clamoring to the top sometime soon.

P: Are all the songs about clams or what?

W: If you'd just clam up for once you'd find out! I've got an excerpt from the liner notes right here. It says:

(Tone change)

> There's something mysterious and unnerving about music. How is it possible that one can listen to a song on the radio produced by an unknown team of people, a song created by a culture the listener couldn't point to on a map, and a song written by one's own self and still feel a connection to all three? To still have their melodies looping through one's brain? To still be moved to dance or cry or realize they need new strings on their guitar? I feel there is power in music—power to create shared experiences, to unite those unalike, to create joy, to sadden, to feel.
>
> I aspire to make music that is both universal and specific. Sure, one could argue that that's an oxymoron, but I'd wager that it is not. Hear me out.
>
> When I listen to instrumental music, music sung in a different language, or heck, any ol' pop song without

paying attention to the lyrics, the melodies and beats still enter my body. I don't know what the artist is trying to say, or saying, but I know that they sure as heck are feeling something—and in turn, I feel something too. If I'm really enjoying the squiggly air, I can look up the lyrics and dive deeper. With some music, the dive is unrewarding, like going head first into the kiddie pool. Some music, however, provides a deep, fascinating, and ultimately rewarding dive, like a plunge into an abandoned gravel pit filled with cool rainwater. I aim for the metaphorical gravel pit, yet I seek to do so without sacrificing accessibility in the name of artistic depth.

On True Songs, I strove to write melodies that anyone would be able to sing or hum along to regardless of their background. And, in the case of listeners who care to think of lyrics as more than just aesthetically pleasing syllables, I want them to be able to dive deeper and listen to a unique story with specific details that construct analogies and metaphors that relate to universal, connectable concepts. It is a way to be personal, a way to connect directly with the listener, to tell a specific story that they can tie to an experience of their own. Not everyone has gotten lost in an industrial park while riding their bike, but many have felt lost in the face of increasing industrialization, environmental destruction, and the depersonalization that comes along with capitalism's tendency for empty commercialization. I want to provide emotional relief from such experiences and spark joy, inspire curiosity, and celebrate That Which Is Good In This World.

It's a difficult needle for the artist to thread: too vague with lyrics and you end up with insipid soup not even fit to be served to "the lowest common denominator," too specific and the music becomes esoteric and only serves the one who created it. The same applies to instrumentation: too generic and people think it's crap, too experimental and people turn it off. On previous Prairie Clamor releases, I often leaned into the esoteric and experimental. True Songs is my attempt to seek a middle ground that is familiar to the listener, but still contains a personality unique to itself.

That was the goal for this album, at least. Was it achieved? Sort of. Of course, it is impossible to create something universal, we are who we are—I am a white person from rural Minnesota singing in English—but the attempt to reach out and connect with someone unfamiliar, I believe, is one of great importance.

P: Brand new music from Prairie Clamor, coming right up here on 96.9 the PISTON.

W: Don't forget you've got a chance to win TWENTY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS this morning at 8:40 for the Pat Mcgrath Chevyland Jack-in-the-pot giveaway sweepstakes.

P: We're entering another 40 minutes of nonstop music right after this, once again, 96.9 THE PISTON:

(Lapidary Jewelers ad)

(Olmsed County Waste Wizard ad)

(First two notes of Ed Sheeran - "Shape of You" play)

END

True Songs Liner Notes

Recorded Sept-Oct 2021 at the Friendly Puppy Music Centre for Basic Research - Satellite Office 2

Will Bjorndal - acoustic guitar, Audubon bird call, cymbals, drums, drum machines, electric bass guitar, electric guitar, fake choir, finger snaps, FM synthesizers, folding plastic table, handclaps, ~~improved melodeon~~, LinnStrument, mandolin, maracas, modular synthesizer, organ, pieces of paper, pedal steel guitar, phase distortion synthesizers, piano, recorder, singing, stylophone, tambourine, wavetable synthesizers.

Peter Bjorndal - electric bass guitar, handclaps, "hey," LinnStrument, modular synthesizer, wavetable synthesizers.

All music and lyrics by Will Bjorndal except "Backyard," with lyrics by Will and Peter Bjorndal.
Engineered, produced, and mixed by Will and Peter Bjorndal.
Mastered by the incomparable Neil Weir.
Album art layout by Peter Bjorndal.

Will wishes to thank:

☆FREAKIN' HUGE thanks to Das Avant for saving us from The Great Cranbrook Flood of 2021!
☆MASSIVE thanks to KT Severson for furnishing the stylophone and loving and caring for the S10!
☆HUMONGOUS thanks to Lizz Caicedo for a.m. jogging and being cool about me ruining your birthday surprise! Perhaps I should also take this moment to apologize for the "dead bat incident!"
☆IMMENSE thank you to the Cranbrook 2D department for being so freakin' welcoming!

☆IMMEASURABLE thanks to Sue Grove for access to the improved melodeon!
☆MAMMOTH thanks to Elliott Earls and Laura Bombach for supplying drums, some of which were robotic in their previous lives!
☆GARGANTUAN thanks to Peter Bjorndal for facilitating the first incarnation of the Friendly Puppy Music Centre for Basic Research!
☆ULTRA BIG thanks to Neil Weir for sharing your expansive knowledge with us!
☆FAST & BULBOUS thanks to Dave Perron and Round Bale Recordings for the cassette release and immeasurable help and guidance!
☆SPECIAL thanks to every single bobolink whose ethereal, mellifluous melodies have graced my lowly, unworthy ear holes!
☆ETERNAL gratitude to David Lynch for beautiful blue skies and golden sunshine all along the way!

Also, shouts out to:
☆David & Sally Anne Benson, your joyous spirit, kindness, and boundless curiosity are inspiring and invigorating!
☆Davis & Mikalah Harder, I didn't believe in fate until we met that day in The Sinkhole!
☆Alice & Don Browne, your neighborliness and songs about cookies, macaroni, and defamed cyclists are truly what this world needs!
☆Christie & Bella, there's nothing that made me happier than chatting with you on the sidewalk and in the backyard! If only everyone in the world were as honest as you, Christie.
☆MAPP 2021 field crew (Christina, Emma, Ian, Leslie, Lily, Liz, Rachel, Sophie), I miss Mondays; you people really know how to cook. And how to estimate ground cover. And how to geek out about plants. And sing rounds. Catch you somewhere between Lake Shetek and forever!
☆2020 EBWG Naturalists (Annelise, Kyla, Laura, Maia, Marielle, Mark), your botanical knowledge is staggering and your friendship during weird times has been deeply, deeply appreciated!
☆Sarah Pinsker, your ultra-rad novel Song for a New Day was, well, ultra-rad. Thanks for giving an ear to my humble realization of "Blood & Diamonds!"
☆The Hussalonia Founder, it's rare to find a friend who can provide genuine constructive criticism and musical mentorship. Thanks for both!
☆Caroline Alkire, your description of the swirling, eternal ouroboros of pigeons over the Lake Street K-Mart parking lot was, and continues to be, spot-on.
☆Sydney Reuter, maybe this year we'll actually sharpen our skates and wax our skis..? Your sticker placement is laser-accurate!
☆Bill Lindeke, can we collaborate on a "notable sinkholes of Minneapolis" pamphlet?
☆Peter, thanks for making this whole thing happen!
☆Mom & Dad, I sure lucked out to be born to you two!
♡Chester. I love you deeply and miss you dearly.

Peter wishes to thank:

☆

[sic]

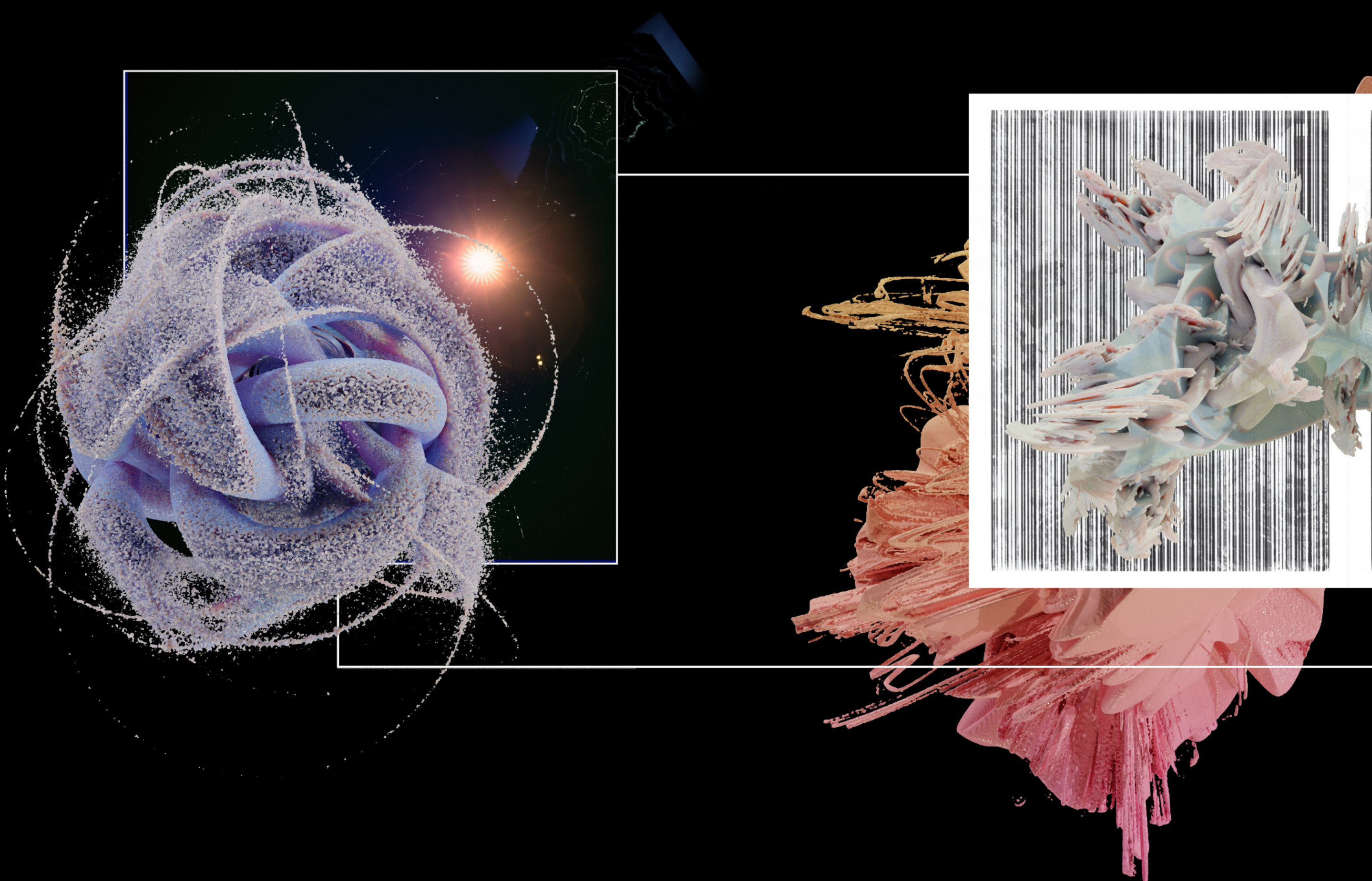
I Want To Meet Every Passerby

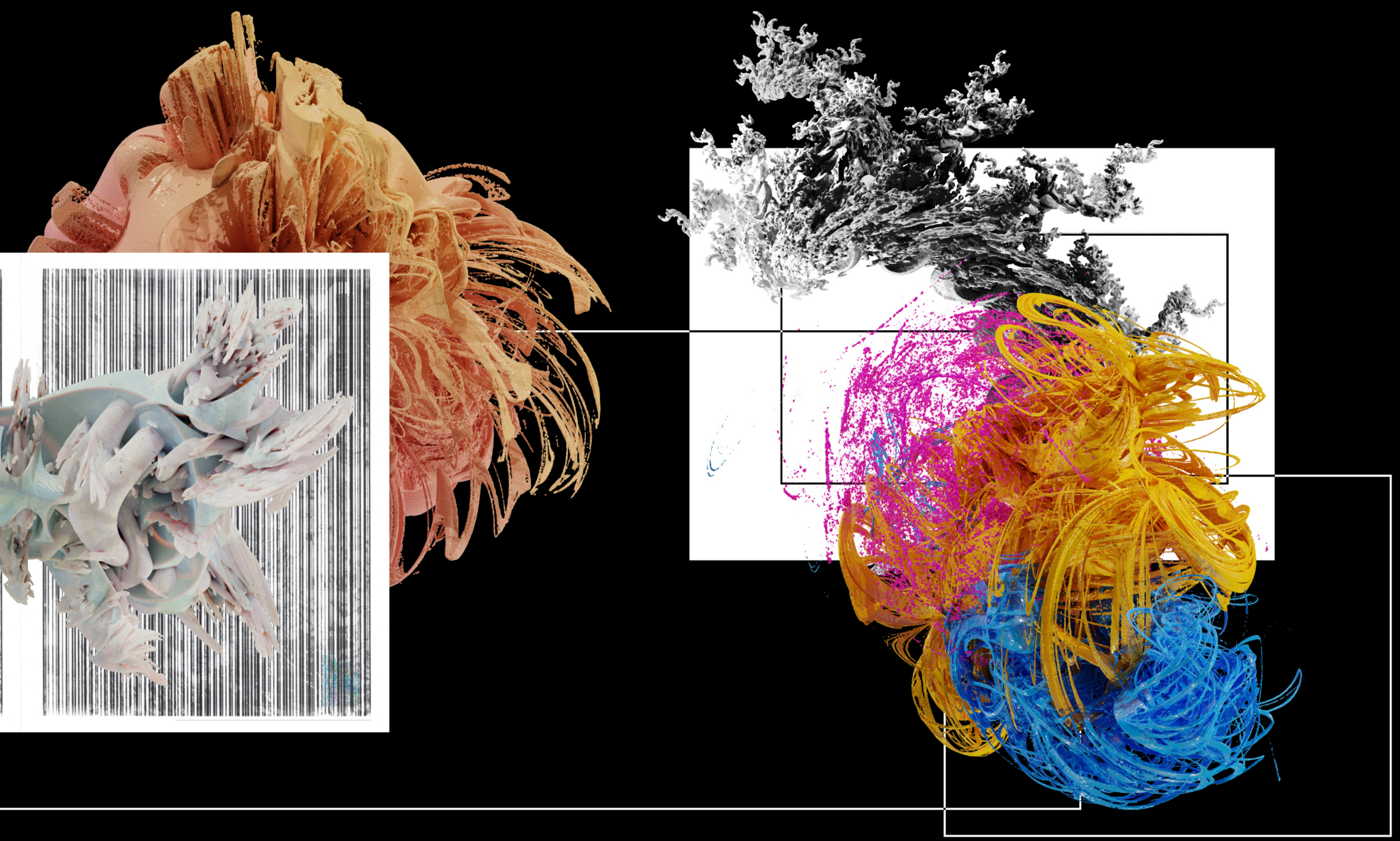
Statement, full image, detail images
Digital, 90000 x 54000 px, 2022

1. I guess I wanted to talk a little about an art piece. It would be a little bit like that classic image that the Hubble took of super deep space, "Hubble Deep Field." It would be an extremely high resolution image—think at least 200k by 200k—and have just one small part be visible. It's like in that image of space where you see all the galaxies and each little bright dot is a galaxy and then you see how pathetically tiny the sliver of space is that that photo was taken from. Holy living fuck! That's the feeling that I want to convey. I want to see everything but I can't. I want to zoom in forever and to the deepest level and it just keeps going and then when I bump my telescope just ever so slightly, billions of galaxies blur past just from that nudge. That, but with people. There are so many people doing so many things and they keep coming and coming and I want to learn about them all but it's impossible.

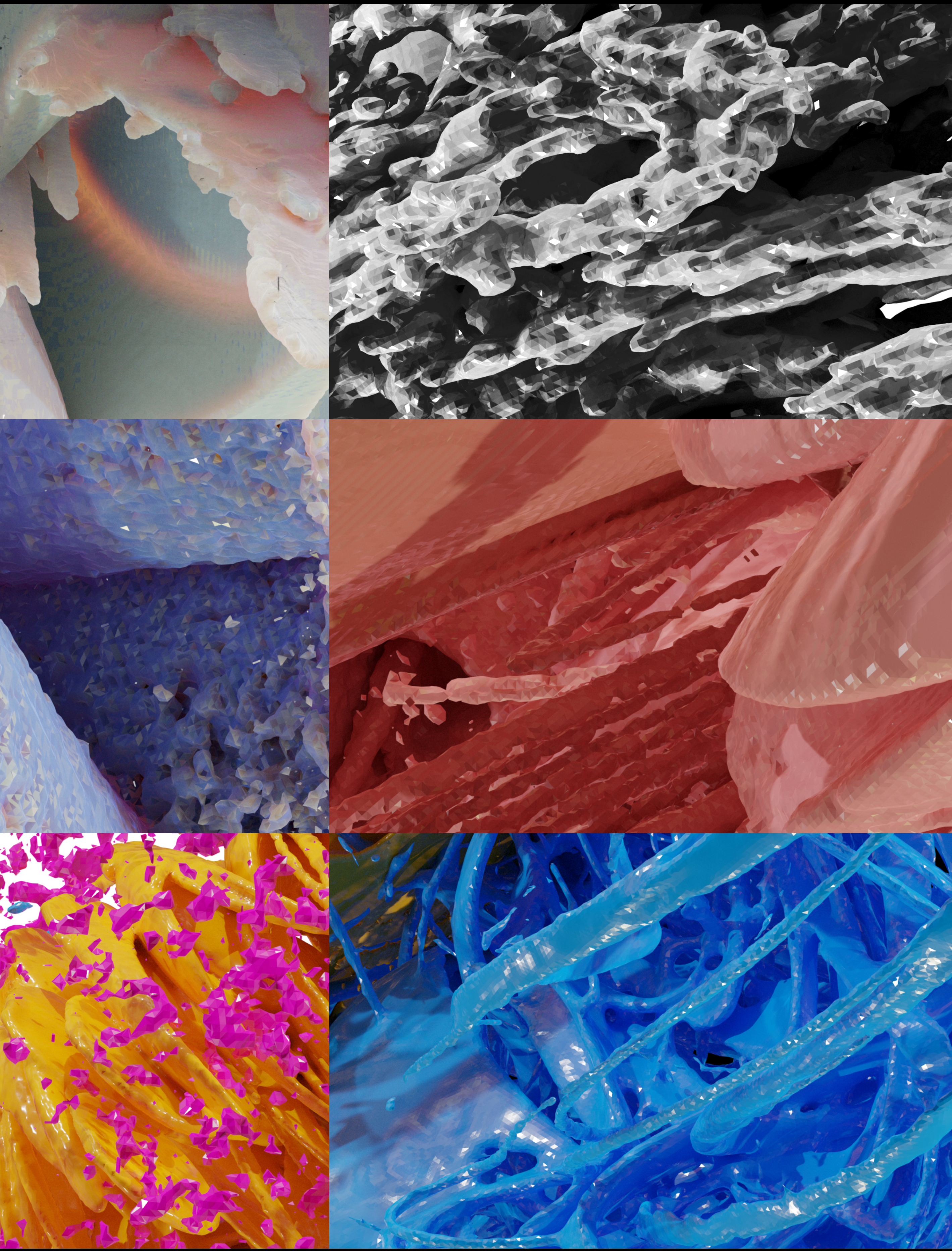
2. I dreamed it was winter and I was coming home and saw a spectacular aurora kind of near the house on the corner that looks north. It was really spectacular. I mean it really was. I wish I could see it again. In dreams like this I always try to take pictures and I was so happy that I was able to this time but then when I wake up I'm always sad I have no record of the event. The topic of the commoditization of my experience is whatever. Also, I'm not sure if commoditization of one's experience is a bad thing, after all, evolution exists and that probably helped people survive in some way.(?)

3. There are groups of people who think that one of the most important things you should do in your life is make the experiences you have in your dreams happen for real. I'm not saying a person's dreams of owning a home, I'm talking about a person's dreams like the ones where one fights a snake and rips its head off with one's teeth while in the backyard of their childhood best friend's house. Are either of those things the most important thing one can do? Probably not, but there are other options. I suppose one can reform one's conscious and subconscious dreams.









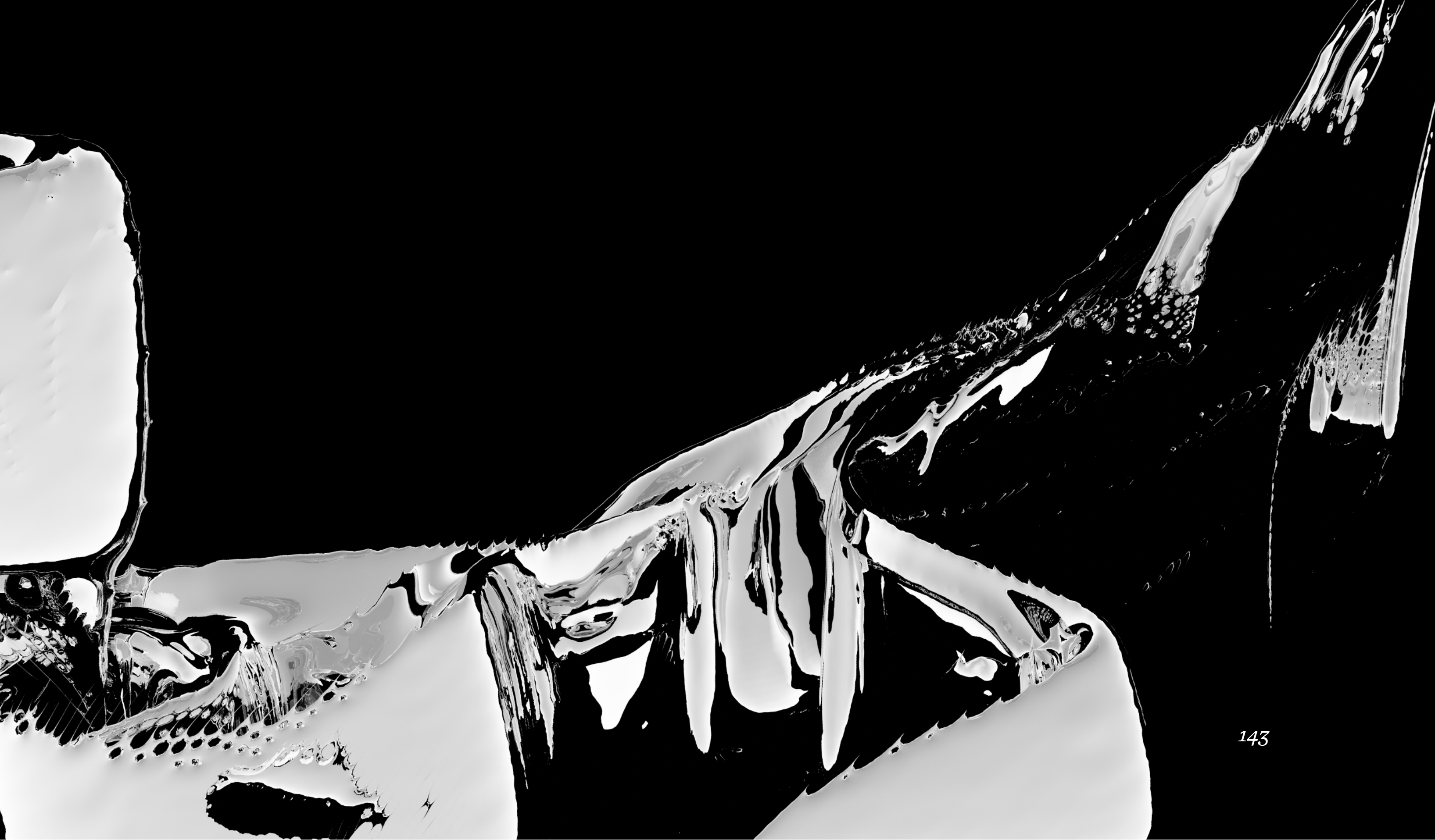
Moderately Notable Area

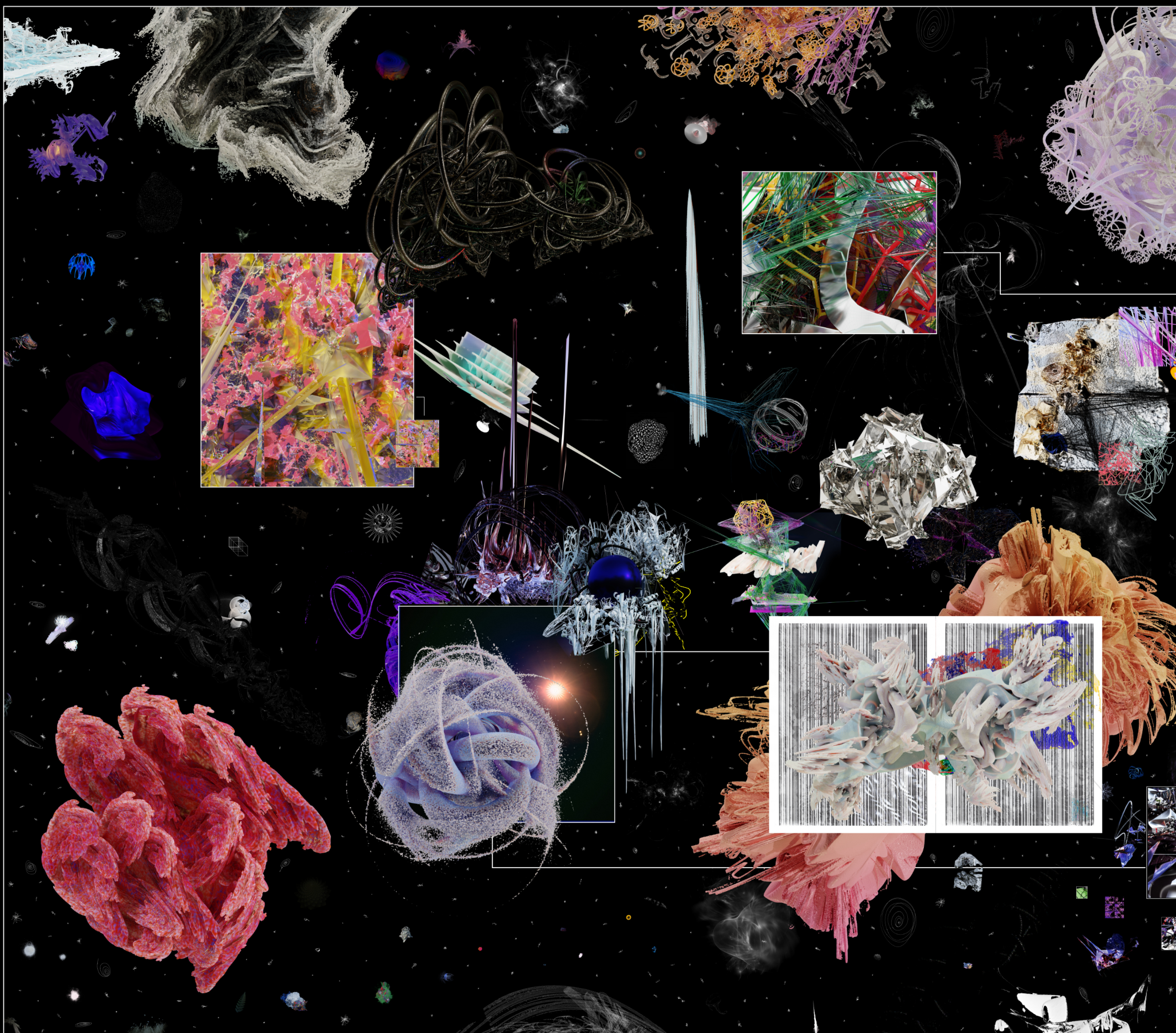
Statement, full image, detail images
Digital, 124780 x 70772 px, 2022



The Friendly Puppy Music Centre for Basic Research is a blue skies creative research organization with the ideal of cultivating radical hope on a planet growing—seemingly—more perilous by the day. Without revolutionary visions of a hopeful future, civilization will continue down a path of environmental destruction, value economic growth over holistic human development, and pursue numbers over minds. The first commissioned piece, *Moderately Notable Area* by Peter Bjorndal, takes direct inspiration from Deep Field images and reimagines space populated with objects generated by contemporary mathematical functions—many of them unearthed by those driven simply by mathematical curiosity.

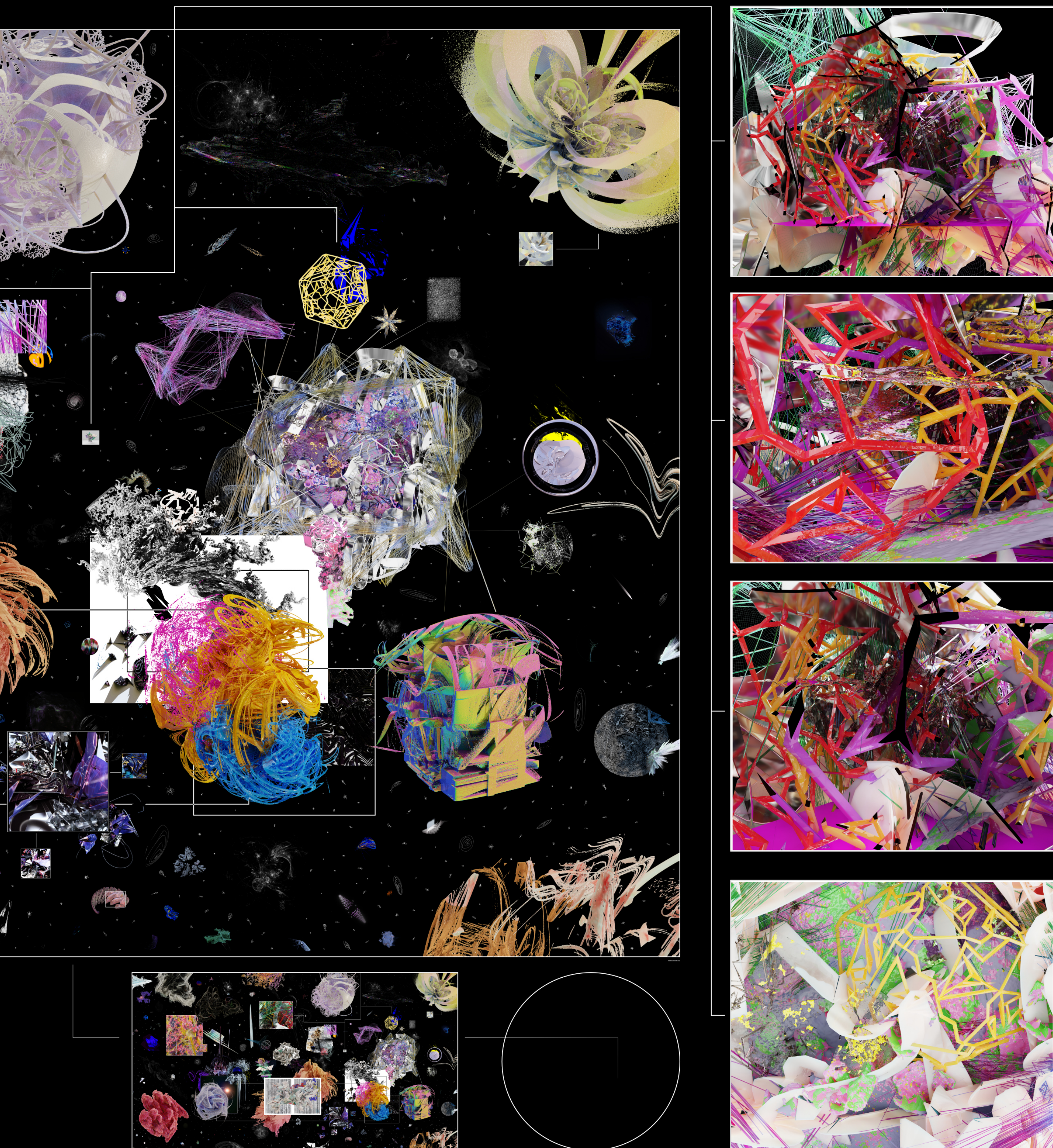
The night sky is one of the oldest existential quandaries, and some of the oldest known artworks are reimagionations of constellations. When we look at the stars, we wonder how we got here, why we got here, and how long we'll be here. It is safe to say that throughout the entire run of our species, we will never know the answers to these questions. However, we do control the answer to another pressing existential question: what will we do with our time while we are alive? *Moderately Notable Area* encourages one to look to the stars and one's neighbors, and realize that the only way to live in a better world requires one to imagine something seemingly impossible and commit to its creation. Whether it be recreating an image of the universe out of abstract shapes or lobbying to change one's city's archaic zoning laws, the future is in the hands of all those alive right now. Believe in radical hope!





FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC
CENTRE FOR BASIC
RESEARCH

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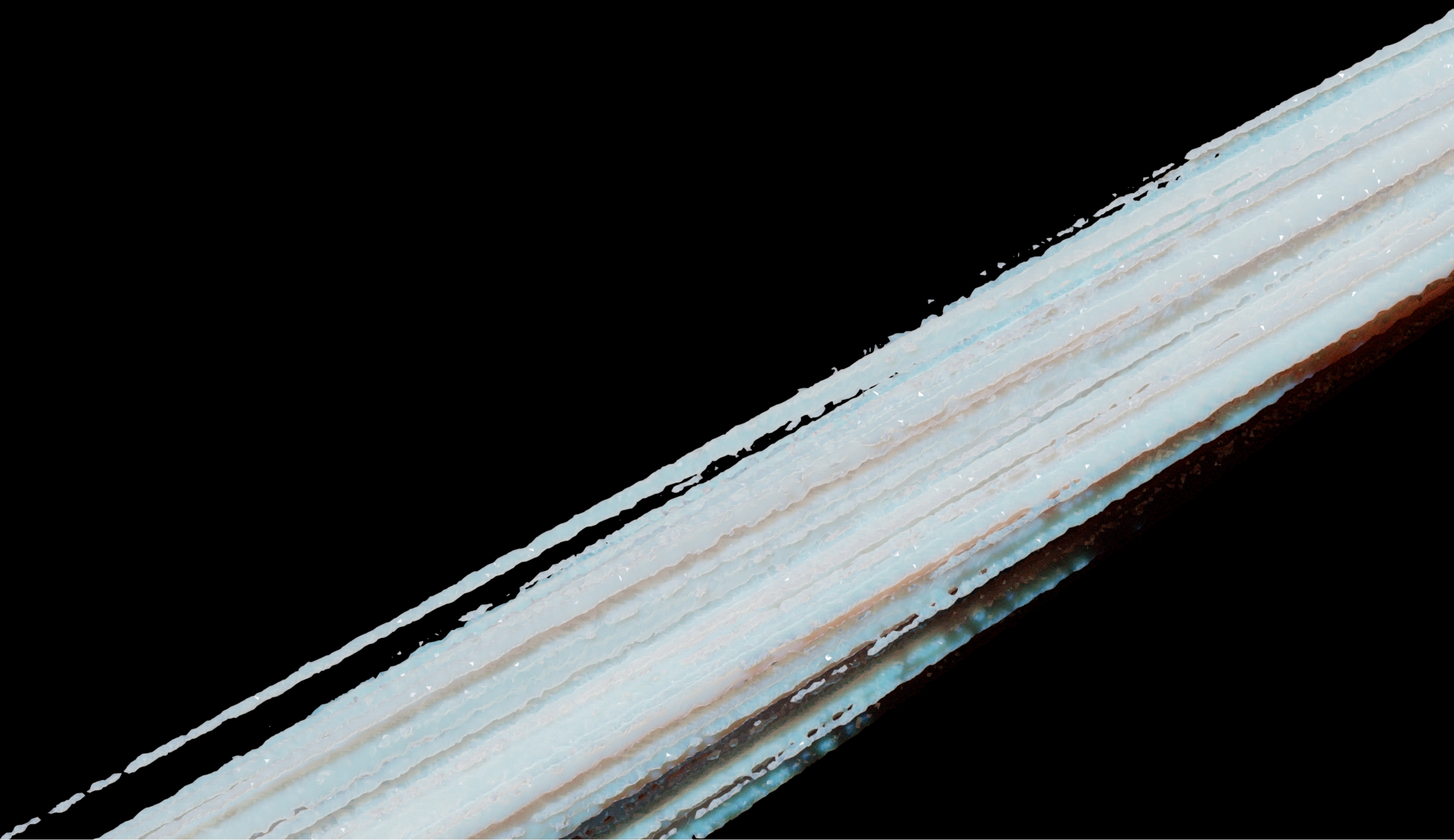

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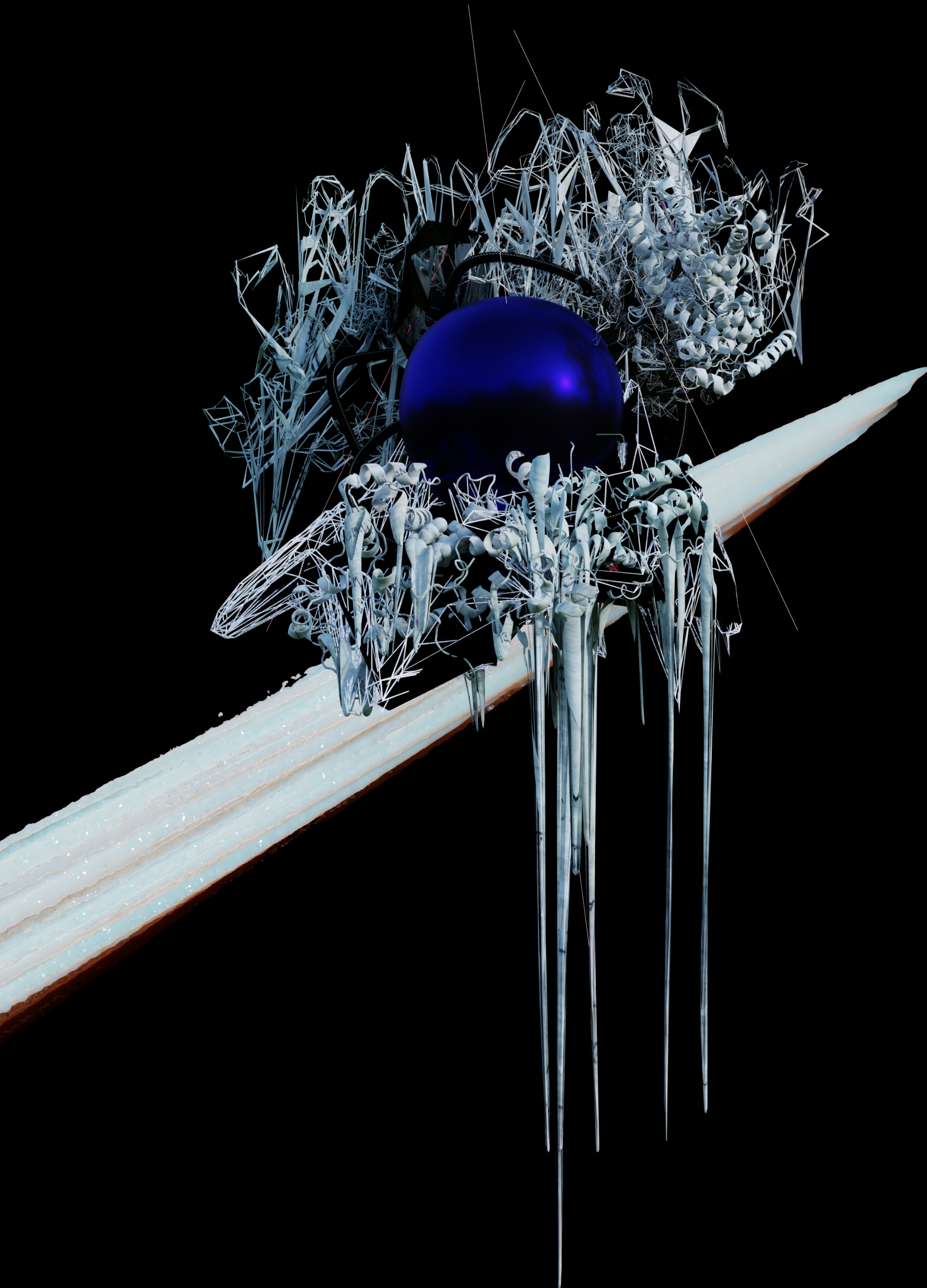

VE

Friendly Puppy Music Centre for Basic Research T-Shirt

Full images, detail images
USA-made long sleeve t-shirt

FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC
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RESEARCH





FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC

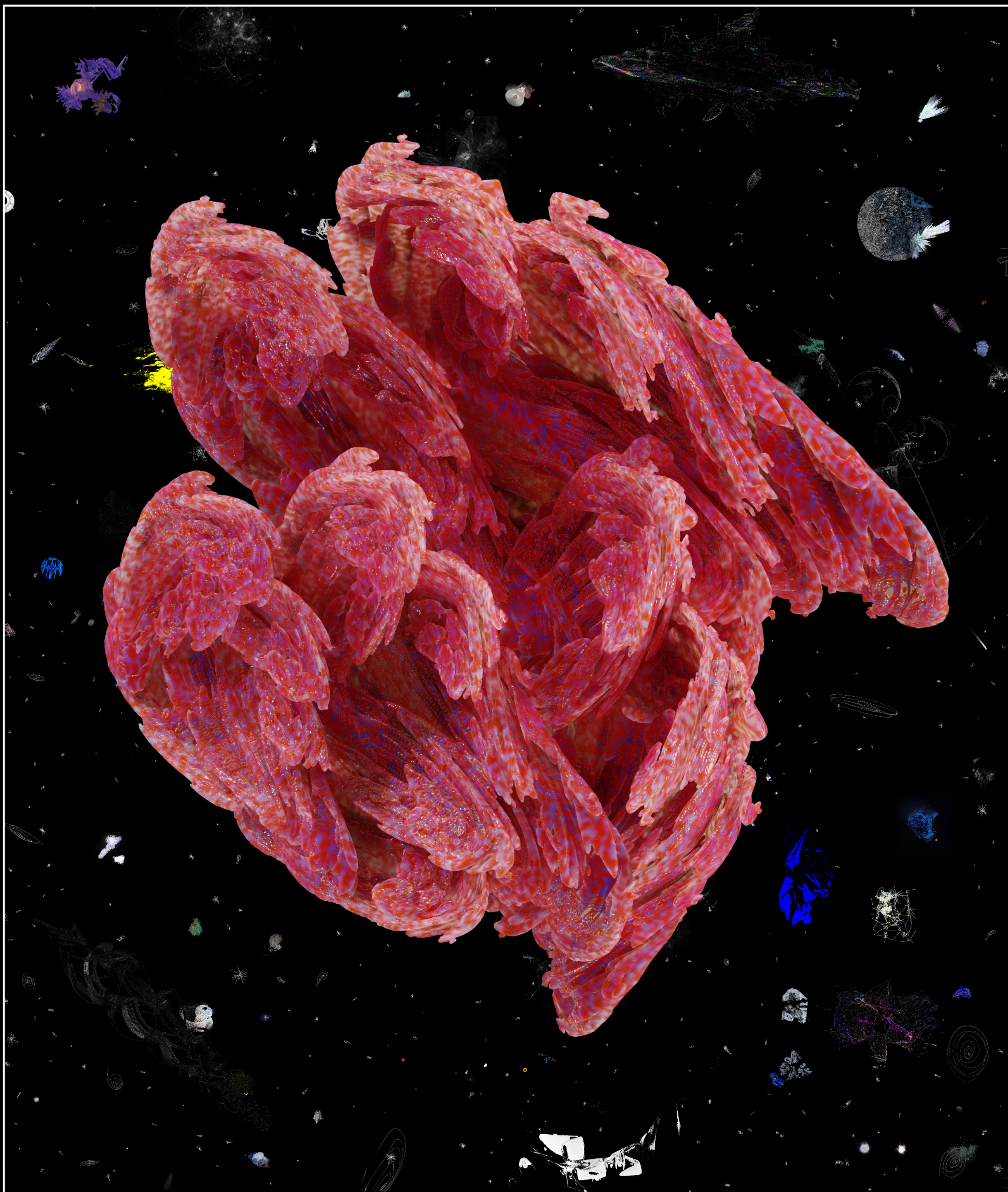


CENTRE FOR BASIC RESEARCH

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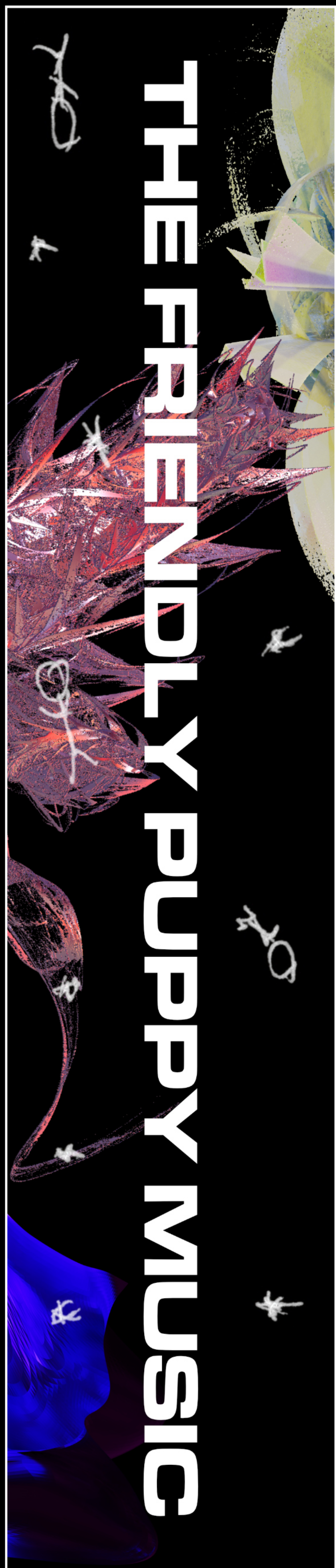
FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC
CENTRE FOR BASIC
RESEARCH

FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC

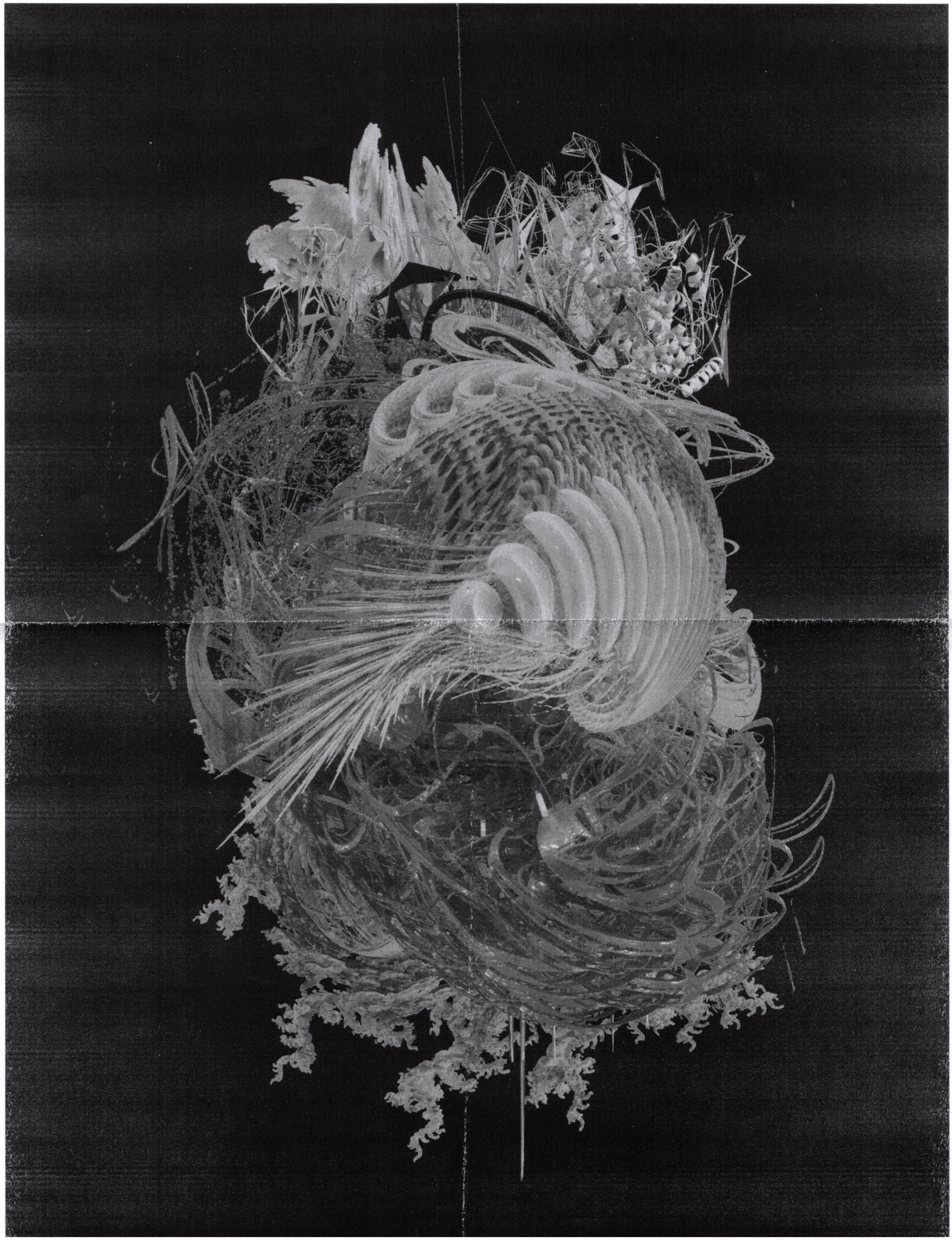


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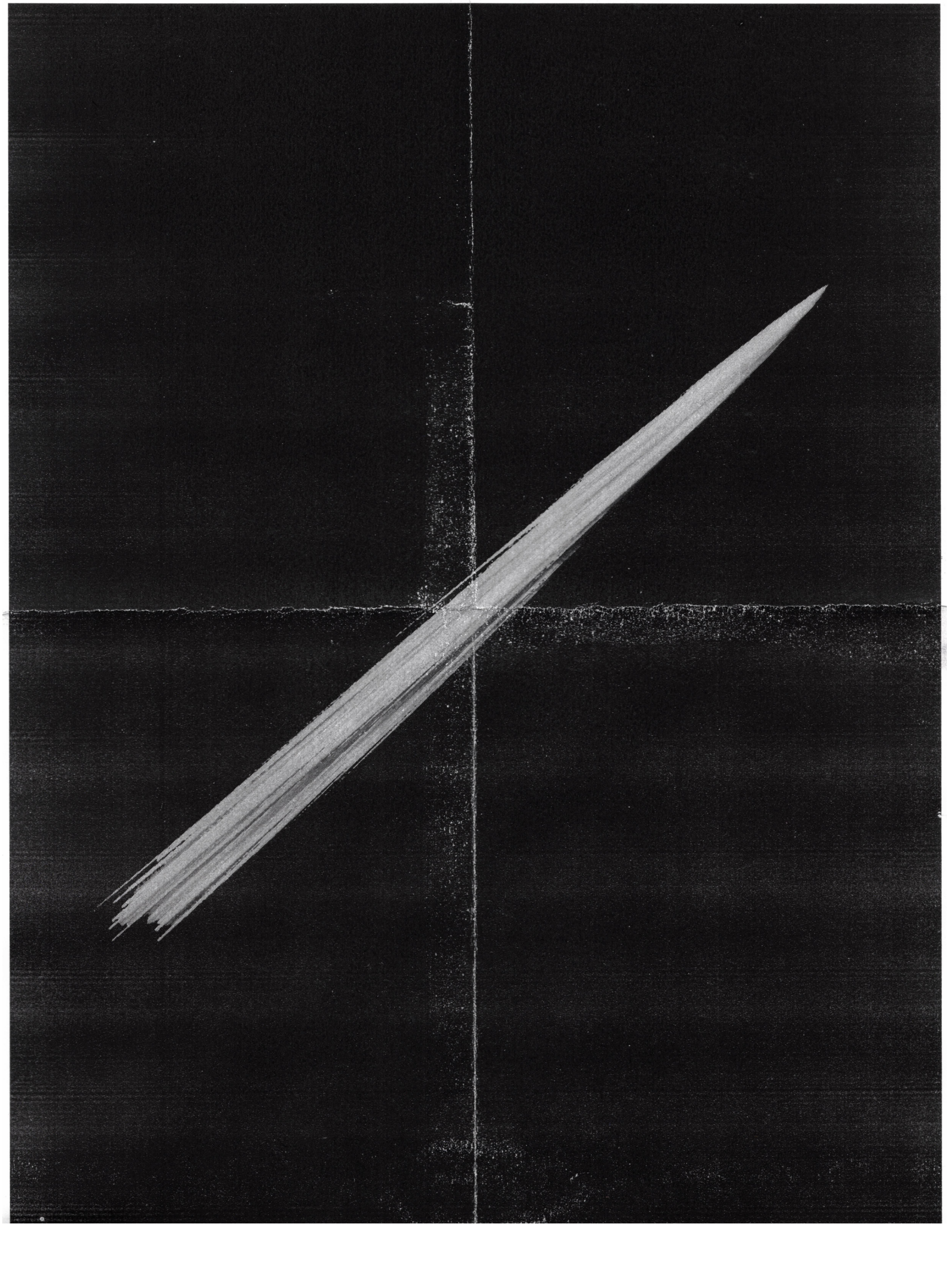
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THE FRIENDLY PUPPY MUSIC


CENTRE FOR BASIC RESEARCH



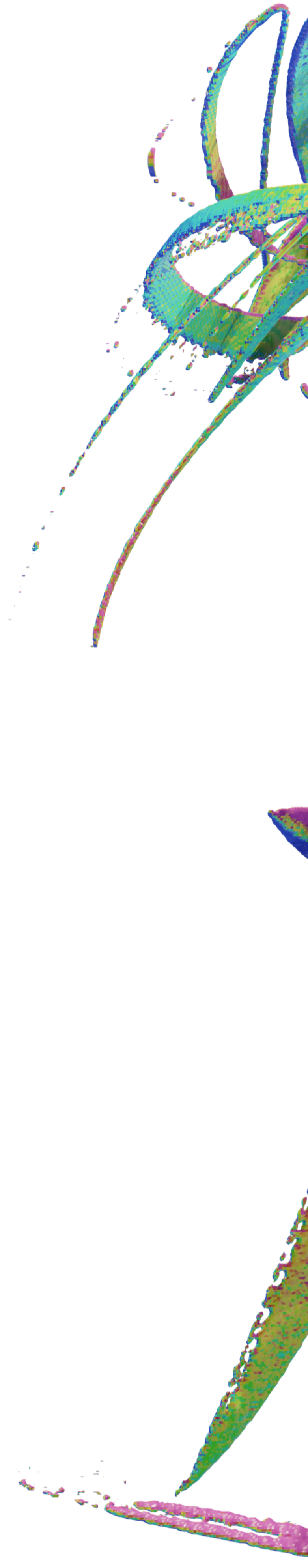
Unused 8.5 x 11″ statement tests that looked cool.



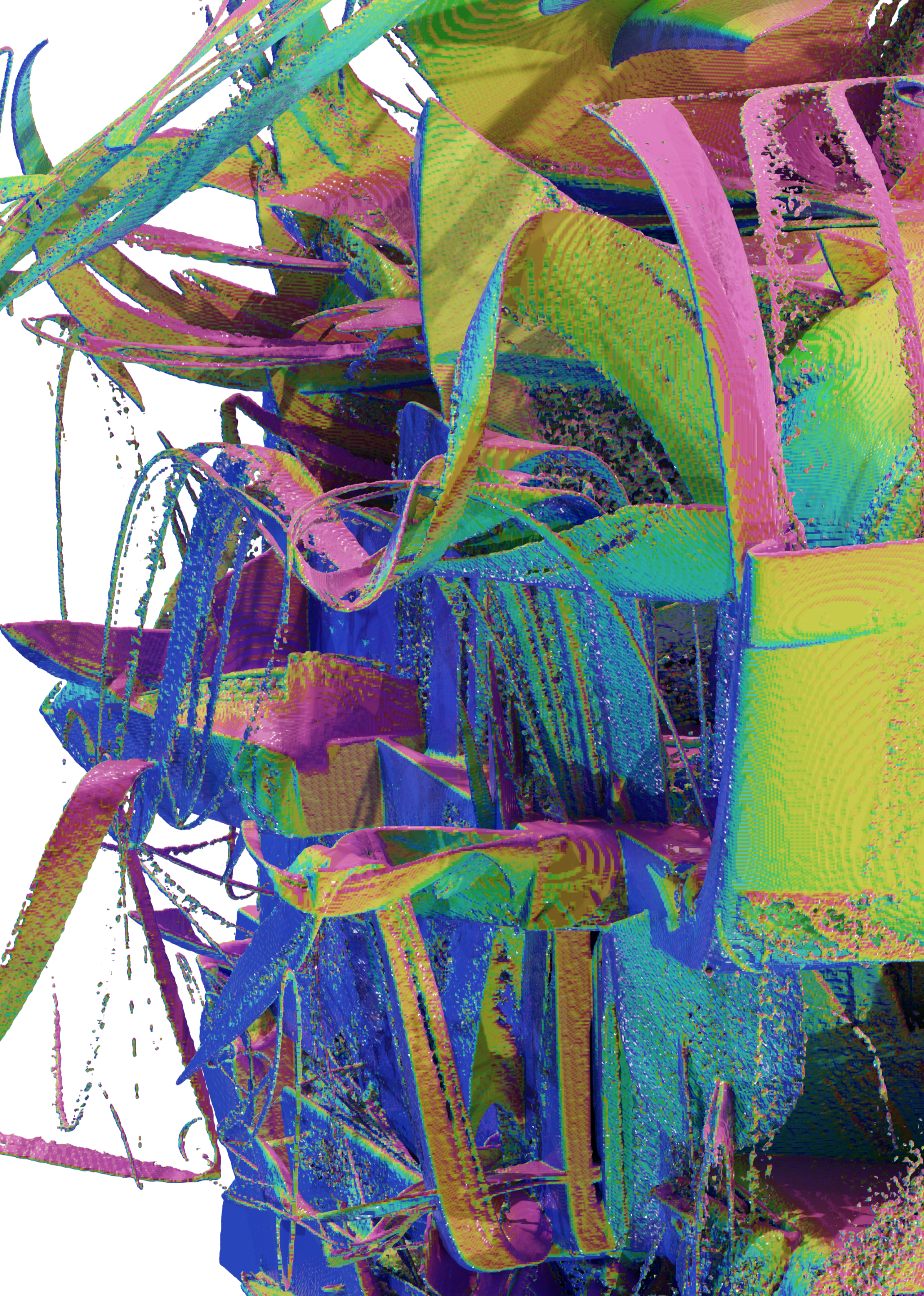


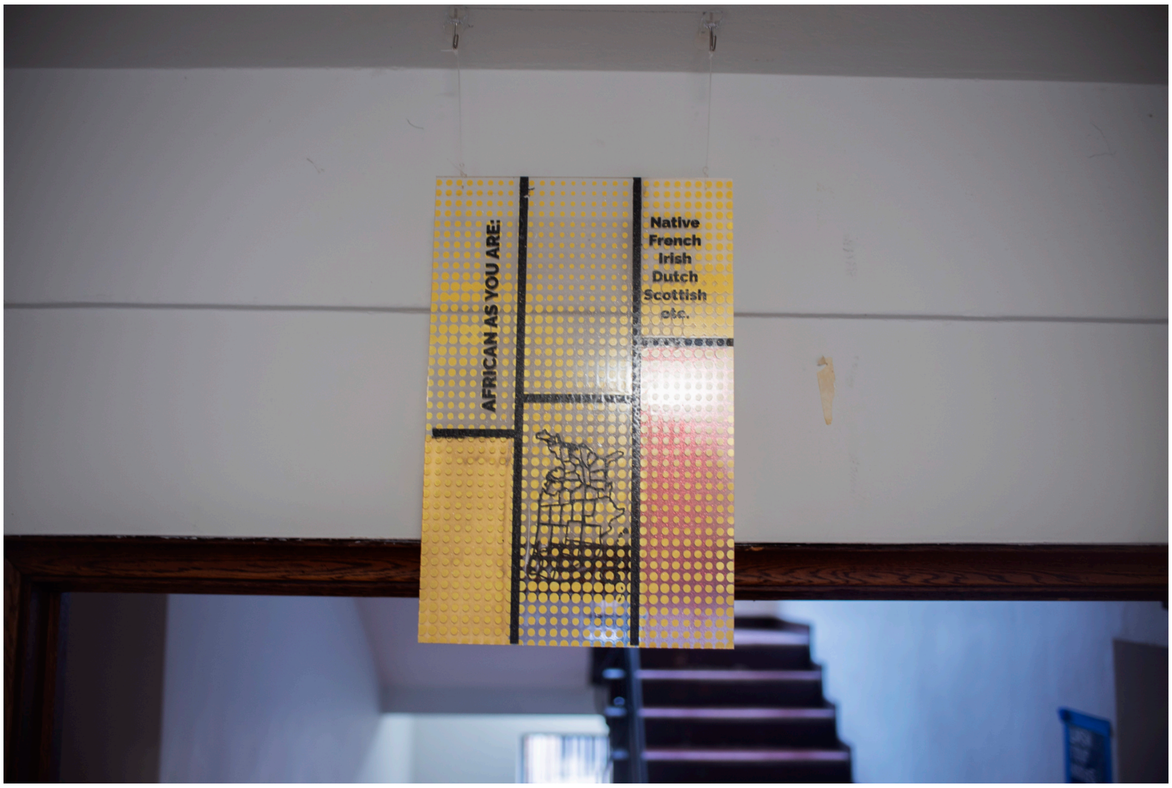


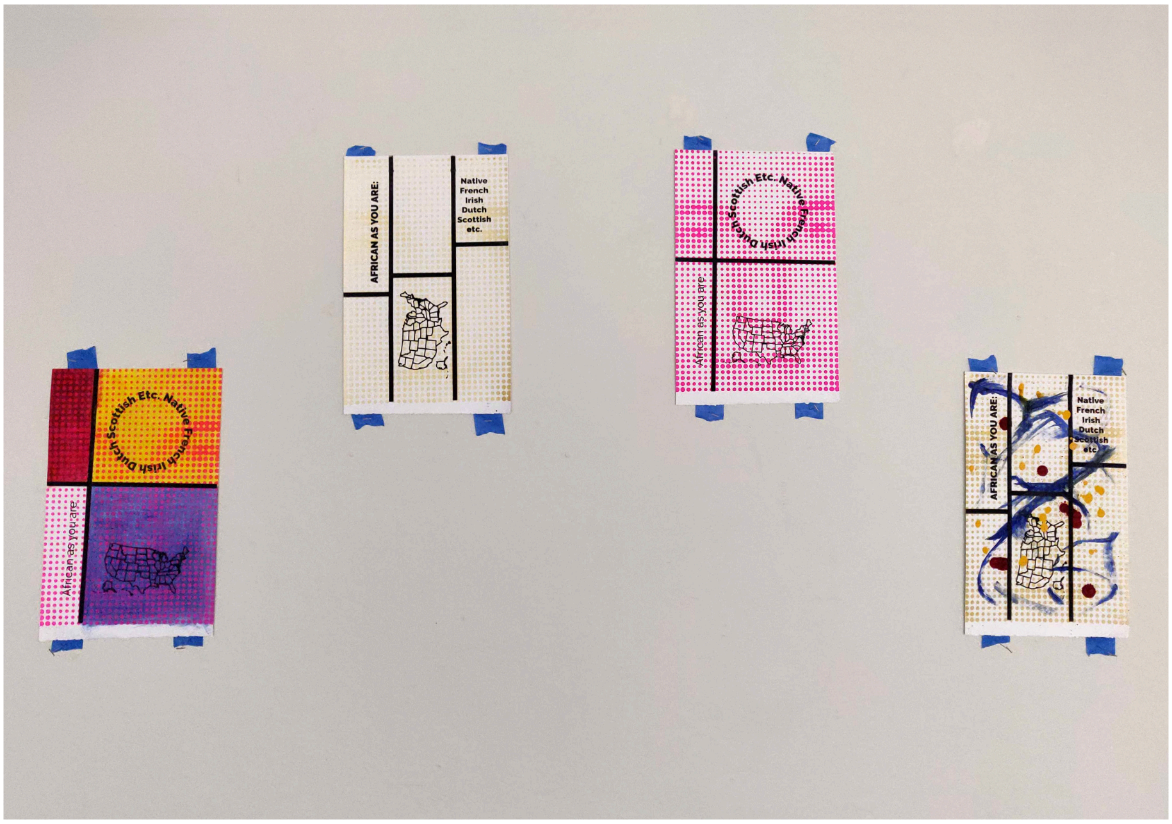
Like a big dummy, I forgot to take a picture of the piece when it was actually on the wall. My nerves were wracked! And now I have to send the book to print! Big oof! (To be honest, I was also sad that the colors didn't turn out as vibrant as I'd hoped. I kinda just ran out of time. The piece arrived later than it said it would, and if I had gotten a proof, it would'ved showed up late. So, I suppose, whatever.

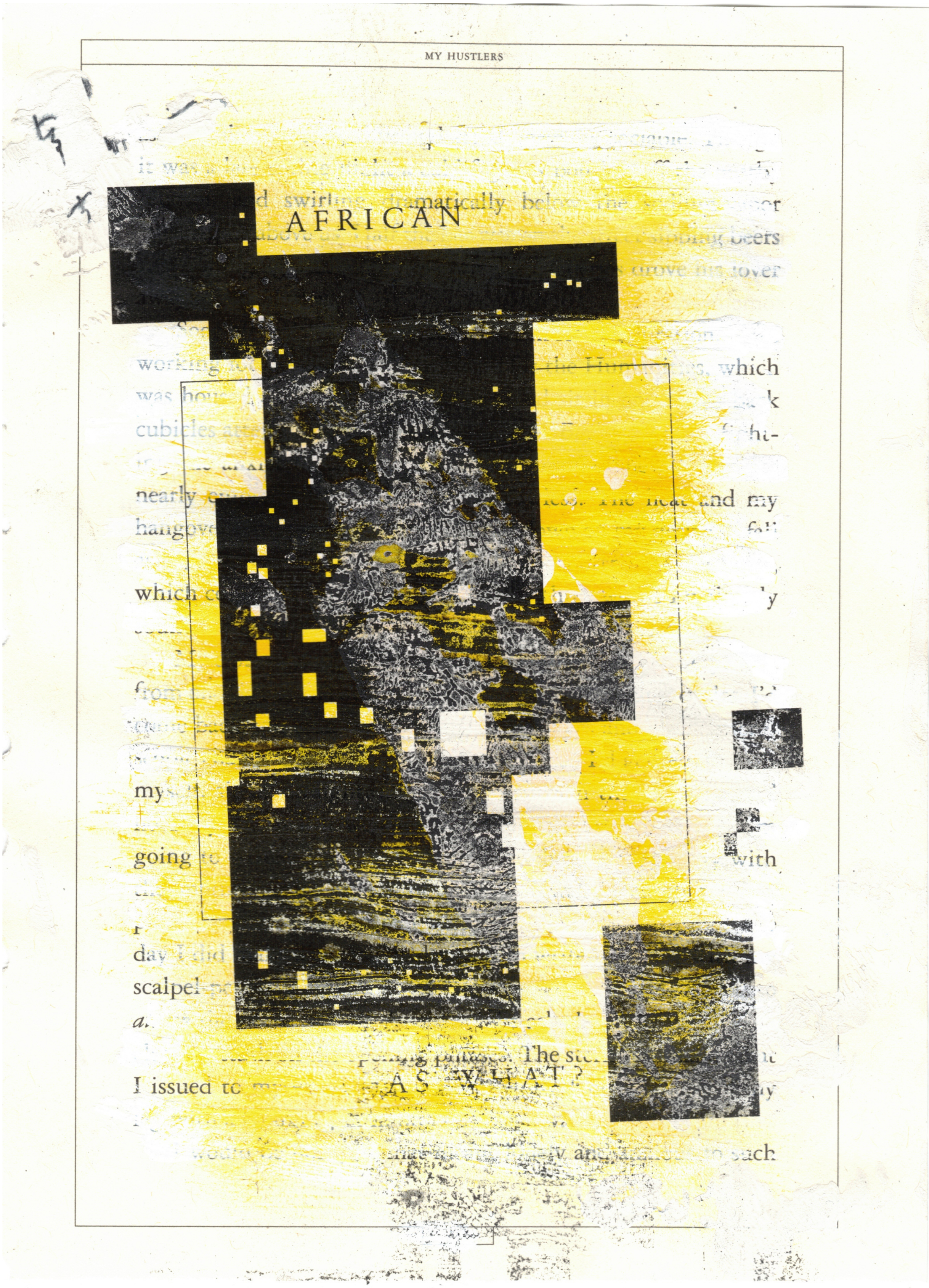


Reviews




AFRICAN AS YOU ARE:
Native
French
Irish
Dutch
Scottish
etc.


AFRICAN AS YOU ARE:
Native
French
Irish
Dutch
Scottish
etc.


MY HUSTLERS
AFRICAN
AS WHAT?

CHAPTER ?????????????????

A Continuation of Something Ongoing

This work preemptively answers many questions in the vein of, "So, can you trace your ancestry back to Africa?" or, "So, where are you from?" In the background of the prints, there is a rather imposing halftone image of a white male taking up the whole of the frame, suggesting this is the person posing the question. I see myself in the "reflection." To the one asking, the question is harmless, designed to break the ice with a stranger. However, questions like this, to a person who presumably has black skin due to their answer, can come off as leading and insensitive. The cumulative impact of having questions like this asked repeatedly can be detrimental to one's well-being. Other such questions of the socio-economic flavor include, "So, what do you do for a living?" or "You golf?"

Probes of the ilk a la, "Where are you from?" may imply that the asker considers the recipient of the question *not* to be a member of the asker's community. This can serve to invalidate a person's citizenship to the community they consider themselves a part of. Similarly, questions like "What do you do for a living?" are designed to quickly determine whether or not the ethnic minority to which the white male is speaking is worthy of the white male's small talk—and the person charged with answering the question knows it.

Frankly, these are rude questions and the person who asked them isn't entitled to a response at all, but this piece humors the tone-deaf white man with an answer. It's a good answer too, "African as you are Native, French, Irish, Dutch, Scottish, etc." The

outline of the United States suggests that the answer is that they're American. Pithy, I like it. It makes me question myself. Really, how much of my Norwegian heritage that I cling to and use as a part of my identity is still meaningful? I eat lefse once a year? My grandpa was born in Norway? Yeah, whatever dude, you're just an American, and a white one at that. If you were really fill-in-the-blank ethnicity, you'd be doing fill-in-the-blank every day. For me, that would be drinking sour milk. I don't drink sour milk every day. Me being from where they used to wear wooden shoes doesn't mean shit today. If I were really French, I'd smoke more, etc., etc., blah blah blah. Me, the white male, is just a white male from America.

You get the idea but I'll continue. This piece is for you, my friend's very white mom who claims to be one sixteenth Cherokee—add Elizabeth Warren to the mix while we're at it—and the functional alcoholic dude who has reddish brownish hair who claims he gets his stamina due to his Irish roots. This is tit-for-tat. You undermine my identity, I undermine yours. There's nothing wrong with that, this is a historically white supremacist state[1] and much of that still lingers.[2] This piece throws the rock back at the bully. We're all American and they're ain't nothing wrong with that.[*citation needed*]

The colors, mostly light pinks and yellows with some dashes of darker tones, to the white male in the reflection, are associated with words and phrases like "neutral," "non-confrontational," "harmless," or, "mostly harmless."[3] The text, while some is in all caps, is also read as smooth and inoffensive. There are even sparkles on some of them, this work is the epitome of the firm-but-sassy comeback. It's a "fuck you" sprinkled in fairy dust. It doesn't want to alienate the asker, it still thinks the asker can be redeemed, but it is certainly not kneeling before the asker's pale, clammy feet.

In this way, it's successful. Looking around, a plurality of the Academy's student body are the WASP type; this is a mostly white campus. For those here, this is a retort that's better to have been received preemptively. Learn to not ask rude questions, it's much

easier to learn the easy way than it is learning the hard way and feeling like an asshole later.

So, what's the problem? This piece is calling out white people's bullshit. Surely they deserve to be educated on their ignorance. Yes, they do. White people trying to "connect" to a black person need to learn how to interact with people of darker skin colors and realize that, being American, they share a huge amount of commonalities and don't need to resort to ethnic background Ancestory.com bullshit. We all buy overpriced fast food and we all hate but still watch the *Transformers* movies. The problem with the art is that the signal-to-noise ratio is too high.

One's interpretation of these prints is going to vary depending on whom the person is [*no shit, Peter*], and not simply due to Beauty being in the eye of the beholder. The prints placed on the white walls have more going for them and allow, by nature of their setting, an environment that encourages contemplation and nuance, to be studied closely. They are able to be read more easily than the ones hung in the dorm entryways and the admin lobby. One can approach the work in the critique room, sit down, and think about it. I can see the white dude's face much easier on the paper editions than I can on the editions hung in public space. In fact, I don't think I'd ever realize there was a face present in the work unless I'd seen the ones in the critique room.

Artwork that is placed in liminal space, the areas where people do not linger such as lobbies, hallways, landings, etc., are subject to different rules. Nuance that slowly emerges from the great white wall never shows its face to a person who pauses for just long enough to read the text before continuing to their sarcophagus of a dorm room. In cases like this, the message must be as clear as possible to avoid ambiguity. Think of art that is placed in liminal spaces, it's usually succinct pieces of advertising or decorative art simply meant to undrabify (usually unsuccessfully). When work that

relies on subtle details to drive its argument is placed in liminal spaces, shit can and *will* happen.

Again, many people may interpret this work the same way I see it on the white wall. After all, there are a lot of WASPs here at Cranbrook who need a good kick in the pants. Here's the thing though, and let me make this clear. All people living in this country need to understand the following sentence: You should never conflate those who have Native American Indian heritage to those who have European heritage in a way that undermines the person's roots. You cannot do this. You absolutely cannot do this.

And again, it's fine to call out someone for being a fake French person. France still exists. Scotland still exists. People with ancestry from those countries who live in the United States are white and get along just fine. There is no culture erasure here. (I concede, it wasn't always that way, but it is now. Most people consider folks with Irish and Italian ancestry white.) However, when you look at this for an instant and don't see the white male face looking back at you, it's just as easy to read this work as, "yeah, you're just as Native as I am African." That is to say, not at all except for maybe your skin color.

As far as I know, I don't have native ancestry. I don't know who does on this campus. I am not speaking for them. What I am saying, however, is that the United States has a long history, up until the present day, of emitting constant pressure to undermine and invalidate the identities of native peoples. They have had their children stolen from them and sent to reeducation boarding schools to be assimilated into so-called "American" culture.[4] They have been put, during peacetime, into concentration camps.[5] They have been sent on death marches that the literal Nazis used as inspiration for their Todesmärsche.[6] Every single of the 500+ US–Indian treaties has been violated.[7] A huge number of their sacred spaces have been desecrated.[8] They have been subject to propaganda smear campaigns.[9] There have been state-funded crusades to destroy their primary food sources.[10] Still, to this very day, Native American Indians are

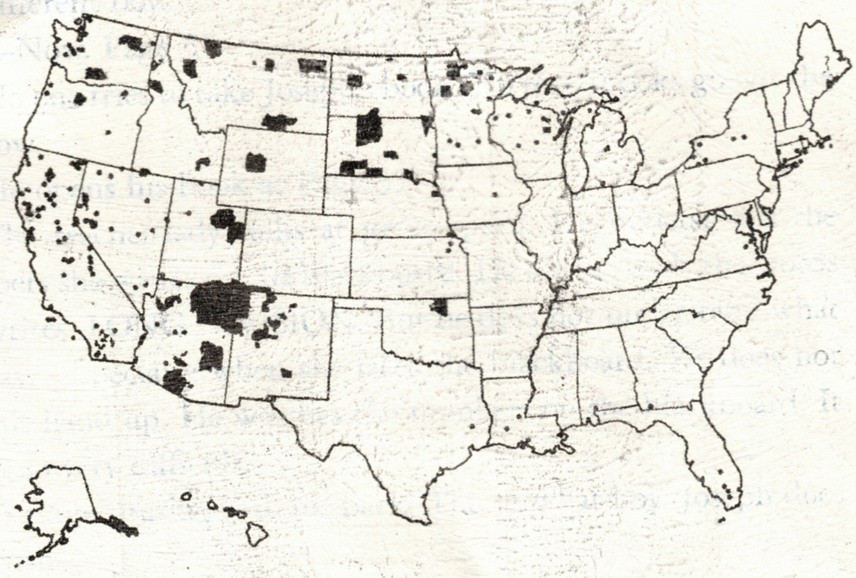
dealing with injustice over their land.[11] The list goes on. And on top of it all, they are *still* having their identities questioned by being gaslighted, among other ways.[12] ("Gaslight" defined as "to manipulate (someone) by psychological means into questioning their own sanity.") Whether it's intentional or not, this work is feeding into a narrative that seeks erasure of one of the most oppressed groups of people in this country.

For the white people in the room, here's an analogous example closer to home—err, rather, closer to the forefront of the mind, as Native American genocide is always close to home—from philosopher and DJ, Terre Thaemlitz (aka DJ Sprinkles):

> House is not universal. House is hyper-specific … The contexts from which the deep house sound emerged are forgotten: sexual and gender crises, transgender sex work, black market hormones, drug and alcohol addiction, loneliness, racism, HIV, ACT UP, Tompkins Square Park, police brutality, queer-bashing, underpayment, unemployment and censorship – all at 120 beats per minute." … "When Madonna came out with her hit "Vogue" I knew it was over. She had taken a very specifically queer, transgender, Latino and African-American phenomenon and totally erased that context with her lyrics, 'it makes no difference if you're black or white, if you're a boy or a girl.' Madonna was taking in tons of money, while the Queen who actually taught her how to vogue sat before me in the club, strung out, depressed and broke. So if anybody requested "Vogue" or any other Madonna track, I told them, no, this is a Madonna-free zone. And as long as I'm DJing, you will not be allowed to vogue to the decontextualized, reified, corporatized, liberalized, neutralized, asexualized, re-genderized pop reflection of this dance floor's reality![13]

When one states, as this work does, that someone else is not African or Native or French and instead implies that they, and we, are all American, one feeds into the grand American anti-native and pro-nationalistic colonialist narrative. Fuck that. There are people who live within the confines of these United States who want nothing to do with being American and they have every right to do so.

I think the piece has America's well-being in mind. It wants to let everyone know that, hey, we all share a common heritage, at least to some extent. We have common ground. It's true, regardless of skin color, most of us do have more in common than we think. But when there are people whose histories are on the verge of being forgotten due to forces of pro-white nationalism, where people who have that heritage already struggle enough to figure out who they are, is it in the best interest of America to erase their background? No, I don't think so and I don't think this piece thinks so, but it sure as hell reads that way when I walk past it on the way to my dorm room.



Map of the United States of America

1. See the Wikipedia page "White supremacy in the United States" with all of its 120 subcategories if you don't believe me.

2. See previous endnote and click on like any of them that don't mention Thomas Jefferson in the title. Other topics for you to search for online: restrictive voting laws, racist computer algorithms, etc.

3. Pink and yellow being associated with femininity, cowardice.

4. See the very large Wikipedia article, "American Indian boarding schools."

5. See the Wikipedia article, "Indian removal." Also read the article, "A Brief History of US Concentration Camps" by Brett Wilkins.

6. You can read a book review of The American West and the Nazi East by Carroll P. Kakel, III titled, "How Hitler found his blueprint for a German empire by looking to the American West" at Waging Nonviolence.

7. See Wikipedia's list of United States treaties. Please note that it cites five additional sources backing up that claim.

8. Personally the most offensive to me is Criel Mound, which locals turned into a horse racing track around 1840. Just last May there was an oil spill on Crow Reservation.

9. See "Propaganda: 6 Works of Art That Shaped America's View of Natives" from Indian Country Today. As well, Smarthistory's video, "The making of an American myth: Benjamin West, Penn's Treaty with the Indians" is also worth watching.

10. See 'Kill Every Buffalo You Can! Every Buffalo Dead Is an Indian Gone' by J. Weston Phippen published in The Atlantic. Vox just did a video on this topic too titled, "Why the US Army tried to exterminate the bison."

11. See https://iltf.org/land-issues/issues/ or also go look at those treaties the United States has broken again that haven't been resolved.

12. See "The Native American Identity Crisis and the Rise of Suicide" from Native Hope.

13. From the second and third tracks from the album *Midtown 120 Blues*.

Garamond BQ

Lizz Caicedo
Reformatted from caicedo.by.bjornd.al



A critique of the work of Lizz Caicedo.



Originally performed by Peter Bjorndal on
11/11/21 for the 2D Design department at
Cranbrook Academy of Art.

[*Slowly, with emphasis on each word of his name. From there, dramatic narration.*]

Ludwig Josef Johann Wittgenstein: one of the greatest and keenist philosophical minds this world—and thus the known universe—has ever had the pleasure of allowing to Exist.

[*Breathe in deeply, follow with a strained and high-pitched voice.*]

In 1953, two years after his death, the opus—no—the *magnum* opus, *Philosophical Investigations* was published to [*misspeak and say "universals"*] universal acclaim. Well, except for one man who had a problem with it, trust fund kiddie—and [*have voice crack if you can*] notable atheist [*look around the room*]—[*switch to British accent*] The Right Honorable Sir Bertrand Arthur William Russell, 3rd Earl Russell - Order of Merit, Fellowship of the Royal Society, whomst've said this about Wittgenstein's writings:

[*Continue in a British accent even though it will soon cease to be funny*.]

> I have not found in Wittgenstein's *Philosophical Investigations* anything that seemed to me interesting and I do not understand why a whole school finds important wisdom in its pages. Psychologically this is surprising. The earlier Wittgenstein, whom I knew intimately, was a man addicted to passionately intense thinking, profoundly aware of difficult problems of which I, like him, felt the importance, and possessed (or at least so I thought) of true philosophical genius. The later Wittgenstein, on the contrary, seems to have grown tired of serious thinking and to have invented a doctrine which would make such an activity unnecessary. I do not for one moment believe that the doctrine which has these lazy consequences is true. I realize, however, that I have an overpoweringly strong bias against it, for, if it is true, philosophy is, at best, a slight help to lexicographers, and at worst, an idle tea-table amusement.

[*Back to ####### #. ######### impression*]

So too does the self-effacing orator of this essay believe that philosophy, and thus, critical art theory, is nothing better than something to do with your rich trust fund buddies as you discuss marketable artists whomst'd've'nt you will try to prop up for your next tax evasion scheme. (Note: This was not Wittgenstein's argument.) [*Really sell that I am smart and that everything I say is true even though I don't back it up, and especially sell the idea that this is not a cop-out argument*.] Therefore, I will be citing no further references as to not end up coexisting in the wretched ignominy that Sir Bertrand A.W. Russell's corpse found itself in.

[*Turn Page.*]



[*In normal voice, but sounding a little pissed off.*]

I bring up Wittgenstein, and that whole diatribe, for when I first saw this piece I thought of his idea of a private language—the idea that "a language understandable by only a single individual is incoherent." But that was mainly because I couldn't fucking read any of the shit that these posters had on them except for the word "please." Upon closer inspection, I realized that, in fact, I could read them. That, tragically, threw a wrench in my plan to bust out my unique, and not totally dry and boring and smug fifty thousand word essay on why [*switch to smart person voice again, briefly*] it is I whomst'd'vd'vgd'ggh'gh'd'ghveve'd've is the smartest person in the world. Instead, it brings me no pleasure to talk about the other reason to bring up Wittgenstein—his resplendent love life. Iykyk. (Putting that acronym here further enhances the solidity of my unsubstantiated claims I make later on. That being said, iykyk.)

Yes, I then imagine a young Wittgenstin, or me, or you, lying on the grass looking up at the sky, thinking about desires. A language within yourself you're working on sorting out: incomprehensible thoughts gradually floating from your chest, rising into the air, and forming words you can sort of comprehend. They're merely whisps: blink or scratch an itch and the cirrus clouds of text have morphed into something else. For a moment you're self-aware, you understand your desires. "I want you only if you want me too." Hhhgh, I'm glad I got that off my chest.

[*Turn Page.*]

[*In normal voice.*]

I appreciate the wholesome nature of this creature's thoughts. They want the connection to be reciprocal. What's the use in loving someone who doesn't love you back? It isn't very productive. It sure wouldn't make me happy. It sure would be a waste to want someone who doesn't want you back… (I never follow this up. It's just red herring foreshadowing to keep your interest.)

The piece is so nervous but so competent. The shaky writing, the shaky spiral, the shaky background, it feels so anxious. Err, unquiet. Yet it looks so thoughtful. It's aware of its restless nerves when contemplating #RelationshipGoals. (#AlwaysUseCamelCase.)

Moving to the other large print, the words "please baby" circulate what looks like a stone tablet before it's carved with sacred information (tax records). The little person falls into the abyss thinking about the answer to their request.

The center print, which, like, basically, took me forever to figure out what it said, reads, "I feel you // on the back of my neck // down between // my shoulders." Could it be that the little figure is in close proximity to another? ...Intimately? Or perhaps it could be referring to another soul simply walking by, the air from their intrepid wake hitting the back of their admirer with paralyzing force. Whatever the case, it seems to be a halfway private thought. It needed to be written down on paper, but maybe not needed to be read by everyone, only those who truly care.

[*In normal but slightly angry voice.*]

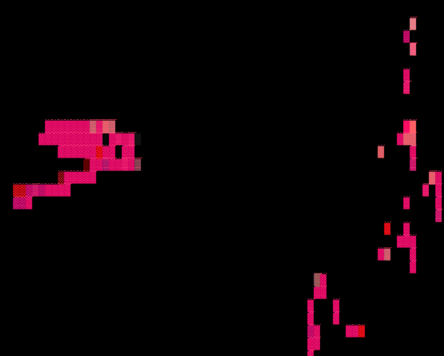
Okay, enough of that, what's the deal with the work? That's what I'm really assigned to do today, not to be some droll talking in a silly voice, but to be a helpful critic: to deliver a set of concrete problems to the artist so that the artist may go back to the drawing board and churn out something better than the [switch to British accent] post-punk neo-expressionist bull pucky that they've done here.[1]

Okayokayokayokay. So what unsuspends my disbelief? For me, it's the text that reads "please." It contradicts the intimacy of the rest of the prints. It looks like type for a book cover or band logo rather than something made methodically by hand. The same goes for the type on the smaller print, to a lesser degree. It looks slightly better since it doesn't have a 3D effect on it, but it still takes away from the handmade-ness of the art. (Note: Even if this is a subjective critique dealing with matters of taste, let's remember that high-end graphic design is just the luxury version of something made to be tossed in the recycling bin. It takes much more willpower to throw out something handmade than it does an orchestra program, regardless of the paper it's printed on.[2]) Next, and this is minor, I felt a little sad when I realized that each individual handwritten letter wasn't actually unique to itself. It took away more of the intimacy and trust I'd developed with the piece. Love letters typed from a script font are not the same as love letters handwritten—with that said, the sameness of the lettering did help me decipher its glyphs using context clues.

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1. Darn it, I said I wasn't going to do this, but here we are. Backing up my label: (1) The punk poster aesthetic came from punk's roots of not giving a fuck and ripping things from other things and DIYing on the cheap to tell the government and Neo-Nazi punks to fuck off. [Citation: Dead Kennedys - "Nazi Punks Fuck Off." Also of note: Destroy 2's version of the song from their live album *We Are Voice & Rhythm Only* distills DK's message further to an even more direct condemnation of Nazi punks in nine seconds of grindcore fucking bliss.] These posters capture that spirit but move from that punk angst to a more mature post-punk. They're printed on paper that no punk would use and their topic is less political/hating their record label and more personal/introspective, for better or for worse. It moves away from the "anyone can cook" ethos of punk, to something more craft-based. (2) Neo-expressionist in the sense that they contain a lot of abstraction with some figurative details. Even though these are prints, they feel like they've had fast brush strokes applied to them at an instinctual level. "Bull pucky" because post-punk is lame and did away with all of the good things about punk like its DIY ethos and inclusivity (except for Nazi punks) and became something that felt more exclusive and upper crust.

2. This idea was taken from Nick James Scavo's essay, "2018: Against Worldbuilding - Fight The Snob Art of the Social Climbers!" published by Tiny Mix Tapes in, you guessed it, 2018. "The audience was greeted with an expensive-looking, Risograph-like printed program embellished with incomprehensible Medieval-revivalist iconography — tortured insectoid and frog-like figures in wizard cloaks positioned in Hieronymous Bosch- or Chaucer-like scenes. The archetypal character imagery recalls early sprite-like Final Fantasy RPG archetypes, except the "roleplaying" in this case is within the actual shackles of contemporary feudal life. (My first thought was that the program was printed so beautifully, it could possibly be worth something post-performance. After the concert, I ended up throwing it away in a subway trash can.)"



[*Turn Page.*]

As well, it might seem petty what I'm about to say, but I don't care about abstraction just for the sake of abstraction. The abstraction on the right-hand piece is fine because it's easy for me to incorporate into my interpretation of a person contemplating their turbulent thoughts. With the other two pieces, I cannot place what the abstractions are supposed to mean with any great certainty. To me, they read as simply decorative, a way to fill space.[3]

My penultimate [remove glasses from face] (second-to-last) [place glasses back on face] nitpick before I wrap this up, I don't like the pixel-y look of these prints. It looks too much like when one prints out a lowres image onto paper that is clearly larger than the image resolution can handle. It's out of place for something that feels so handmade. All this cash spent on this cool paper just to be run through something to make it look pixelated? Nah man. And sure, maybe that was the point, but if so, it's, again, illogical given the rest of the themes present in the work.[4]

In conclusion, and continuing to break the Rules [breathe in deeply, don't say what's in the parentheticals](“rules,” for those keeping score at home, referencing back to Wittgenstein via Kripke's commentary on Wittgenstein's rule-following paradox[5]), the poster on the right would be improved only if I could read “only if” without having to guess that that's what it actually says, and it's edges looked, again, less like a lowres image. Otherwise it's near perfect. Seriously, it's really great. And maybe it's only really great because I genuinely like listening to Carly Rae Jepsen and “I Want You To Want Me” by Cheap Trick, but who cares? For the other two, they have the potential to appeal to people who like being reminded of their favorite thirsty song lyrics, on which liking this work is also predicated, but are held back by their blobby, meaningless backgrounds.

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3. Being rather novel, they may serve as a signal to a potential partner that they have the resources to waste a bunch of time developing fresh looking backgrounds. Knowing that it takes a lot of time to do this, they are signaling that either they (A) don't have to work a job and probably have “fuck you money” so they can afford to waste time making blobs, or (B) they do have a job but are so resilient that even with the turmoil that comes from being a wageslave, they still have enough energy to create. Perhaps that's cynical, but perhaps it's not. After all, this artwork is thirsty *AF*. (And I don't mean that in the sense of “fuck me eyes.” I mean in the sense of the more earnest “someone care about me eyes.”)

4. I once saw a painting somewhere recreating the digital interpolation effect that was ugly but productively frustrating. I can't find it now though! Grrrr.

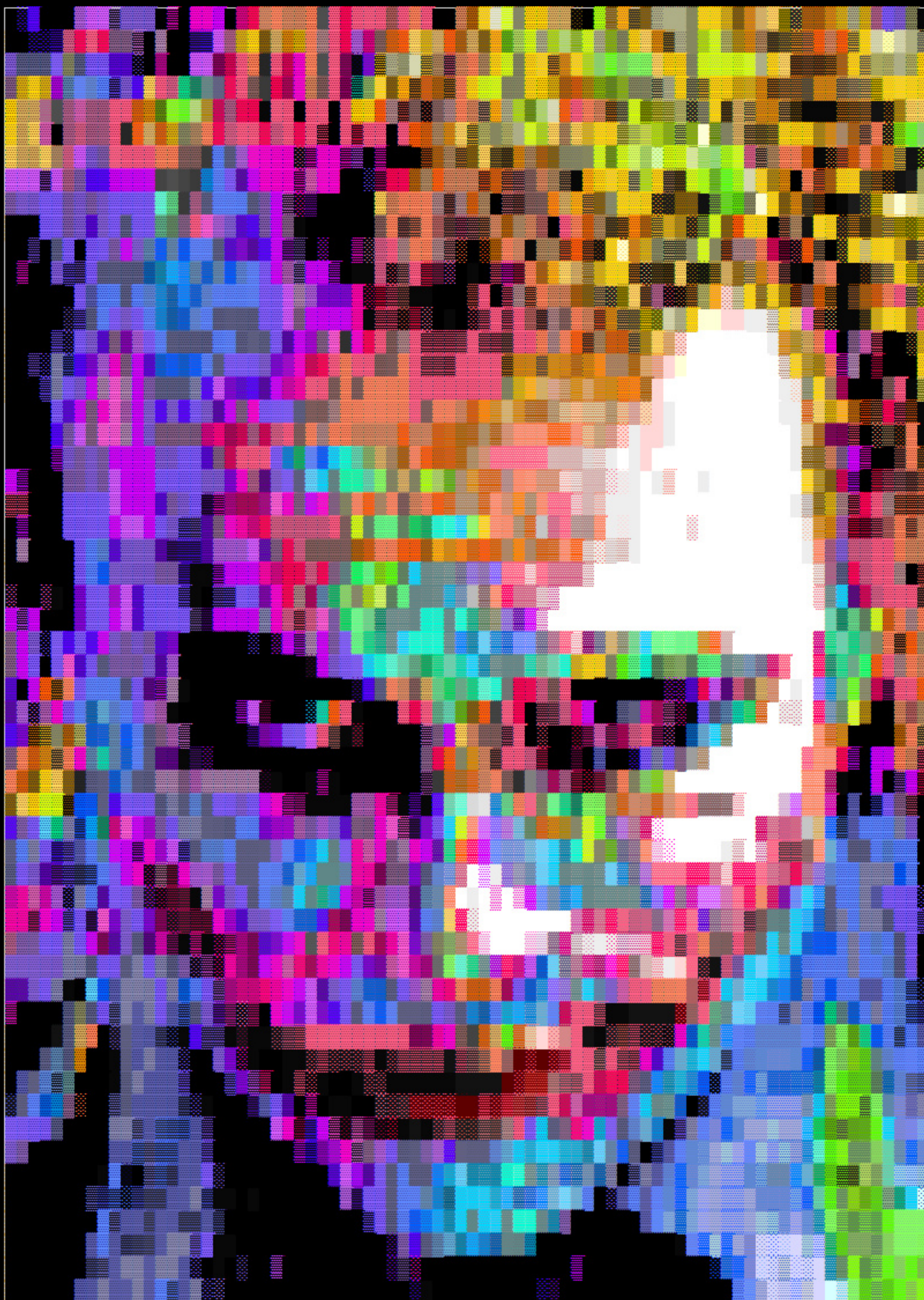
5. “*I don't want to go to school, I just want to break the rules.*” - Charli XCX. Also, this: “Many people suppose that grasping a rule amounts to getting at the right interpretation of the rule. Through the rule-following paradox, this conception is shown to be deeply misconceived. We are led back to a plain view of practices in which rules are embedded, a view that the criteria which determine the right or wrong of the use of a rule lie in the application, not in some mental entity. Meaning or the extension of a rule is settled on “agreement in form of life”, according to Wittgenstein. But this notion can only be appreciated when we note its dynamic nature and the role the rule-follower plays as an agent.” From the article Wittgenstein: Rule-following Paradox, Forms of Life and Education, written by Kenny Huen for *encyclopedia.com*.

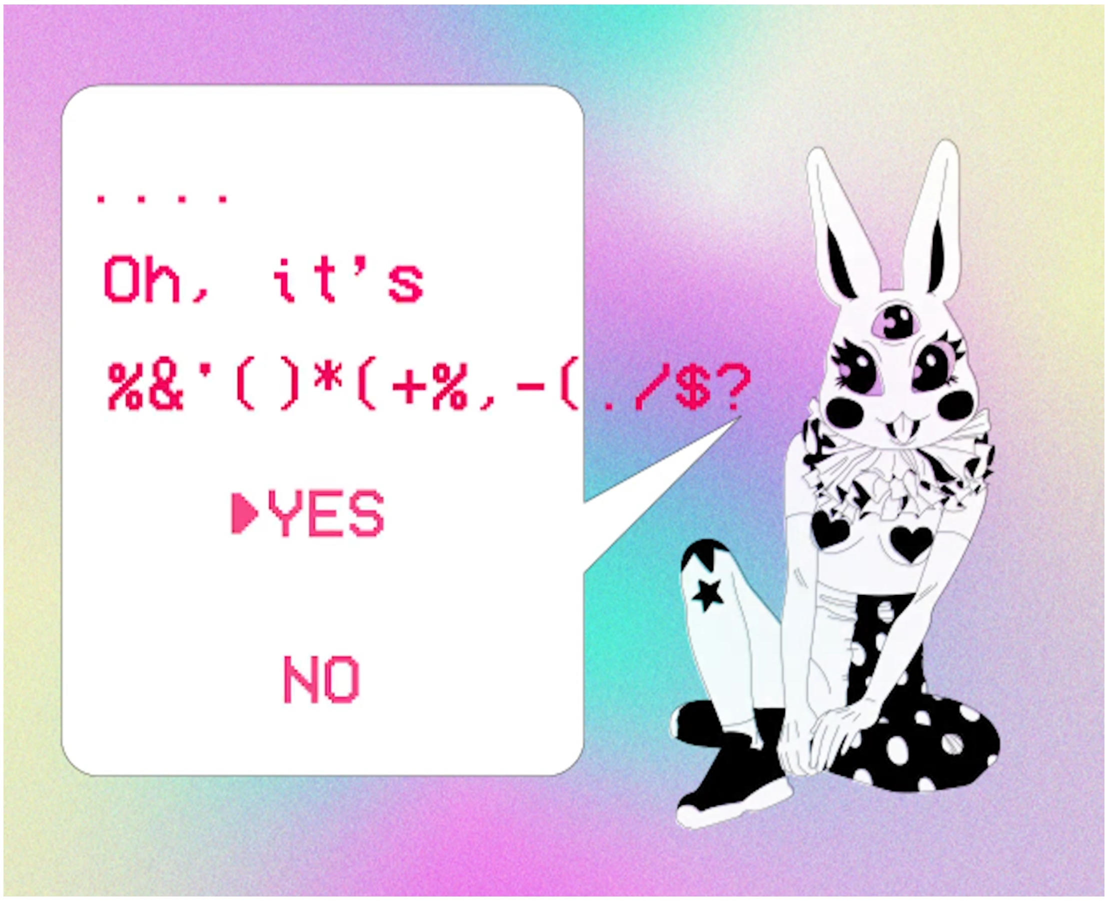


[Turn Page.]

Anyway, to the bots and art collectors surfing the web for keywords and names of philosophers you use to create buzz, I think this work by Lizz Caicedo (facilitated in part by Chris Salas) is worthy of being admired and resold for a large amount of money on the secondary market, and I'm sure Wittgenstein would agree.

And to the young lovers, whoever you are, I hope your troubles are few and all my good wishes go with you tonight. ♥





Katie Severson









Video stills from
pinkee-beta.mp4

pinkee-beta.mp4 reviewed by Peter Bjorndal

There once was a beige box next to another beige box that housed a piece of rounded glass on one side. It flawlessly ran a copy of Windows 98 until its untimely death in 2005 when it literally blew up in a puff of smoke, strained under the intense graphical demands of *NBA Live 2001*. In the years preceding its demise, I would constantly ask my parents to let me play the following three games: *Freddi Fish 4: The Case of the Hogfish Rustlers of Briny Gulch*, *Pajama Sam 3: You Are What You Eat from Your Head to Your Feet*, and *Spy Fox 2: "Some Assembly Required*."

I played the living fuck out of those games. I savored the fruits of Humongous Entertainment's painstaking labor. I could recite every word of dialogue, I could find all the easter eggs, and I was a mini game master. But, lurking in the depths of Autorun.exe, there was a white whale. A game that I could hook but couldn't land. A game that instead, hooked me.

The social fabric of the American millennial generation was cut from the cloth of a shared childhood experience: being denied the opportunity to play a video game they really, really, really, really, really, really, really wanted to play. For me, that game was *Putt-Putt Enters the Race*.

Putt-Putt Enters the Race is an educational adventure game in which an anthropomorphic cartoon car, presumably, enters the Race. Its demo was included on all three disks of my favorite video games. Look, I know it's wrong to attach self-worth to achievements done so far in the past, even if they were incredible, but I believe I put more hours into that demo than anyone outside of the development team.

Maybe it was for the best that *Putt-Putt* stayed parked on the lowly shelves of Sam Goody and Target, for the demo forced me to use my own imagination. What profound adventures I had with Putt-Putt!

In truth, these experiences were probably more fulfilling than if I'd played the full game. So, thanks, mom, I guess.

By the time the beige box was replaced by the glossy white slab, the golden era of narrative-based educational games was already deep within the fossil record. My imagined races with Putt-Putt were a thing of the past, excommunicated from conscious thought. In their place, ersatz flash games hosted by Miniclip and Yahoo! Kids

that still rot within me to this very day. But now, as I enter the *pinkee-beta.mp4* viewing room, my background becomes my foreground and I invite myself to fall into a new world of imagination, this time to project my worldview onto an anthropomorphized rabbit in a demo-length video game experience.

Things have changed in Wonderland since Alice's departure —and thankfully for the better. The White Rabbit, canonically male, found a female lover and had two decent, hardworking offspring. Much to his dismay, one of The White Rabbit's children never had offspring of their own, but the other—The White Rabbit's clear favorite—ended up in a loving relationship with a human and produced one humanoid child. Unfortunately, The White Rabbit didn't live long enough to know whether his lineage would continue, but one does not need to sympathize with a man so concerned about genetic legacy.

Pinkee is now the sole *hare* to the modestly sized White Rabbit fortune. Regarding the portfolio, Pinkiee's attitude shifts directions as quickly as the wind. Should Pinkee feel guilty for having this money? Pinkee knows The White Rabbit wasn't very nice to his maids, and much of his wealth was obtained in ways that Pinkiee considers unethical, but what is one to do? Indeed, as the return on capital further decouples from economic growth, like many a millennial, Pinkee reacts with fear, uncertainty, and doubt.

Pinkee, no matter Pinkee's ethics, is apprehensive about giving up Pinkee's wealth and social ties. Pinkee thinks it won't change anything. Pinkee still makes it known Pinkee's association to the King and Queen of Hearts, even if it's in the form of "ironic" heart-shaped nipple pasties. (Yes, while Wonderland has progressed quite a bit since The White Rabbit's time, Instagram still does not allow images of "female nipples.") Further, Pinkee wears these as they act as a signal to other elites that Pinkee is a member of the royal court. Pinkee can also conveniently code-switch if needed, shifting the association to symbols of Pinkee's free love values that align Pinkee closer to Pinkee's blue-collar brethren. Pinkee is pro-decolonization, supposedly.



Pinkee tells dad jokes because Pinkee thinks, correctly, they're legitimately funny. Pinkee likes being seen as "naive" even though Pinkee attended Amherst for undergrad and Brandeis for a master's in social policy. But herein lies Pinkee's problem: is Pinkee telling these jokes because Pinkee thinks they're super funny, or is Pinkee telling these jokes to avoid thinking about Pinkee's paradoxical views regarding Pinkee's place within Wonderland's problematic distribution of wealth? No one knows, not even Pinkee.

I make no value judgments on Pinkee's unwillingness to give up income from rents when the economy is so close to a zero-sum game.

Back in the real world, I climb out of the *Transmorgrifier* and am forced to contend with real life. How was I guided to my interpretation? What is *pinkee-beta.mp4*'s problem? Are *pinkee*'s other traits strong enough to the point that *pinkee*'s problem can be overlooked? I dust the glitter off my hands and start with Quandary One.

The music played a big part in sounding the bells that keyed me to the notation that I was watching content from a video game. Chiptune music as we know it was born from video games. The text was a big part too, bitmap fonts are common. The inclusion of loading screens and Pinkee's dialogue solidified this as an RPG friendship sim, one whose internal battery has run dry, left abandoned to perpetually soft reset every two minutes. Quandary One solved.



So, what are *pinkee*'s flaws? ...I mean, besides the fact that the game is stuck in a boot loop due to some corrupt name string, a la *MissingNo*. What suspended my suspension of disbelief and zapped me back into the real world? Where is the *hareline* fracture in *pinkee*?

First, a connection needs to be made to the game that popped into every ProGamer's mind when watching *pinkee-beta.mp4*: *Undertale*. This game drips *Undertale*: Pinkee tells jokes like Sans, the music is similar, the general absurdity is similar, and the "overworld" is multichromatic but lower fidelity while the "battle" sequences are monochromatic but higher fidelity. In fact, the second I stepped out of the room, I had "Dogsong" from *Undertale* stuck in my head for the next half hour. *Pinkee* and *Undertale* share a flaw, one that *Undertale*, in what's called a "pro-gamer move," epically makes up for, but *pinkee* does not.

Undertale, and to a lesser extent other acclaimed games like *Celeste*, *Golf Story*, *Stardew Valley*, and *Shovel Knight*, all incorporate elements of pixel art. To varying degrees, these games are successful in creating the magical feeling of playing a true Video Game—a classic that could've been created in any era—but these games all have tells that make the player aware that they're not truly timeless. Now this isn't a problem per se, it would be reactionary and un-ProGamer-like for me to sit here and claim that all video games that use pixel art must conform to a style that existed twenty to thirty years ago. What I'm saying is these games, either by their smooth framerates, modern sans-serif text, or mechanics that couldn't have existed in the 8-bit era, do something that occasionally takes the player out of their childlike, euphoric flow state.

What redeems Undertale et al., and solidifies them as critical hits, is that they're deeper than their period incorrect and incohesive visual styles. Yes, *Undertale*'s protagonist looks like they were drawn in ten seconds and its final boss battle looks objectively crappy, but the game is fucking crazy! I laughed right up until I cried! It has lore, it has humor, it has characters that seem alive, even though they're skeletons! *Undertale* saves itself from demerits by telling a great story, nodding at the games that came before it, and owning its (sometimes) crappy art.

On paper, the lack of visual cohesion in *pinkee* is appalling. First, Pinkee flagrantly speaks in VCR OSD, a font that any ProGamer immediately sees as lazy nostalgia bait. Second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh, the colorful gradient background, the pixel art load sequence, the crudely drawn text boxes, the text transitions that reveal pixel by pixel rather than letter by letter, the lack of fill within Pinkee's eyes, and the monochromatic character design would make this game seem like a hot mess. However, ProGamers have seen it work in *Undertale*, *Jazzpunk*, *GAME OF THE YEAR: 420BLAZEIT*, and *Vivian Clark/Soda Drinker Pro*. These games, while sometimes looking like crap, know the rules well enough to pull off intentionally bad looking styles, *and* offer ProGamers other unique experiences.

In real life, *pinkee* almost pulls this off, but the first domino in the sequence meant to project competence comes tumbling down when ProGamers see the text. Listen, ProGamers have seen that font everywhere by now. It immediately lets us know that this game isn't truly drawing from the larger video game canon—it's less self-aware than it thinks it is. With that, the crudely drawn text boxes simply become crudely drawn text boxes. When one goes down, they all go down. I can hear the ProGamers whispering, "Has Pinkee even played *EarthBound*? There's no way Pinkee has even played *Contra*. Pinkee needs to get off that unicycle and go play *Myst*. Unironically tragic."

The power of a piece of media lies within the details it chooses to divulge and which it chooses to withhold. The player is led down a path and fills in missing information how they see fit. I believe the character of Pinkee is adequately interesting and I think *pinkee-beta.mp4* is successful in getting me to project all sorts of fantasy onto my new friend, the main function of friendship sims.

The weakness of a piece of media lies within the details it isn't aware it's divulging. I doubt whether it's worth spending time with my friend Pinkee. I want to believe there is more to Pinkee than I can imagine—that there is



a fantastic narrative waiting to be discovered. Yet due to the game's lack of care when attempting to subvert conventions, I lack faith in the richness of my own spun narrative and wonder if I put more thought into my story than the author did in theirs.

You may now close your browser window.



Ed Ryan





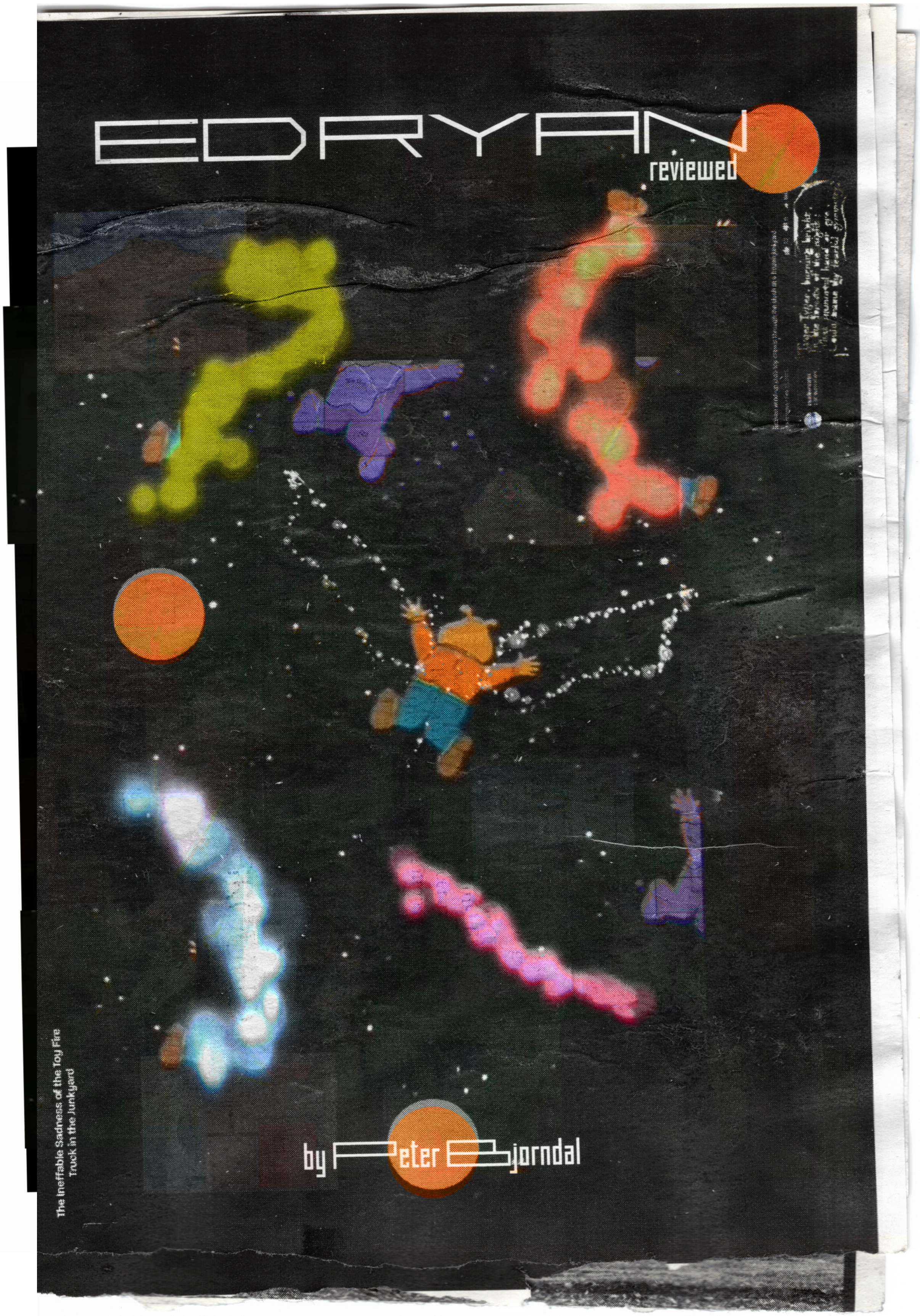




Images by Ed Ryan


Lost in


TO A
CRISP


EDRYAN
reviewed
by Peter Bjorndal
The Ineffable Sadness of the Toy Fire Truck in the Junkyard

It has been posited that life came into existence because life is more efficient at converting states of low entropy into states of high entropy.[1] We eat food, we convert it to unusable waste. We burn fossil fuel, it's converted to low energy gas. It's a rather nihilistic take, I'm not sure I subscribe to it. It reeks of sulphur, of a specific subset of Western culture projecting its tendency for taking what it wants and leaving behind only high entropy tailings.

There is an opposing view to that theory, that life came into existence from a transfer of energy from the Sun in the form of UVC rays hitting the Earth and aligning molecules into "pigments," stirring the stock of life in the primordial soup. This suggests, to some, that life exists to reverse entropy and to defy gravity,[2] to create more and more complex arrangements of matter. We started as nothing more than a chemical compound and now our chemical structures are so complex they've been able to posit that they, themselves, exist. Topping that opus, we animals have developed social complexity and have created the idea of ideas. Impressive.

Both theories have cracks allowing them to be argued over in college dorm rooms until the wee hours of the morning, but I see them both as fundamentally flawed – structurally unsound. If complex life came to exist from a chemical process, I simply don't see how that implies anything. There is no reason beyond, "well, that's the laws of physics." There seems to be no meaning to life unless we take it upon ourselves to make our own, so that's what we've done.

The people who see organisms as nothing more than efficient tools to heighten entropy are no doubt in the minority. Far more people see the world as a stage to fight entropy, to figure out a way to cheat death, to advance science, math, the arts, philosophy, to create ever more complex physical and mental structures out of what we've been given.

There is something romantic about the idea of a road trip into the western desert – being surrounded by nothing but dry air, rocks, and the occasional invasive tumbleweed. Something is missing in your life and you don't know what. Ideally, while driving the backroads wondering if *this* is where they filmed that scene in *Forrest Gump*, you pull into a dusty driveway and consult an old timer about the meaning of life. They sit on a folding chair next to a shortwave radio. You eye the revolver that's strapped to their side. It's not for intruders, but mountain lions. The old timer has it in case a cougar mistakes the wilted old sac taking a nap for an easy scavenge.

Next to the perfectly patinated Airstream sit some sculptures that remind you of art you've seen on TV and in other places like this: a large goose constructed from brake drums, a dragon made from someone's scrapped hot rod project. It's the kind of art you've seen Guy Fieri drive past in his red convertible on the way from California to Memphis. It's the kind of art you've seen those guys from American Pickers curiously ask about as an icebreaker before a lowball offer on an oil can.

The old timer tells you about the art. They hate to see old objects like these go to waste. It's such a shame when perfectly usable objects get tossed because they've become obsolete or the owner simply got bored. They should have another purpose, maybe to spark the imagination of a child as they dry rot in the desert. Perhaps the artist is nostalgic, perhaps they feel guilty for the previous generation's consumerist tendencies, perhaps they have some innate urge to take something written off as high entropy and arrange it in a more complex manner, eking out just a bit more order in something previously destined for the chaos of the dump. The old timer, like these pieces of art created by Ed Ryan, fall into the latter of the two proposed meanings of life: to fight entropy and to create higher, more complex arrangements of matter and ideas.

There is something here, within candlesticks composed of junk material – reclaiming objects to construct something else slightly less obsolete. I'm urged to view this as not a formalist arrangement of objects, but as art created by someone with an innate desire to form something ordered out of disorder. There is tension here, paradox in these objects that create a pedestal used to burn a candle. The candle, fire, light, all metaphors for life – something that exists and then doesn't. And sure, you can gather up the wax, but good luck trying to reform the wick.

I am so confused. Is life eternal but each being within life mortal? What are the implications of creating an object from trash that's meant to enable the consumption of a consumable, a single use object, a one-and-done? Perhaps we really are just tools meant to squeeze as much energy out of material as we possibly can, accelerating heat death. Or, perhaps this is about creating new thoughts from obsolete material. Perhaps this is striving to create a more complex intellectual agora. All of these ponderings are valid, but the work doesn't feel particularly interested in answers.

The two framed pieces, also composed of reclaimed and virgin materials, hang on opposing walls that trap the candlesticks between them. On one, the phrase "burnt to a crisp," and on the other, "lost in the sauce." The latter phrase instantly injects a song in my head: "Waving My Dick in the Wind" by Ween from *The Mollusk*. It's on the nautical-themed album known to have directly inspired Stephen Hillenburg to create the premise to what would become the animated television show, *SpongeBob SquarePants*. It's a song about chronic confusion, being "lost in the sauce once again," a sense that maybe at some point, the protagonist will escape the perpetuation of their crappy, foot dragging life. Here, the sauce could be alcohol, it could be ketchup, it could be paint, it could be Scotchgard. It doesn't matter all too much, what matters is that the artwork is lost.

Burnt to a crisp, a phrase that suggests one is exhausted, that they have no material left to burn. Their body has entered a state of high entropy. The opposing panel features a figure of a person with their head split in half, conflicted with their purpose on Earth. Both pieces feel like they were created in a state of improvisation, a sort of abstract riffing, reveling in this sense of uncertainty and tension. They're visually similar to barn quilt patterns but lack their methodical approach and familial symbolism that often is used to honor lost loved ones.[3] I see a romanticization of being lost in the sauce, a romanticization of old objects – confusion about the nature of life and the place of objects but making no attempt to move past this stage: relishing being lost in the sauce.



And so it is fine to acknowledge that one is lost. Becoming aware that something is lost is the first step to finding what one has lost. But to relish and romanticize this feeling, and with objects, is to create no higher order of thinking with any value. This is not what Žižek meant about seeing beauty in trash.[4] The feeling of burnout can be left to the old timers. The fetishization of obsolete objects can be left to the old timers. The old timers can relate because they're past their prime too. They repurpose obsolete objects for validation, as a way to reassure themselves that they still hold a bit of value.

The path out of the sauce is as follows. We know that the world is mysterious – there is still room to revel in its mystery. But if we are to use our energy to create higher orders of the arrangements of matter and ideas, why should we focus first on discarded materials? The clear path forward is not in these objects, but in social connections and ideas. The overarching theme does not need to be entirely scrapped: the idea can be applied to people. The world is full of people who have been collectively written off as useless, obsolete, and high entropy. There are ideas that have been written off in the same way. There is more than the object. There is work to be made about discarded social systems and people. There is more undervalued there than in objects – and the products of one's labor will be infinitely more rewarding. Let the old timers take care of the rust. Art is about people and our relationships. Material waste is a problem, but disregard for people is the bigger one. The time for wallowing in confusion about the usage of objects is over. The time for seeking higher orders within people and ideas has begun. Because, at the end of the day, the arrangements of matter that matter, that we care about, that will change the world, are people.

1. See *Thermodynamic Dissipation Theory of the Origin and Evolution of Life* by Karo Michaelian. 2. See *Lila: An Inquiry into Morals* by Robert Pirsig 3. See "Ever See a Quilt Pattern on a Barn? Here's Where the Tradition Came From" by Courtney Campbell. 4. See *Examined Life* directed by Astra Taylor. (Žižek reference so all my boys take this essay seriously.)

The cover image contains a sample from the television series *Arthur*. This page: "Geese in Flight" photo by waymarking.

Title font: Why Square IN LT Std
Body font: Swift Neue LT Pro





Katie Severson







Images by Katie Severson

KATIE EVERSON



REVIEWED BY
PETER BJORNDAL



RANKED 40TH IN LIFE EXPECTANCY, and life expectancies plateauing for the last decade,[1] most would not contest the assertion that the United States is a bad example of a healthy developed country. While there are some who can manage to stay "fit" solely through willpower, most are left trapped in a system that's structured in a way that leaves us figuratively unsatiated. To understand why, and to tie that to what we see on the wall into a more meaningful conversation, it's important to cover how nutrition, politics, and media intersect to create this relatively malignant wellness environment.

First, many have limited access to unprocessed foods and fresh produce. Twenty million people live in food deserts with simply no access to grocery stores.[2] Those who do have access know that prices for leafy greens, cucumbers, broccoli, and all the other foods I refused to eat as a child, are—relatively speaking—astronomical.[3] For many on limited budgets, a price-per-calorie calculation—a toxic but necessary way of thinking that's been pushed by the sugar-sweetened beverage industry to spin the narrative that all calories are nutritionally identical[4]—will almost always return that produce is a total waste of money. It's much easier to rationalize a purchase of two jars of "peanut spread" full of added sugar and hydrogenated oils, or maybe three boxes of mac and cheese, than it is to buy one box of spring mix. A giant box of greens taking up that much fridge space and not even containing enough food to fill a person up is a tough sell.

This system that prioritizes processed foods over produce, in part, can be traced back to the United States farm bill. Since its inception in 1938, the bill, renewed and revised every five years, has worked to oversee our agricultural industry.[5] It's complicated, but its spirit is based around making sure the industry doesn't collapse. In practice, through subsidies on corn, soy, wheat, cotton, and rice, it has made farming foods as commodities more profitable than farming foods as food.[6] Much of Earth's bounty is refined into products such as enriched elbow noodles with the leftover more fibrous bits ending up as feed for livestock to fuel America's destructive meat fetish.[7,8] Strike one for good health.

Moving from diet to exercise, most cities in the United States are designed and built around personal vehicles rather than pedestrians.[9] Since the early 1900s, the vehicle industry has spent carloads of money to influence zoning laws in favor of the use of cars.[10] For example, many cities have a set number of minimum parking spaces per square footage of building which increases the geographic area of cities and further pushes the idea that cars are *The* mode of transportation for America. For many, even if they did want to walk or bike, the pedestrian infrastructure just isn't there—or their workplace is too far away to realistically get there with active transportation due to sprawl. Compare that to Japan, a country with a life expectancy of 84 where many commute via foot and end up walking more than a mile more per day on average than us Yanks, and you can start to see why America is suckin' air. (Walking is, like, really good for you,[11] BT dubs.)

Strike three for the U.S.'s overall health and wellness is probably the most widely known: the rise of image culture.[12] In the decades following WWII, America saw a surge in television sales and color print images. With this rise came people simply seeing more images of more people. Soon, instead of comparing oneself to one's average looking neighbor or slightly more attractive coworker, Americans started comparing themselves to the most attractive people in the country. The standard of beauty started rising quite significantly to the point where, even if you didn't care about things such as appearance, it became near impossible to ignore the barrage of propaganda. With this pressure, tied together with the surge of self-esteem depleting spirit of individualism,[13] came business opportunities to cash in on America's newfound insecurities. Exercise equipment, fad diets, and makeup started to gain larger economic footholds while at the same time brands like Kellogg's were developing and introducing products like Froot Loops (1963) and Pop-Tarts (1964).

These trends continued to gain momentum and it would be in 1979 when Gerald Russell would describe a variant of anorexia nervosa dubbed "bulimia nervosa," a condition where one engages in binge eating followed by purging sessions, a condition he believed was culture-based, stemming from distortions of personal body image and pressure brought on by the constant

onslaught of unrealistic body standards.[14] Thanks, Twiggy! In 1987, body dysmorphic disorder was added to the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM).

Needless to say, there's a lot working against health and wellness in the States: it's much easier to reach for refined foods than produce, whole foods and produce cost much more per calorie than refined foods, American cities are not structured in a way that allows refreshing exercise, and mass media has intensified the mindset of the body as an image. Today, it's really hard to catch a break, to not feel like you're a worthless, rotten bag of pork fat. We've been trapped between a rock and a hard place. We want to be healthy and look "good," but it's near impossible. And temptations are all around us.



DEPENDING ON WHERE YOU LOOK, you may start to feel stomach rumbles or you may start to feel stomach knots. I get rumbles when I see the edges of this piece that look as if they're sugar coated, reminding me of how delicious a bowl of Frosted Mini-Wheats would be right now. Other places, I see a funnel cake covered in powdered sugar with maybe some strawberry frosting on top. I see colors that remind me of macaroons, I see scrumptious cupcakes I'd love to lick the frosting off of. I see patterns that remind me of Wildberry Pop-Tarts—the most underrated flavor of the toaster pastry lineup. I see scoops of ice cream, I see whipped cream I'd love to dip my finger into. I see so many decadent foods it makes me sick.

Then I blink and I suddenly see a giant pile of goose crap, I see worms, I see a pit of snakes, I see mold, I see disease. I see something that if I touch my tongue to it I know I will lose my appetite for the rest of the day. I see a creature from the Spore video game franchise that I designed to have five eyes. It's disgusting. Absolutely disgusting.

This work is a stem cell killed before transforming into something beautiful or something vile. This work has transported me to the uncanny valley between disgust and sweet, sweet desire.



THIS WORK VISUALIZES THE THOUGHTS—of varying levels of toxicity—that many, myself included, experience when looking at "unhealthy" foods: "I know I shouldn't want it, I know it's so unhealthy, but I want it so much, it would taste so good." "It's looks so moist and delicious but I know it'll cause me to swell up like a balloon." "It will make me break out and I'm sad I can't eat it." "I want it but sugar is literally poison; it will make my body rot and deteriorate from lack of nutrients." I am made to love and fear food. I want it but I fear it. And indeed, just as eating large amounts of refined sugar is bad for you, so is its extreme opposite, Orthorexia*, or being so afraid of eating "unhealthy" foods that it becomes detrimental to one's life. I know I, for one, have occasionally spent too much time reading whfoods.org articles that constantly condemn processed foods and so much time skimming Livestrong and Heathline articles to make me never want to eat a cookie or heat up cooking oil again. The fear of sugar and sweets has the potential to be just as dangerous as sugar itself. America has perpetuated the idea of food that is "good" and food that is "bad" in a truly bad way. Frankly, it's not hard to imagine that people exist who literally experience this distorted visualization of food.

This work allows one to figuratively experience—either to connect or empathize with—the thoughts many have while standing in front of the bakery counter or the Hostess section. It exposes a tension that has leached its way into the American psyche. It does not, however, attempt to go beyond identifying a single symptom of a larger issue, leaving the viewer in the dark on how these thoughts formed in the first place. It ignores the aforementioned structural issues that caused the problem, leaving the piece difficult to connect with. And while identification of an issue is the first step in solving the problem, it does not grapple with how we address those issues. How much of the responsibility is mine and how much is on the collective? I wish I had a clearer picture, because while it may be moving to those who've experienced anxiety around food, the lack of connection to the context leading up to its creation holds it back from being a more touching work of art. And while I don't necessarily believe that this work needs to be a piece of activism, more information about its context in society may help it pull double duty as a tool and also as a personal contemplative object.

*Orthorexia is not officially recognized by the DSM.

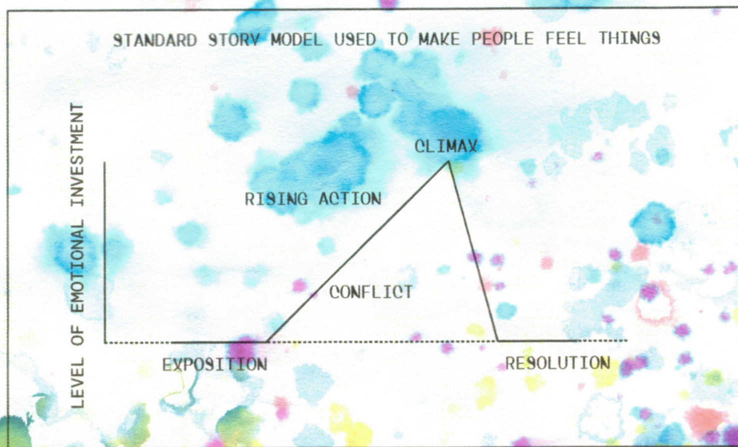


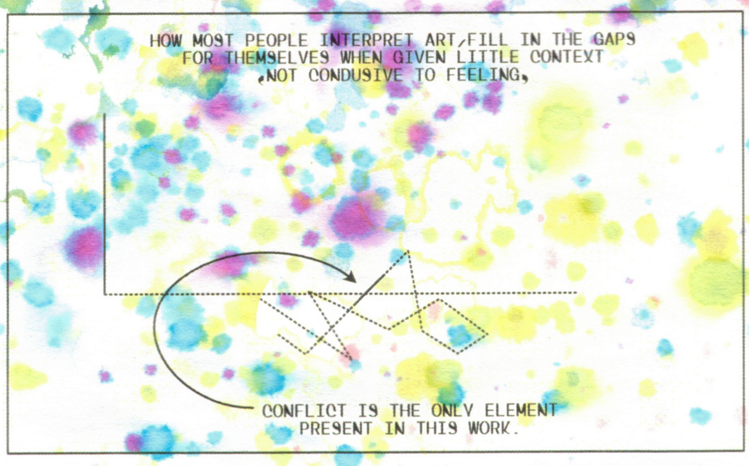
HEALTH AND WELLNESS IS ALREADY AN UPHILL BATTLE and the idea that it's important to be healthy, i.e., "look good" is pushed extremely hard by the media and health industry. Being and feeling healthy, however, is not the same thing as looking good. You can look "good" and be healthy, you can look "good" and be unhealthy, you can look "bad" and be healthy, and you can look "bad" and be unhealthy, but this isn't what we're fed.

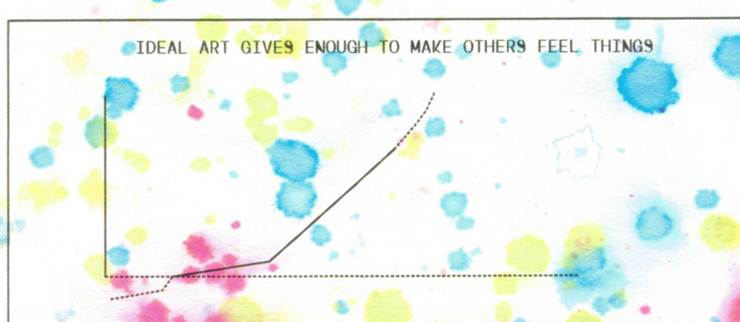
This art is contemporary and, I hope, transitory—a marker of a time when we didn't have our priorities straight on collective health. There are signs of improvement, that we're on the right track, and I believe this piece is one of them. Hopefully someday when we're all eating our calorie-free auto-replenishing cake from our VR headsets we can all look back and live, laugh, love at the time when sweets were so bitter.

1. National Research Council (US) Panel on Understanding Divergent Trends in Longevity in High-Income Countries. "Difference between Life Expectancy in the United States and Other High-Income Countries," 2011. https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/books/NBK62373/. 2. Economic Research Service, Access to affordable and nutritious food: measuring and understanding food deserts and their consequences: report to Congress (2009). 3. Economic Research Service, Andrea Carlson, and Frazão Elizabeth, Are healthy foods really more expensive?: it depends on how you measure the price (2012). 4. Valentine, Katie. "Coca-Cola Continues Anti-Obesity PR Push Amid Evidence Linking Soda To Health Problems." Think Progress, May 9, 2013. https://web.archive.org/web/20160304051200/https://thinkprogress.org/health/2013/05/09/1982501/coca-cola-pr-soda/. 5. "United States Farm Bill." Wikipedia. Wikimedia Foundation, March 30, 2021. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_States_farm_bill. 6. Sewell, Christina. "Removing the Meat Subsidy: Our Cognitive Dissonance Around Animal Agriculture." Columbia | SIPA - Journal of International Affairs, February 10, 2020. https://jia.sipa.columbia.edu/removing-meat-subsidy-our-cognitive-dissonance-around-animal-agriculture. 7. "List of Countries by Meat Consumption." Wikipedia. Wikimedia Foundation, March 26, 2021. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_countries_by_meat_consumption. 8. Dixon, Vince. "Actually, Meat in the U.S. Is Among the Most Affordable in the World." Eater, August 24, 2017. https://www.eater.com/2017/8/24/16189974/meat-prices-usa-worldwide. 9. Spivak, Jeffrey. "People Over Parking." American Planning Association, October 2018. https://www.planning.org/planning/2018/oct/peopleoverparking/. 10. "General Motors Streetcar Conspiracy." Wikimedia Foundation, February 19, 2021. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/General_Motors_streetcar_conspiracy. 11. Harvard Health. "Walking: Your Steps to Health." Harvard Health Publishing, October 13, 2020. https://www.health.harvard.edu/staying-healthy/walking-your-steps-to-health. 12. Rosen, Christine. "The Image Culture." The New Atlantis, September 26, 2020. https://www.thenewatlantis.com/publications/the-image-culture. 13. Tafarodi, Romin W., and William B. Swann. "Individualism-Collectivism and Global Self-Esteem." *Journal of Cross-Cultural Psychology* 27, no. 6 (November 1, 1996): 651-72. https://doi.org/10.1177/0022022196276001. 14. Welcome Trust. "A Burst from the Blue - Is Bulimia Nervosa Really a Modern Disease?" Welcome Trust, February 20, 2012. https://www.brainfacts.org/archives/2012/burst-from-the-blue.

TOO LONG; DIDN'T READ







THEORITICAL BACKING: GUSTAV FREYTAG'S DRAMATIC STRUCTURE, MEGAN'S SEMINAR

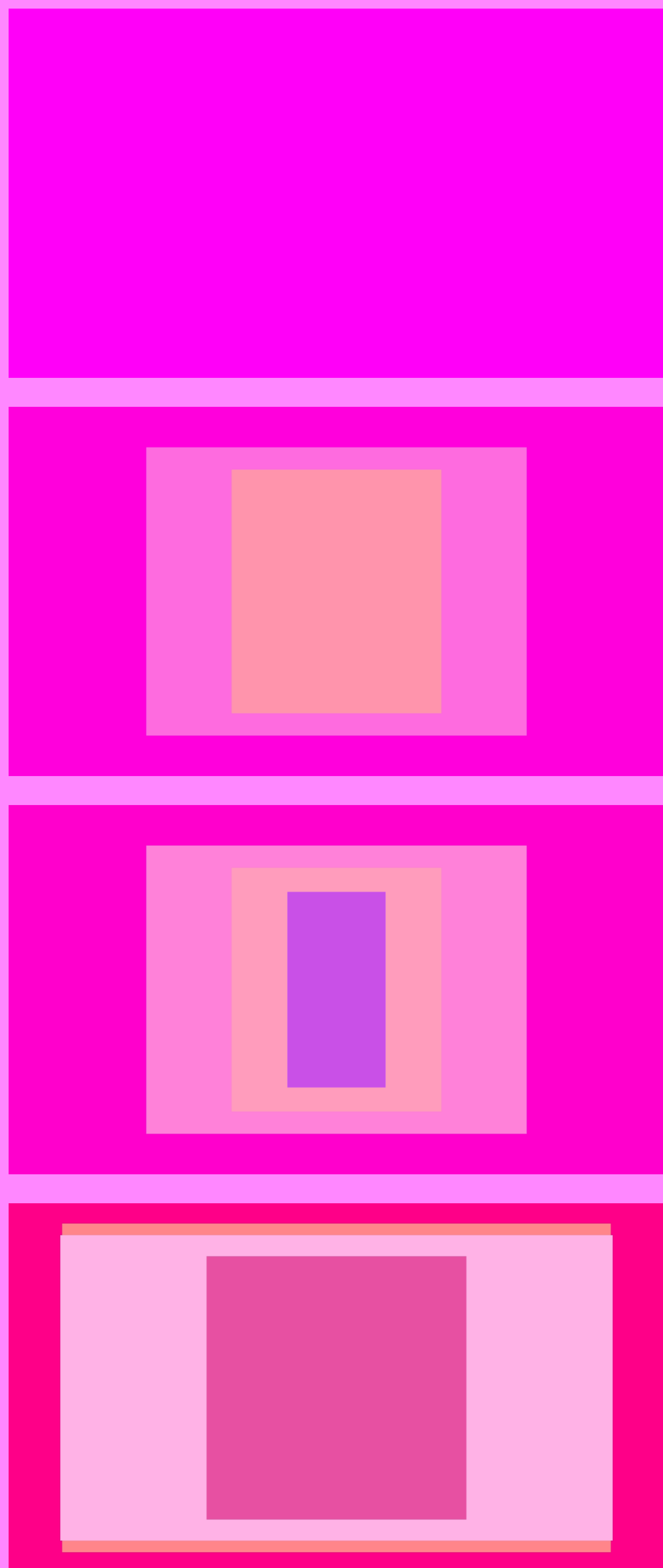
KATIE SEVERSON REVIEWED BY PETER BJORNDAL



Kaiya



Love,
Pink,
Clam,
Vagina



Video essay transcript

Around Valentine's Day, or as some (including myself) call it, Singles Awareness Day (SAD), it's painfully difficult not to think about the topic of love. Does true love exist? Does *love* exist? Is true love dumb? Is true love just a dream of the hopeless and/or feckless romantic? Is love ultimately defined by the pain we feel when it's lost? And how is love defined non-ultimately? Is there a definition of in-progress love? Can one define love while it's happening? Is being in love really just as simple as believing one is in love? Can one ever really know if one is in love, at all?

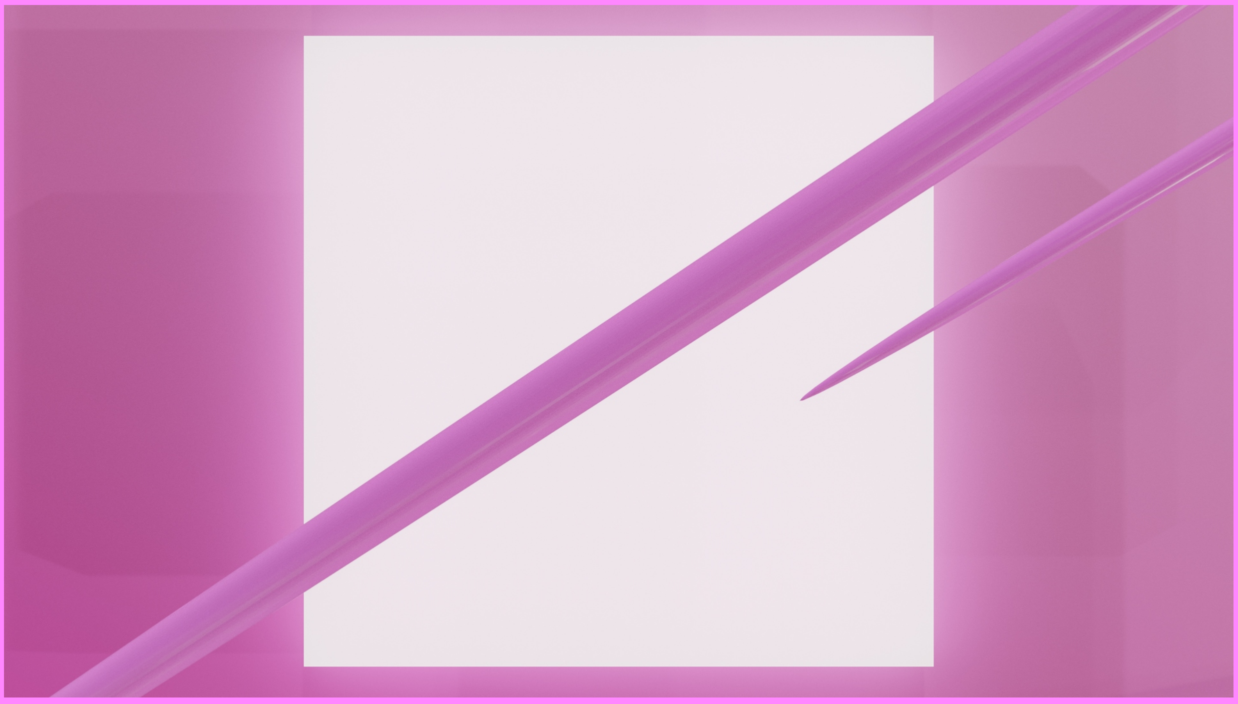
The jaded, science-addled brain of the white, *Rick and Morty*-watching, *IFLScience* Facebook post-liking young adult male such as myself will tell you that love does not exist. He will tell you that love is simply a combination of chemical stimuli in the brain compelling animals to bond with each other for the sake of the survival of themselves and their species. Much like the soul, love, defined in the romantic sense—and stereotypical feminine sense—does not exist. Love is defined as a utilitarian algorithm designed to keep us unsatiated and always moving forward.

It's a little interesting that the color most commonly associated with love—pink—is also subject to a debate on the topic of its realness. Pink, magenta, and violet-red are what are known in the color theory realm as "extra-spectral" colors. These colors don't really exist, technically. There is no magenta wavelength. It doesn't exist on the rainbow and can't be made by adjusting the length of a single light wave. Magenta only exists when multiple waves of light enter our eyes and stimulate our (subjective) cones. Indeed, much like love, pink is an illusion created by our brains.

If only it were that easy, to dismiss something so annoyingly pervasive with a little science jargon. But the power of love and the power of pink live on, they cannot be destroyed this easily. One can even create a romantic counterargument: that shades of pink are the only colors that are created by the unification of two light waves. Further, one can go on to say that love is just a set of chemical reactions in the brain, but so is everything else. Everything that exists to you and me is imaginary. It is up to us to decide whether or not we believe in the color pink or the concept of love.

I see love, or some form of love, on the floor. It's a little reminiscent of the middle school love I saw my friends engaging in via myspace and via their cell phones (which I did not have either of): texting away on their personal electronic devices, sending reassuring messages about their long-term commitments to each other, that their young love would last until the end of time. These "e-boys" and "e-girls," collectively known—at least to Wikipedia—as "e-kids," are their own, "thing." They have their own overly-





1080p, 60 fps, 10:05

stylized aesthetic, way of speaking, and way of interacting online. Bless these kids and their ideas, or lack thereof, of love.

There is also more mature and important language near the top of the piece. Full, unabbreviated phrases that construct a deeper, romanticized, bivalved and bilateral metaphor about love: your aura, your dream, your tide. One's aura draws one in, the gravity from their tide draws one closer, sweeps them up, and the dream is soon realized. This is about love, about trust, comfort, and maybe just a bit about lust. Have a bit of all these traits and maybe your clam or someone else's clam will open for you or someone else, so to speak.

On the topic of the clam–vagina analogy, how fertile a metaphor really is it, or rather, how deep can one venture into the tide? Of the yonic symbols, perhaps the most common in art is the flower: it's beautiful and a component of a living thing that plays a large part in the role of reproduction. What makes the whole of the clam fitting for metaphor, besides that it sort of resembles the vulva and vagina when open? And when and how often do clams open their shells in a way that resembles genitalia?

I feel, as many others do, as if the flower may be more of a romantic symbol: it's beautiful, it attracts, and it aids in reproduction, but the clam is kinkier, and I kinda like that. Most people see flowers as a static object, and all most people do with flowers is give 'em a whiff and make optically sumptuous bouquets. Clams, however, open their shells for many reasons: to get from one place to another, to attract fish so they can let their offspring grow in the fish's gills, to squirt water, to be eaten by people, etc. Indeed, there are just as many, albeit different, parallels from the clam to the pussy as there are from the pussy to the flower.

So the way I see it, this piece attempts to construct an alternative narrative around the reproductive organ, one not as a simply static, beautiful object, but a dynamic one, capable of playful, innocent love, as well as a more mature love. A metaphor capable of being self-aware, recognizing our drawbacks, constructing its own metaphors. And like sand on the beach, love can erode as time passes, wisdom worthy of being shared, no doubt.

There are issues within any newish/alternative narrative about love, and there are some present here. If one is constructing a more all-encompassing narrative, making the vagina more sentient (and a little more sloppy), why would the exterior of the clamshell/vulva be white? Clamshells and humans come in so many different colors, so it seems absurd that this clamshell would be pure white. This points me to a lack of inclusivity, that this narrative is intended only for a certain subset of people. A subset who still see white to mean purity. As well as reinforcing antiquated race ideals, this reinforces, by virtue of the color

scheme, the vagina as a gendered, feminine object, one pushing for genders to separate further from each other. It's not necessarily some hetro-basicness, but this art is still for a specific person, someone white who ties the vagina to Nancy Regan-era femininity.

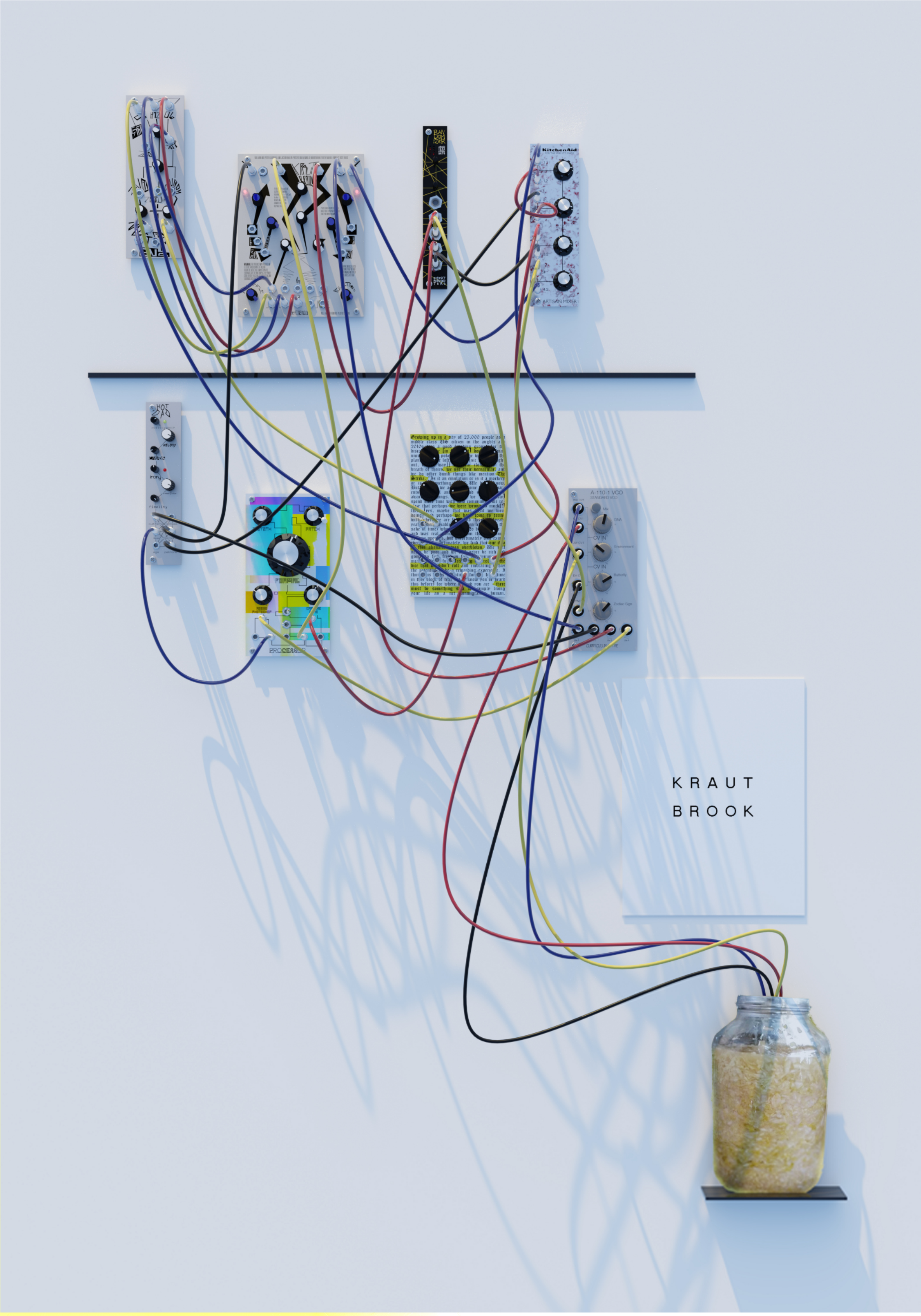
But maybe that's okay. After all, all of art doesn't need to be inclusive to everyone. But is it okay to make art that reinforces basically irrational race and gender norms? If pressed, I'd say no. After all, love knows no bounds, so why is it bound here? But that's the problem with any symbol. When something is symbolized, nuance is lost and only the strongest group's narrative for what that symbol means survives. There isn't much to be done about this. It's awfully boring to say that genitalia is genitalia. That it is just used to piss and reproduce. It has become a symbol because some people have different versions of reproductive organs than others and humans band together just as often from their similarities as they do their differences. When people band together, again, nuance between individuals is lost and alienation is inevitable: things get cut out from the whole, things meant to act as a cohesive unit are objectified. The best we can do is work through the issues that arise over time.

So, is love real or not? Is pink real or not? Is this art good or bad? Well, I suppose that depends on who you are and how you define "real." All of anyone's senses are based on brain chemicals, right? Pink is just as real as the color green. Love is just as real as the feeling of hunger. A well-executed metaphor connecting bivalved organisms to human reproductive organs is just as successful as it can be, given what it is. The world is not static, humans are not static. Flowers are not static, bivalved organisms are not static. Everything is constantly changing, no metaphor will ever be perfect. The anti-mixed metaphor gang will spray me for this, but metaphors can be complimentary. After all, the metaphor present in this work gets dark very quickly when people's first answer to the question of why oysters open is, "probably because they've been killed."

For the sake of not being a downer, here's a better note to end on: metaphors exist in order to help create compelling stories that go on to influence the collective morals of society. Sure, they can be exploited and twisted, but so can everything else. Narratives have limitations when taken to their logical conclusions, but that's not the point of the metaphor. Love is real but often romanticized. Why must we romanticize love? Can't we just appreciate love for what it is? A pleasant way of helping us get through the unplesantries of life? This Valentine's Day, let's destroy the metaphorical dam that endangers the biodiversity of freshwater mussels and reconnect the bodies of water that we tore apart for the sake of something so vapid as property values. This Valentine's Day, let's remember to love unconditionally.


Misc.





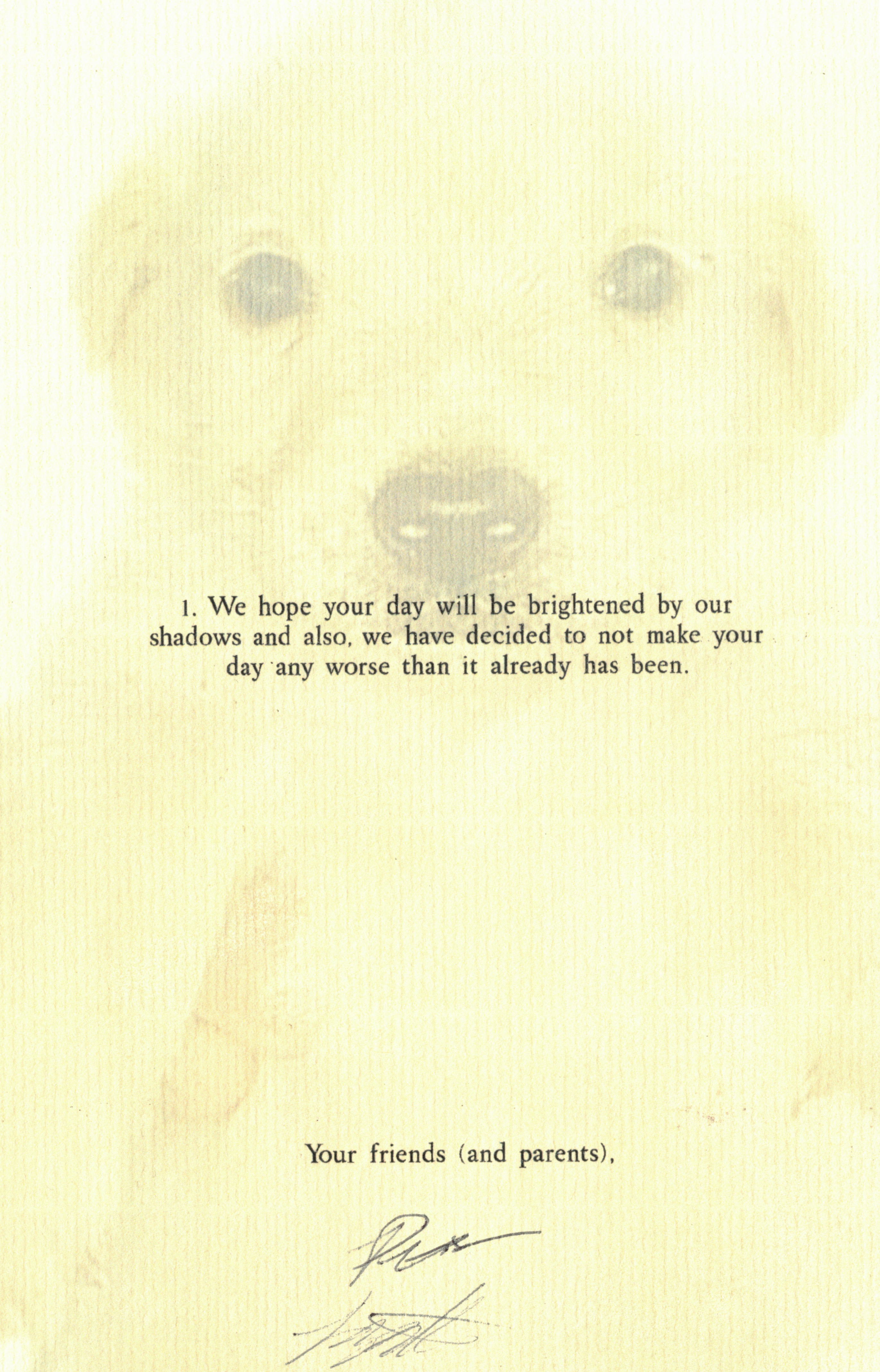
Above: Promotional image for KRAUTBROOK, 2018.
Right: My trusty bike and my trusy Instant Pot, 2021 (I think).
Next page: Sympathy card Lizz and I gave to Katie Severson.
Next next page: BRINEBOND series 2021.


TREK

Fig 1.

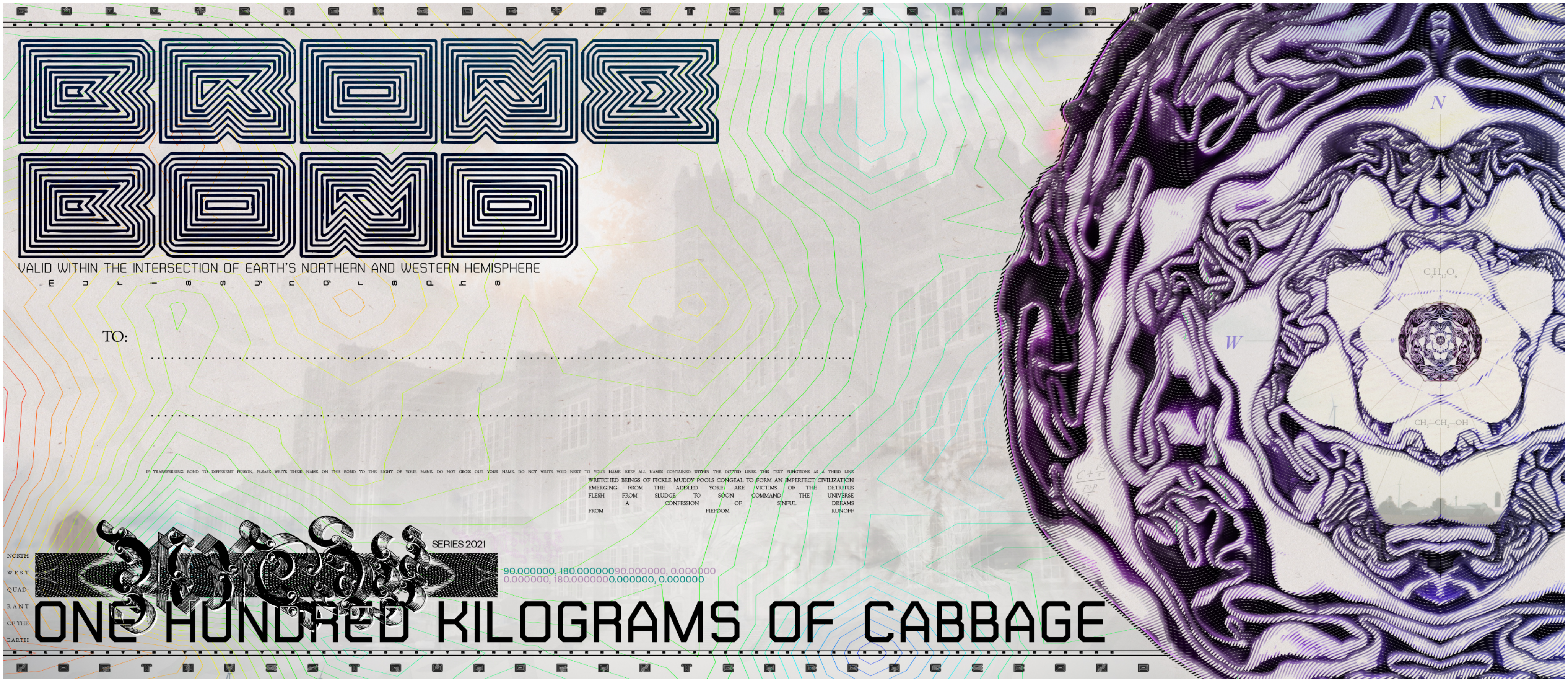


Fig 1. With watchful eyes, Katie's parents (Lizz, Peter) (the birds) guard their valuable friend and child Katie (the dog).[1]



1. We hope your day will be brightened by our shadows and also, we have decided to not make your day any worse than it already has been.

Your friends (and parents),


BOND
VALID WITHIN THE INTERSECTION OF EARTH'S NORTHERN AND WESTERN HEMISPHERE
TO:
IF TRANSFERRING BOND TO DIFFERENT PERSON, PLEASE WRITE THEIR NAME ON THIS BOND TO THE RIGHT OF YOUR NAME. DO NOT CROSS OUT YOUR NAME. DO NOT WRITE VOID NEXT TO YOUR NAME. KEEP ALL NAMES CONTAINED WITHIN THE DOTTED LINES. THIS TEXT FUNCTIONS AS A THIRD LINE
WRETCHED BEINGS OF FICKLE MUDDY POOLS CONGEAL TO FORM AN IMPERFECT CIVILIZATION
EMERGING FROM THE ADDLED YOKE ARE VICTIMS OF THE DETRITUS
FLESH FROM SLUDGE TO SOON COMMAND THE UNIVERSE
A CONFESSION OF SINFUL DREAMS
FROM FIEFDOM RUNOFF
SERIES 2021
90.000000, 180.000000 90.000000, 0.000000
0.000000, 180.000000 0.000000, 0.000000
NORTH WEST QUADRANT OF THE EARTH
ONE HUNDRED KILOGRAMS OF CABBAGE
N
W

LEGAL NOTES

VINCULUM PRO DURA INFUNDIT MARIBUS

By printing your name on the reverse side, you agree to follow these terms and agree to enter a legally binding contract with Peter Bjorndal ("Issuer"). You, the bondholder, will be referred to in the following as "Owner". Upon return to Issuer when BRINEBOND ("Bond", "contract") matures, Owner is entitled to and will receive the equivalent value, in whatever the dominant currency of the geographic area it is redeemed in, of 100 kilograms of cabbage. Bond must be redeemed in the Northwest Quadrant of the Earth. The value of cabbage will be determined by average retail cabbage price within a terrestrial 400 mile radius of where the bond is redeemed. If no such data is readily available, use of dominant state government agricultural records may be used provided said government is not conspicuously manipulating published prices. To avoid dramatic changes in value, average cabbage price will be the average of past 365 days' cabbage price on the day it is redeemed. In return, Issuer will receive back this document as well as one pint (≈ 473 ml) or greater of sauerkraut made by Owner and a picture from the creation process of Owner smashing said sauerkraut with Owner's bare fists. In order for Bond to be redeemable, Owner's full name must be written along the dotted line on reverse side. Also in order for Bond to be redeemable, Issuer's signature must be present as well as the unique handwritten sentence found on this side of Bond. If signature or sentence has been tampered with and/or intentionally degraded, Bond is null and void. Issuer has sole authority to declare Bond null and void within context of previous sentence. Bond is transferable provided new owner signs their first, middle, and last name to the right of previous Owner's name wrapping down to the next line if needed. If space runs out on the dotted lines, any available whitespace can be used provided there's an arrow directing the flow of owners. Issue date of Bond is April 22, 2021. Bond will not be redeemable until April 22, 2071. Bond will not be redeemable for partial value before April 22, 2071 under any circumstance unless artist is in a good mood. Upon death of Issuer, contract becomes null and void. Heirs of Issuer's estate in case of Issuer's death have the power to redeem Bond but are not obligated to. Upon death of Owner, Bond will still be transferable as long as aforementioned transfer protocol is followed. Bond must be redeemed in person. It is the responsibility of Owner to seek out and travel to the location of Issuer. Issuer, however, may not deliberately hide from Owner in order to delay the redemption of Bond. Issuer is not opposed to traveling to a redemption point, but it is not required of Issuer. If Issuer is not located in the Northwest Quadrant of the Earth when Owner chooses to redeem Bond, the last permanent residence, as decided by Issuer, of Issuer within the Northwest Quadrant of the Earth will be used as point of redemption and Issuer will make reasonable effort to send redemption value to Owner. If this is not reasonably possible, Issuer reserves the right to delay redemption of Bond for up to one year. If Issuer is unable to redeem bond within 24 hours of in-person request, Owner is entitled to one piece of furniture of Owner's choosing from Issuer's place of residence. This excludes electronic computing equipment whose primary purpose is productivity or computational tasks. If Owner is satisfied by piece of furniture, the contract will be fulfilled. If Owner is not satisfied by a piece of furniture, Issuer is obligated to surrender a piece of original art of Issuer's choosing. If Owner is not satisfied by a piece of art, Issuer can declare Owner a prude and declare the contract null and void. If the list of unique sentences is stolen or is made public by a person other than Issuer, all circulating Bonds will become null and void. If it is found out that Issuer intentionally made public the list of unique sentences, bonds will still be valid. Heavy graphic modification intended (or not intended) to sabotage investigation of Bond's authenticity may make Bond null and void at sole discretion of Issuer. Duplication of Bond is prohibited. In the unlikely chance that some part of this is unenforceable or illegal, the rest of the contract still applies. In the case of a legal dispute, jurisdiction will be in the court of the dominant state where the Bond was attempted to be redeemed in person. Any ambiguities found or disputes created within this body of text will be solely resolved by Issuer's interpretation or the interpretation of the estate of the Issuer. The following sentence is not binding. Have a good rest of your day.

THIS BOND HAS A 50 YEAR FERMENTATION PERIOD

APRIL 22, 2021 to APRIL 22, 2071

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Peter Bjorndal CV

peter@bjornd.al
2002 11th Ave NE
Austin, MN 55912
+1-507-460-2245

Education

Cranbrook Academy of Art, May 2022
MFA 2D Design

University of Minnesota: Twin Cities, May 2016
B.S. Technical Writing and Communication, Minor in New Media Studies

Professional Work

Freelancer (2015-present)

Head of Visual, Hot Dad (2016-2019)

Artistic Events

2021 **Group Exhibition:** *Crust Bucket Trunk Show*, Crust Bucket Collective, various cities, United States
2019 **Solo Exhibition:** *Physical Digital Bourgeoisie Street Art & Poetry for Untrained Neural Networks, both Suspended in 103 Trillion Carat Diamond,* The Baroque Room, St. Paul, MN
Laser, Bass: *Clamoring Across America Tour,* various states, United States
2018 **Weekend Group Mini Residency:** KRAUTBROOK: Sauerkraut Tasting and Meat Raffle featuring musical guest Hot Dad, Cranbrook Academy of Art, Bloomfield Hills, MI
2015 **Group Exhibition:** d(^_^)b Miku, Monsters and Musicians, The Photographers' Gallery, London, United Kingdom

Publications

2019 *Diamond Spires* (novel)
2015- *RUNESTONE* (yearly zine)

Discography

2022 **Prairie Clamor** - *True Songs* (various production, CD master)
2020 **Prairie Clamor** - *Spilling Light* (various production, CD master)
2019 **Municipal Airport** - "Diamond Spires (Novel Prelude)"
2018 **Municipal Airport** - *Anthology*
2015 **vaporwave.org/SLUGFUCK** - *vaporwave.org/slugfuck*
Municipal Airport - *Modern Stylings: Methods of the Cigar Box Guitar*
Mapleview Lounge - *Ziegfeld Follies* (Engineer, Mix, Master)
Municipal Airport - *Six Old-Time Folktales*
2014 **Mapleview Lounge** - *Half-Off-Pigs-In-A-Blanket-Every-Thursday* (Engineer, Mix, Master)

Music Videos

2020
Prairie Clamor - "Luxury Of The Wave"
Hot Dad - "Fitness Boy"
Prairie Clamor - "Humus"
Prairie Clamor - "62 Blue"
2019
Hot Dad - "I Love To Hit "Like""
Hot Dad - "BS Shit"
Hot Dad - "Big Money Salvia City"
Hot Dad - "Crazy Tonight"

Music Videos (cont.)

2019 **Chaunter** - “Blind Harbingers”
The Chowder Man - “I Am The Chowder Man”
Hot Dad - “The Game Zone”
2018 **Hot Dad** - “A Christmas Shortcut”
Hot Dad - “My Tape”
Hot Dad - “The Problem (Lies in My Son and Wife)”
Hot Dad - “Elon Musk (Cars in Space)”
Hot Dad - “The Video”
Municipal Airport - “Overture”
Hot Dad - “Suckin’ On My Tendies”
Hot Dad - “John Mayers Ripped Off My Videos”
Hot Dad - “Keep Your Money In a Wallet,” “Rabbits Are (Cool and Fun),” YouTube Is Changing My Video Content Without Telling Me - Three video story arc
FrankJavCee - “Million Ways to Love You” (CGI)
FrankJavCee - “Trying My Best”
Hot Dad - “Just Tell Me What Font to Pick (When I’m Making Websites for Kids)”
Hot Dad - “I Like Love”
Hot Dad - “Mambo No. 5”
2017 **Hot Dad** - “The War on Christmas”
Hot Dad - “Summer Girls”
Hot Dad - “Word Sports”
Hot Dad - “My Sweet Jax”
Hot Dad - “I should have made a song about fidget spinners”
Hot Dad - “Can You Talk to People Around the World on the Internet?”
Hot Dad - “Burger King (Aims to Please)”
Hot Dad - “Fell in a Well” (cover)
Hot Dad - “My Friend on the Net”
Hot Dad - “Know Your Meme (feat. Crib Def & FrankJavCee)”
Hot Dad - “Never Not Fuck”
Hot Dad - “If U Reply”
Hot Dad - “Weed the Bong”
Hot Dad - “what means sex?”
Hot Dad - “The Birth of My Daughter Changed My Life”
Hot Dad - “Hanging out With Cool People Rocks”
Hot Dad - “Feiri”
Hot Dad - “Bring Me All of Your Teeth”
Hot Dad - “We Shared a Meal”
2016 **Hot Dad** - “Penis Tip”
Hot Dad - “Christmas Slam Dunk”
Hot Dad - “Sports Men”
Hot Dad - “Bob Dylan”
Hot Dad - “I Don’t Have a Sense of Smell”
Hot Dad - “My Grandson”
Hot Dad - “How The H*ck Do I Fuck?!”
Hot Dad - “An Ode to Kenneth Bone”
Hot Dad - “10 Everyday Things You’re Basically Doing Wrong”
Hot Dad - “Sometimes I Make Shit That Rocks”
Hot Dad - “Jill Stein Campaign Theme”
Hot Dad - “I Love Never Changing My Clothes”
Hot Dad - “Fun Time Laser Intercourse Beasts”
Hot Dad - “Hardee’s I Wanna Eat At)”
Hot Dad - “Harambe (Back to Life)”
Hot Dad - “Flip the Cat!!!”
Hot Dad - “Finger Family Fun Nursery Rhyme Song by Hot Dad | Big Floating Fingers | Wild & Fun 4 “Kids””
Hot Dad - “Pokémon Go (Poké Don’t Stop)”
Hot Dad - “Seinfeld Theme Song (2016 Extended & Remastered Version)”
Hot Dad - “Gambling for Kids”

Music Videos (cont.)

2016 **Hot Dad** - “There’s No Cause for Concern - Rio Olympics 2016 (Come to Brazil)”
Hot Dad - “Undertale (A Friendly Song)”
Hot Dad - “Give Me Attention, Please (Kiss Your Ass)”
Hot Dad - “Web Love”
Hot Dad - “The Star Wars (I’m in Love With)”
Hot Dad - “Soda Drinker Pro (Theme Song)”
Hot Dad - “Marco Rubio (Official Postmortem Presidential Anthem)”
Hot Dad - “KFC (Waiting For Me)”
Hot Dad - “No Sex, No Laid”
Hot Dad - “Ted Cruz Theme Song”
Hot Dad - “Hillary Clinton Campaign Theme Song”
2015 **Hot Dad** - “Bernie Sanders Brand New Campaign Theme Song”
DJ Von Swagg - “$W4G”
2014 **Mapleview Lounge** - “That’ll Do Charlene”
Mapleview Lounge - “Medal”
Mapleview Lounge - “Gonads”
2013 **Peter Bjorndal** - “Nice!”

Various artist statement things written for academy use

400 word, first person:

Hello! I'm Peter Bjorndal and I exist in a world of worry. There's always been a lot to be worried about, and today it feels like there's even more: increasing economic inequality and partisan-ized science fester in our consciousness while words like "fascism," "ecocide," and "hate" linger on our eyelids after our overly-bright portable propaganda devices are turned off for the evening. It's understandable to feel hopeless, like there's nothing one can do, but being trapped under the Wet Blanket of Badness isn't going to stop me from flailing about!

This flailing usually manifests as sitting down, rolling up my sleeves, and staring into a computer screen for hours at a time: sometimes I'm writing something, a short story, maybe. Other times, I'm making collages from extremely sterile 3D renders, and even other times, I'm learning a new musical instrument. In all cases, the process of creation ends by seeing how I can undermine the final product, not for the sake of arbitrarily iconoclastic behavior, but to try to discover ways in which my work and my actions implicitly reinforce a system I don't believe in.

The content of my work often mimics the imagery of techno-centric bureaucrats and industrial signage. In this way I try to reveal that the systems they uphold are not flawless, but imperfect structures that derive their alienating authority from myths—it's just one little way to help me better understand my, and our(!), role in the larger, seemingly soul-depleting systems some of us have created. Also, sometimes I make work just for fun!

While I don't have many answers as to how we shift the globe to consilience-centered ecological economics, or how to wake up well-rested each morning, I do find that to get there, turning off notifications, going for walks, and disacknowledging claims of superiority from archaic institutions has been a good start. We can't control everything, but we can try to manage our experience, and the more we try, the easier it becomes to navigate, and ultimately dismantle, the Wet Blanket of Badness.

200 word, third person:

Peter Bjorndal exists in a world of worry. Increasing economic inequality and partisan-ized science fester while words like "fascism," "ecocide," and "hate" linger on his eyelids after his overly-bright portable propaganda device is turned off for the evening. It's understandable that he may feel hopeless at points, but being trapped under the Wet Blanket of Badness isn't going to completely stop him from flailing about!

While he doesn't have many answers as to how he helps shift the globe from a pro-growth system to one of pro-development—or even how to wake up well-rested each morning—he does find that in the process of finding answers, turning off notifications, going for walks, making art, and disacknowledging claims of superiority from archaic institutions has been a good start. He can't control everything, but he can try to manage his experience, and the more he tries, the easier he finds it to navigate, and, hopefully someday, completely dismantle the Wet Blanket of Badness for himself and for others.

50 Word Biography:

Peter Bjorndal is an artist from the midwest. His free time has been spent making visual art, producing music, and learning about the philosophy of science and economics. He holds a degree in technical writing from the University of Minnesota. He spent four years being paid to direct comedy music videos.

The Context of My Work

(1) Science & Technology, (2) the Human experience relating to Wonder, Curiosity and Fear, and (3) the relationship between Economics and Ecology.

In this overly complicated metaphor to explain the context of my work, there are three rivers: The River of Science & Technology; The River of The Human Experience, relating to Wonder, Curiosity, and Fear; and The River of The Relationship between Economics and Ecology. As one can infer by the long names of these rivers, they are the result of thousands of years of floods, droughts, and human activity. At the confluence of these three, I am drawn to the water.

I'm not sure I can give myself enough credit to say that I successfully catch fish at the confluence of the three rivers. Rather, it's more accurate to say that I wade from the shore into the river until the water lightly splashes the underside of my chin. Then, I stand there for a while, digging my toes into the riverbed, stirring up all sorts of detritus. I let the waters of three rivers flow around me, each a different temperature and slightly different color. The River of Science & Technology is warm and fast flowing and I occasionally see streaks of deep blues and purples, interesting and somewhat unnerving. The River of The Human Experience is very clear and very cold. The River of The Relationship between Economics and Ecology is mostly brown. (Some days when I enter that river there are severe algal blooms.) When my body is shriveled and freezing and slightly slimy, I emerge from the brackish waters and drag my body onto the shore.

To avoid swimmer's itch, it's imperative to shower after being in this water. I, without fail, hose myself down as soon as I exit to avoid infection. However, being a person who often values expediency over perfection, I return to the studio with raw materials for a cultural product stuck between my toes and snagged in my hair—hair that I somehow managed to get wet even though I was trying hard not to. I take these raw materials, toss 'em around in my head—not unlike how a chef tosses pizza dough—and construct pieces of art on the computer screen. I don't always know what to do with them when I finish, but I suppose that's the same problem the people who build rocket engines in their backyard have, they do it for the sake of doing it and seeing what happens. That's, arguably, the most fulfilling reason for doing something and how I continue to stay afloat.

